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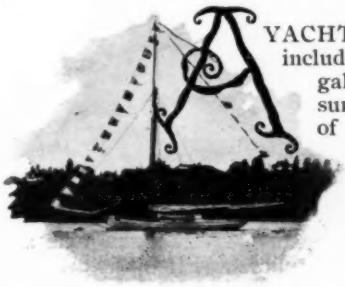
YACHTING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.*

BY WALTER MAYHEW.



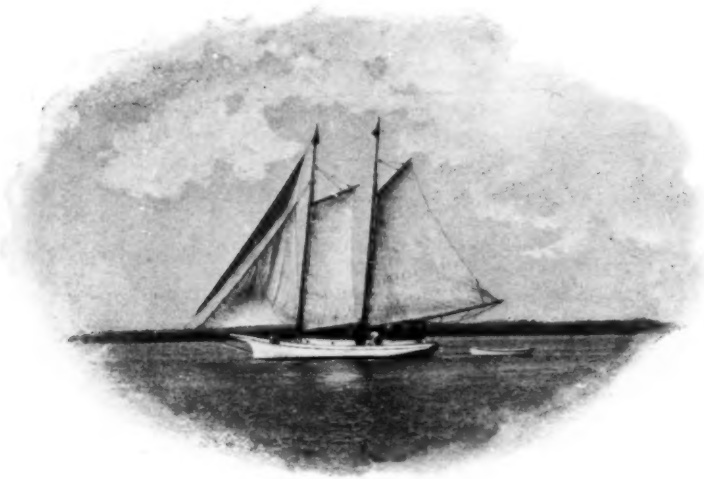
YACHTING season in California may be said to include the entire year, as beyond a few winter gales the seasons all call to mind the Eastern summer. From June to November is the time of activity, and the famous channel of Santa Barbara and the blue waters from there to San Diego are dotted with white-winged yachts of the southern fleet. No section of the United States presents more attractions for yachting and kindred sports. Off shore from Los Angeles County lie the islands of Santa Catalina, San Clemente, Santa Rosa, San Nicholas and others, some being delightful resorts, summer or winter, and abounding in wind-sheltered harbors, with scenery often approaching the sublime.

The mainland port most affected by the fleet is San Pedro, a little bay, partly artificial, that reaches in from the sea toward the town of Wilmington. Here the yachts winter, some on the "ways," others at moorings, all ready to put to sea at the whim of the owners.

Several yacht clubs have been established from time to time in Southern California waters, but at present the fleet of Los Angeles County sails under the flag of the Catalina Yacht Club that was organized in 1892. This fleet includes among its vessels the fastest yachts on the Pacific coast; crafts that are ready to meet any Eastern yacht that might venture to compete with them, and which are good examples of Pacific coast yacht-building. Among the most notable of the fleet is *La Paloma*, a beautiful sloop owned by Hancock Banning, one of the owners of Santa Catalina Island and the leading spirit in this sport. *La Paloma* is distinctively a racer, and has made a record equalled by no other yacht on this coast. *La Paloma* was built at San Pedro, and in 1889 went to San Diego to meet the yachts of the San Francisco and Pacific Yacht Clubs, and was there classed with the *Annie* and *Sappho*, beating them both—coming in fourteen minutes ahead of the *Annie* and twenty minutes ahead of the *Sappho*. This race was straight away for ten miles, wind abaft, and a ten-mile beat dead to windward, and was most exciting, as it was sailed in half a gale of wind, so that the yachts of the *Paloma* class could not use topsails.

The superior qualities of *La Paloma* were shown in beating to the wind-

*The CALIFORNIAN is indebted to F. G. Schumacher, the well-known photographer of Los Angeles, for the photographs which illustrate this paper.



"RAMBLER."

ward. *La Paloma* is a sloop of graceful lines resting on the water, a veritable picture, and under sail a thing of beauty in all the term implies. Previous to the advent of the *Paloma* the *Annie* was the champion, having borne the pennant for ten years prior to her defeat. The San Francisco Yacht Club presented the *Paloma* with its championship whip, which the latter still flies as a challenge to all comers. New yachts are continually being added to the fleet, among them the *T. Ellis*, a staunch little vessel; the schooner *San Diego*, the sloops *Restless* and *Puritan*, and the beautiful schooner *Penelope*.

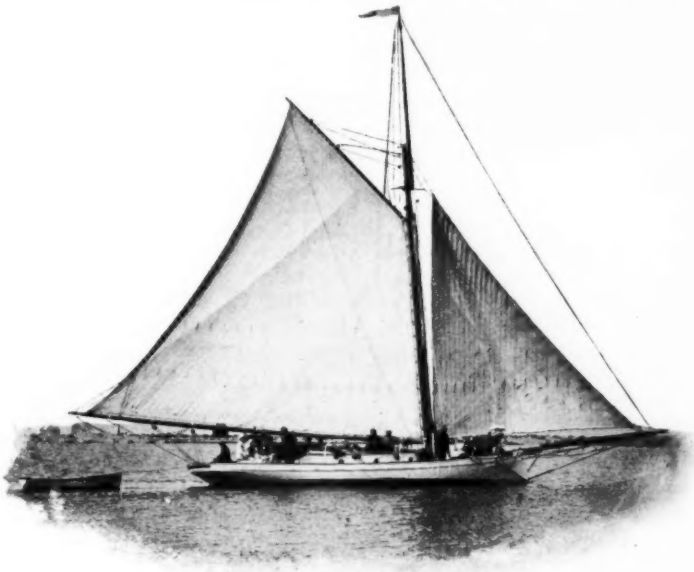
The *Aggie*, formerly owned by Mr. D. McFarland, long held the championship for schooners in Los Angeles County waters, but in a race off San Pedro in 1890, the *Penelope* defeated her, though she lost her topmast early in the race, and now holds the championship for schooners in the Pacific.

The little harbor of San Pedro is often dotted with the white wings of the fleet, and from here the start is made for many a delightful cruise. As we slip cable and glide out by the end of Dead Man's Island, no fairer vista for yachting could be imagined. Once clear of the point and the kelp beds, the blue waters of the ocean are seen, defying description. Away inland the sweep of the lofty Sierra Madres are visible, their snowcaps gleaming high above the orange groves of Pasadena and the San Gabriel Valley. Along shore the white beach reaches away, telling of Redondo and Santa Monica, where the surf pounds musically on the sand.

Full and strong comes the wind, and as the yacht bears away, a big mountain appears rising from the sea. This is Santa Catalina, the home of the Catalina Yacht Club, a veritable isle of summer the year around, and a region of unfailing delight to the yachtman or tourist. From the channel, which is about twenty-five miles wide, Catalina looks like two islands, the division being caused by a narrow break or isthmus which connects them. The island rises, as we near it, and is seen to be a mountain range twenty-two miles long, rising from the sea like some strange monster. The sea is a rich cerulean blue, and when beaten into the air by the prow, it rises and comes aboard gleaming and

sparkling in the sun, seeming to have a fragrance of its own. Strange things are seen on this cruise across the channel: here a school of giant gray whales sporting alongside within easy pistol shot; everywhere light, big-winged flying-fishes dashing away like the birds of the sea they are, rising and falling, turning in graceful curves, apparently at will; that mass of foam is caused by the big tunny—the horse mackerel of the Pacific—a magnificent creature six or seven feet long, that dashes as many feet into the air to catch its prey. Lazy sharks of the hammer-head and shovel-nose variety are often seen, while the green turtle is occasionally caught napping, and adds to the larder of *La Paloma*.

As the yacht approaches the island, the beauties of the latter become more and more apparent. The summer sun has not yet dried the verdure, and from the rocks and hillsides rare flowers bend low their cups, as if enamored with the reflection in the ocean below. Great cañons—rivers of verdure—reach down to the sea between the ridges, and open out in little harbors with beaches of white sand and pebbles, against which the waves gently beat. Toward one of these—the port of Avalon—we are heading and soon make the harbor, passing a high, rocky pinnacle, which stands like a sentinel, and drop anchor to the booming salutes of other craft already in port.



"LA PALOMA."

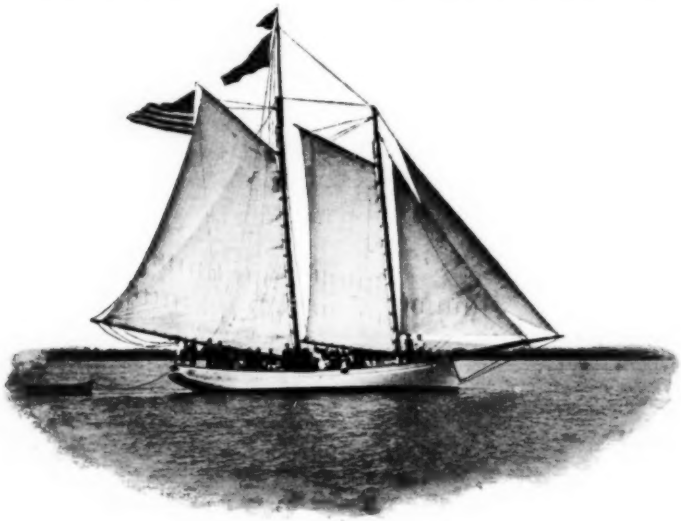
Avalon is an ideal yachting center, the little settlement being charmingly situated at the mouth of a big cañon that forms a perfect half-moon bay, thoroughly protected, as the prevailing wind is from the west; anchorage is perfectly safe, and for small boats and yachts it is a most delightful spot. Here the *Paloma* is at home, as her owner, Mr. Banning, is lord of the isle, which is a magnificent domain twenty-five miles long and from

one to six miles in width. The Hotel Metropole is crowded with guests, and the dancing pavilion on the beach, with the fine bathing and fishing are attractions not slighted by the visiting yachtsmen.

Avalon is the starting point for many tramps and cruises. From the hotel, trips may be made on horseback to various parts of the island; lofty trails may be ascended where incomparable views are to be had of the main land and snow-capped peaks. One may find strange Indian graves, visit deep cañons, view picturesque falls of water, and the new mountain stage route from Avalon to the isthmus may be followed with delight and pleasure. Here the yachtsman may make the acquaintance of Mexican Joe, and be initiated into the mysteries of chile-con-carne and other succulent dainties concocted in the depths of a well-wooded cañon below the falls of La Paloma. A volume could be written on the delights and pleasures of this resort; but we must up anchor, and with a salute from the bright guns of the yachts we are away, skirting along the lea of the island, where we may stop to try conclusions with the jew-fish, a monster bass, often tipping the scales at 500 pounds, or catch the lithe yellow-tail, or barracuda, as we bowl along by the seal rocks where these sleek divers lie in the sun.

A cruise around the island is replete with variety. The little harbor on the west coast at the isthmus is a good haven, where one may delve in the ancient graves of old occupants and string beads that hung about the dusky necks of Catalina belles perhaps hundreds of years ago. The west coast of Catalina is the windy side, and breasts the sea with a bold and forbidding front.

The rocky ledges rise distinctly from the sea in fantastic pinnacles, the home of the eagle and seahawk. Here and there small beaches are seen, and back from them green-wooded cañons that wind away into a region among the mountains of surpassing loveliness. Even the solitude has its



"T. ELLIS."

"PENELOPE" AND "AGGIE."

charms for the yachtsman who is trying to escape the cares of business, and the vista of the cliffs of Catalina, when the fog sweeps silently in and the only sounds are the barking of the sea lion and the moaning of the sea, is one long to be remembered.

From Santa Catalina, with a fresh wind, it is but a short run to the islands off Santa Barbara, Anacapa, Santa Rosa and others, all having attractions especially their own, and harbors are passed where the eye can see the bottom, clear and distinct, for fifty or sixty feet. Here, as at Catalina, are ideal spots for the stroller ashore, where the rocky borders are broken up in attractive bays and sunny harbors, ever inviting investigation. If the weird and strange is especially desired, San Nicholas is visited. Here many years ago the natives

"PENELOPE."

FLEET OF THE CATALINA YACHT CLUB.

deserted one of their people, a squaw, who was found by a white man many years later and brought to the mainland, where she died utterly unable to tell much of her sad story. The west coast of this island presents many interesting features, the sand being blown into curious shapes — isolated pillars and columns—monuments of the odd fancies of nature.

Here the west wind beats the sand about like a living thing, and after heavy gales strange relics and masses of human bones are uncovered, to be hidden again by the merciful hand of a later gale. From San Nicholas we may bear away to San Clemente, which to-day is not an inviting spot, and is deserted save by a single herder, who gives welcome to the yachtsman.

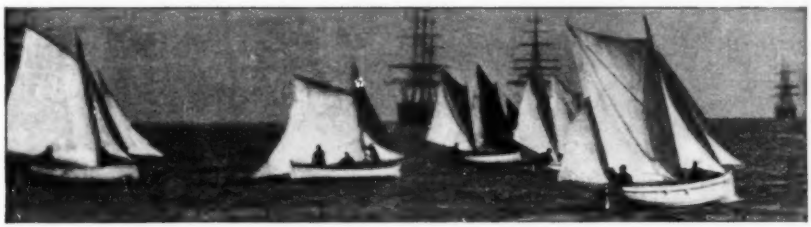
At the anchorage here a huge black form catches the eye forty or fifty feet below, and a few moments later the jew-fish line, a ponderous affair, is over, baited with a four-pound grouper.

The big game is easily watched, owing to the remarkable clearness of the water, and soon the tempting bait is taken, and a struggle to the death begins. The hook once jerked into its massive jaws, the big fish rushes away with a fervor that nothing can withstand. When the first burst is finished, the line is taken in hand by several men and the laborious work of catching a jew-fish actually begins. It is a case of give and take, the fierce rushes of the gigantic game making the line smoke as it hisses over the side with irresistible force; a slight lull and the advantage is taken, and up comes the black sea bass beating its great head from side to side in desperate efforts to break the line. Little sport in this; rather hard work. Even when at the surface the great fish lashes the water with powerful blows of its tail and drenches the fishermen who still struggle at the line. Too big to be left, the game is swung to a boom and its four hundred pounds of animation landed upon the deck.

In old times, when the meat was prepared as boneless cod for home and foreign markets, the jew-fish industry was an important feature of these islands, but the catches of to-day do not justify a continuance of the fishery business. Old fishermen say that the Italians frightened the jew-fish off by throwing the heads overboard, which so alarmed the fish that they forthwith deserted the banks, and have never since returned in sufficient quantities

to make the catch a paying one. For the amateur fisherman, however, the supply is quite sufficient.

One great charm in this locality lies in the fact that the yachtsman can, with a fresh breeze, reach the broad Pacific in a few moments, sail into a perfect calm in the lea of the island, and land and reach, in a short space of time, a hunter's paradise. On Catalina, especially, there is the finest quail shooting; the notes of the California plumed quail being heard in every cañon, and the roar of their wings almost the only sound that breaks the stillness in these solitudes. If large game is required, there is the wild goat, not too wild, but just wild enough for the yachtsman ashore, who perforce is not anxious for undue exertion. The goats were placed upon the island years ago, it is said, and now offer good sport to those who care to climb the steep mountains or descend into the deep cañons that cut the ranges. The islands of the channel exhausted, the yacht may bear away, wing-and-wing, for Santa Barbara, and on the return lie off Santa Monica, with its wonderful wharf, or sweep in by the great hotel at Redondo; or, perchance, continue on to San Diego, where Coronado Beach offers a welcome to the yachtsmen, and the local craft turn out to do honor to the visiting craft. So the summer days run away in the Catalina Yacht Club, days of dolce far niente in the true sense; days which are absolutely perfect, and during which the blue sky is never clouded except by fitful fog banks, which, at times, roll in from the open sea to be dispersed by the morning sun.



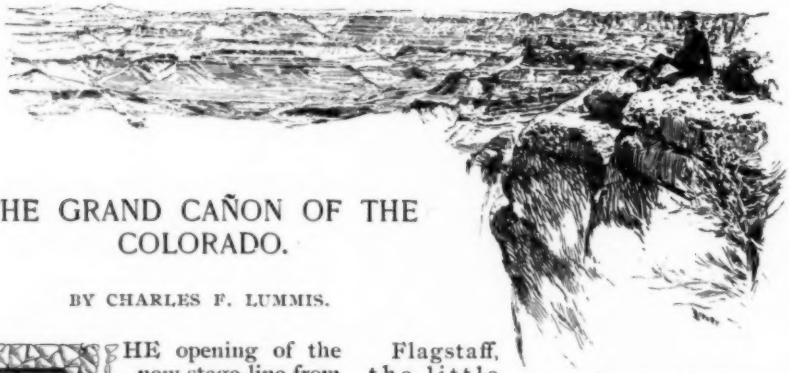
REMINISCENT.

BY CARL BURELL.

O bitter grief that weighs my spirit down,
Till crushed, I fall and lie upon the ground!

O bitter sense of what's unjust—untrue,
Which mem'ry brings so oft to me anew!

Though useless to remember, 'tis but yet
A profitless endeavor to forget.



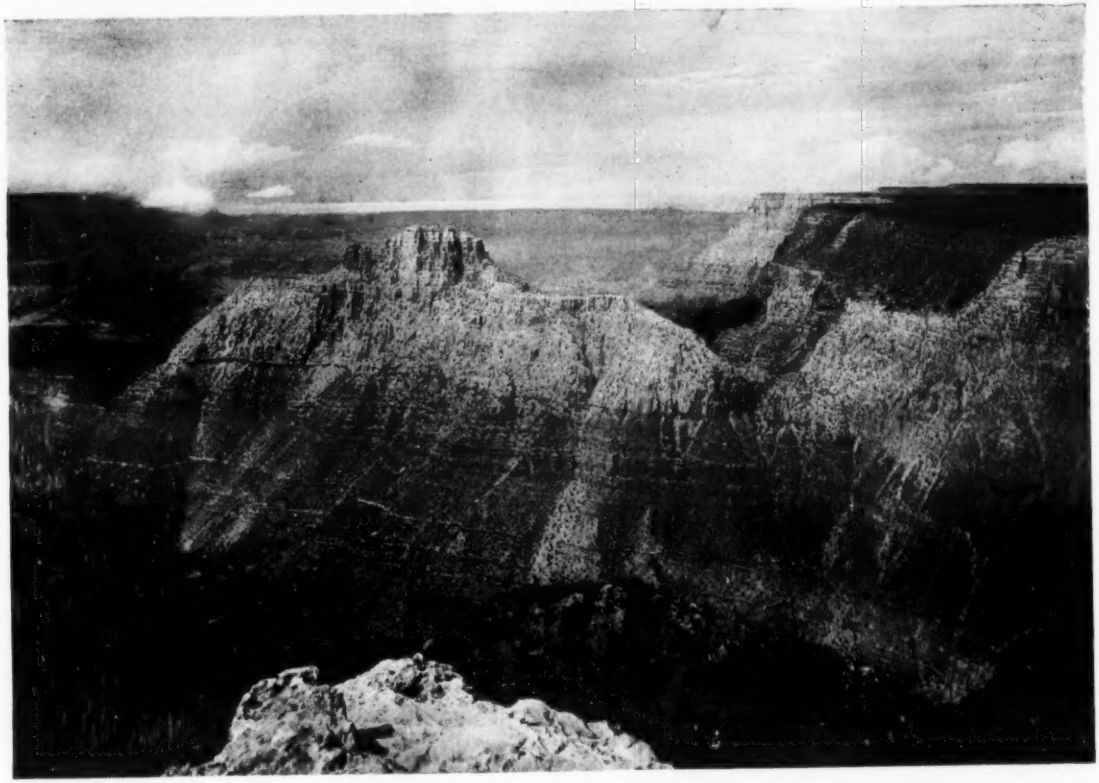
THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

THE CAÑON FROM BISSELL'S POINT

THE opening of the new stage-line from Flagstaff has at last made the Grand Cañon of the Colorado easily accessible at its noblest point. For the first time in its history, this sublimest wonder of earth is really open to all sight-seers. Before, the seeing it was at the cost of a journey uncertain, troublesome and exhausting. Now it is easy, even for women and children—as easy as I hope to see it. Far be the day when a railroad shall profane creation's masterpiece, with its infestment of the vulgar, to kill the joy of those with souls. For when a glory of nature is absolutely facile to the herd, it reeks with their inanity and is never again the same. Cheapened sublimity is no more as sublime. What is worth having is worth paying for in some way, and nature's utmost drama is as worthy the protection of some barrier as are our cheap shows. A money admittance might shut out the deserving poor; but the slight physical tax will deter only those whose epidermis is more important than their brains; and they are the class I would see kept out. If people could know what the Grand Cañon really is, an army with banners could not stand them back from it; but all the writers and all the artists and all the photographers cannot tell. Onmipotence itself could only put it there to wait to be seen, and sight is the sole teacher of this most ineffable thing that exists within the range of Man.

Flagstaff, the little lumber town which plays at hide-and-seek amid its stately pines with the noble San Francisco range, is an interesting point of departure from the rail, and may itself well claim some attention. Its scenery is unusual and fine, its climate stimulant as champagne, and its surroundings fascinating. Only ten miles away through the pineries is the great gash of a cañon—a forty-mile split in the level plateau—along whose 600 foot cliffs cling the most easily accessible cliff-builders' ruins in North America. There are many hundreds of these strange, dumb relics of forgotten days; and many of them are excellently preserved. No further from town are equally interesting cave-dwellings. The view from the 13,000 foot peak of Mt. Agassiz—whose top is reached by a good trail only twelve miles long from town—is of almost unmatched extent, and of characteristic beauty. Large game abounds in the superb pine forests, and in the wild cañon of Oak Creek, twenty miles from Flagstaff, is excellent trout-fishing amid such scenery as the gentle Izaak never saw. If one can take time to go down Oak creek, there are the Verde country and the Tonto basin, crowded with matchless wonders — Montezuma's Well, Montezuma's Castle, and the hugest natural bridge on earth. Even the industries of Flagstaff are not uninteresting—the great lumber business, and the quarries whose exquisite red sandstone is being exported in enormous blocks even to Chicago. Down



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GRAND CAÑON.

in the Verde country is an extensive and important mining region; but the pine-belt has never figured as an ore-producer heretofore. Now, however, promising discoveries of asbestos, gold, silver and copper are being made in the Grand Cañon, and are being gradually developed by earnest prospectors.

The Grand Cañon can be reached only from the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad and at three points. The nearest route is from Peach Springs, where the gorge is only twenty-three miles from the railroad. This route takes one to the bottom of the Cañon, via the Peach Springs and Diamond Creek Cañons, and is the route to be chosen between December and May, as it never has snow. It taps a far less noble part of the cañon than the two easterly routes, but a part still nobler than any scenery outside this wonderland. The route from Williams, whence one may also visit the wildly romantic Cataract Cañon by a ninety-mile drive, is about the same length as that from Flagstaff; and the scenery is very like. But it is a much harder road and offers no such accommodations for the traveler.

The Flagstaff route is really the only one to be taken into consideration. It is open from May 1st to December 1st; both it and the Williams road being closed by snow during the winter. It has the best long mountain-road in the Southwest; and the trip is an easier one than that into the Yosemite. Leaving the comfortable hotel at Flagstaff after an early breakfast, we rattle eastward in a very easy-riding stage, skillfully handled. The morning air is a benediction. Clear and fresh as the mountain snows and pines whose breath it brings, it bathes the skin and swells the chest.

One would be all lungs, to swallow it in bigger draughts. We are nearly

A HALFWAY HOUSE.

THE CAÑON FROM HOVEY'S POINT.

seven thousand feet above the sea, and will improve upon that altitude before the day is done. To our left towers the noble bulk of Mt. Agassiz, and his brethren, still snow-crowned in May; ahead, through the columns of the pines, the brown, enchanted vistas of the beginning plains. For three or four miles the road parallels the railway, and then turns northward among the pines and through the smooth, grassy glades. Flocks of the piñon bluejay chatter from tree to tree. Gray squirrels scamper aloft; and in the openings the querulous prairie-dog ogles us and dives down his casemate. Yonder a sleek antelope stares a moment and then trots leisurely away from view. And all the way the white peak, over-topping the tall pines, looks down upon us, more impressive with each turn, more mighty with each receding step.

Fifteen miles out is a little relay-station, and here we get fresh horses and have a moment for stretching. Then off again through the ever-charming aisles of pine, over volcanic ridges, down the verge of desolate plains which look across to the wondrous Painted Desert, and past a file of extinct craters of fascinating curve and color. By eleven o'clock we are at the white tents of the Halfway Station, where the horses are again changed, and we wash, stretch, and comfort the within by an excellent meal—thanking fate for the enterprise which has at last made it possible to get to the Grand Cañon unstarved.

The next fifteen miles is through more open country, with view ahead to the vast, dark line of timber which stretches east and west beyond the range of sight. With the third change of horses we enter the outskirts of this forest, and plunge deeper with every mile. Now and then Mt. Agassiz still sees us through some rift in the pinetops, and his squattier brother, Bill Williams. Fifty miles away now, these five peaks are apparently larger and certainly more beautiful than when we left their base.

The ride has been a delight. Unwearied horses, comfortable seats, fascinating vistas, and the endless joy of that glorious air—words have given out long ago, and now only an occasional grunt of deep physical sat-

HALT FOR LUNCH.

isfaction tells how they are enjoyed.

It is one of the beauties of this route that it brings one to the greatest sight on earth almost without warning. Only once through the columnar trunks we catch a glimpse of a purple front so vast, so shadowy, so unearthly that the heart seems to stop for an instant; and as swiftly the vision is gone. At half-past five we rattle down a wooded hill to a picturesque hollow, glad with the greenness that hems a spring in the desert. There are people and the shimmer of a pool, and snowy tents; and in a moment more we are at the camp, none the worse for our stage ride of sixty-seven miles.

The sun is still upon the pine-tops; and while the driver is putting up his team, and the hotel man is hurrying supper, we run up a slope and in less than a hundred yards from camp stand upon the brink of—It. And where the Grand Cañon begins, words stop. In looking back across the years with all their blunders and follies, it is comforting to remember that at least I have

HANCE AND HIS BURROS.

never thought to describe the cañon of the Colorado. A hint, a suggestion, a faint and ridiculously inadequate comparison are all that are possible. Whoso tries more, a sense of the balance of things is not in him.

The cañon at this point is eighteen miles from rim to rim, and a mile and a quarter in perpendicular depth. tossed in here, neck and crop, it would be lost among what seem to us rocks and not mountains. The cañon is no sheer-walled fissure. It is a gigantic trough, an infinite trap into which seem to have been swept all the huge peaks missing on an upland as big as an empire. It fairly bristles with their mighty crests ; but it holds

"AS THE SUN FALLS LOWER A MATCHLESS CHANGE CREEPS IN."

From this first vantage-ground we see only about forty miles to the east ; but by walking out to the end of a promontory we can command a view of about a hundred miles up and down the gorge. The cañon is an ineffable chasm split across the floor of this vast upland. From the dead level, which stretches hundreds of miles from either side to the very rim, one steps into view of this matchless wilderness of peaks. We stand on a plain and look across over the tops of five hundred mountains, each greater than the noblest peak east of the Rockies. If Mt. Washington were them safe. Not one can peer over its strange prison walls.

As the sun falls lower, a matchless change creeps in. There is probably no other place on earth where one can sit still and have the infinite scene-shifters change the stage-setting so strangely and so fast. With every hour there is a new cañon. Every degree of the sun loses mountains that have awed us, and carves out new ones more terrific still. There are more colors in a day there than man ever saw in any other one spot—"the last still loveliest." One cannot say which is supreme ; the infinite, un-

LOOKING ACROSS THE GORGE.

earthly refulgence of color by midday, or the sunset pallor when color is gone, and when through an air that is itself blue the receding giants peer back heavenly dim. The one overwhelms the eye; the other is vision turning to memory even as we gaze.

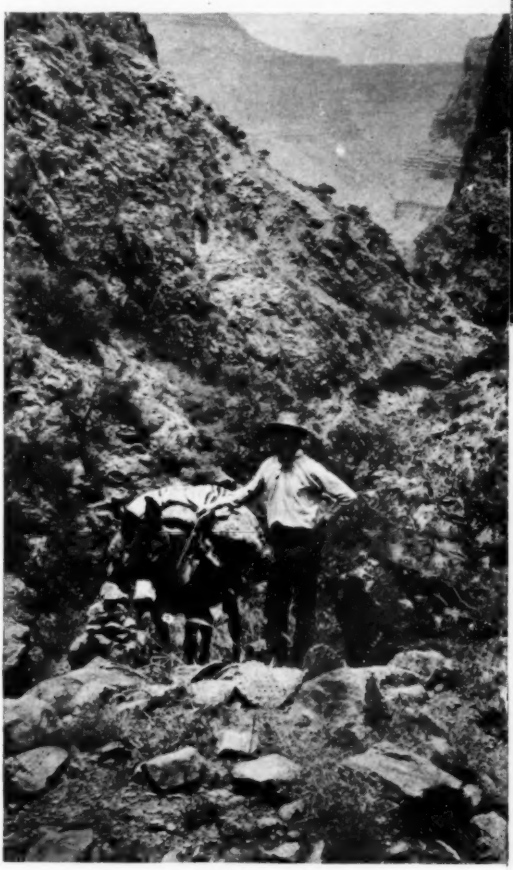
There are comfortable fare and good beds and the sleep-insistent air to fortify us for the morrow's tramp. First thing of all, when the sun shall lift across the Painted Desert, be up for a good morning to that view at the campside. Then, when breakfast shall have warmed the body to the mind's wakefulness, off along the rim-rock to a promontory three miles east. There are new marvels at every turn. And at last, where that gray rock juts into the vast abyss, is the one finishing touch—Ruskin's "human interest." A hundred feet ahead of the promontory a titanic column of rock, 2,000 feet high, less than 100 in diameter, towers aloft alone. Its top is 100 feet below the rim, with which a narrow neck of sandstone connects it. And as we admire its columnar grace, there is a sudden clutch at the heart-strings. Yes! Those are masonries upon its flat top!

To find the narrow and gruesome trail—to slide, clamber, cling, balance and at last to gain that wondrous castle is the work of ten minutes. But that is for want of opposition. Were a boy with a pebble to dispute our passage, the pluckiest would turn back.

If ever stone walls held romance, these are they. Upon that aerial islet, whose oval top is seventy-five feet in its longest diameter, was a human home. The outer wall hugs the rim of the cliff everywhere; and behind it are the little rooms. Two unassailable climbing-places to it are there; the rest is impregnable as a star. From the outer (northern) rooms, one can lean over the wall, still breast high, and drop a pebble 2,000 uninterrupted feet. Such was a *home*, in the immemorial days before Columbus when the Pueblos bought safety from the nomads at such a price. But there was something besides fear writ in the hearts of those stubborns who declined the courteous attentions of the scalper—those brown first Americans who lived and looked ever across such scenery as no king of earth ever saw or conceived.

We say we have seen the Grand Cañon—with very much the same liberality of language with which we speak of having "seen" the stars. Our sight is about as exhaustive of the one as of the other. Our eyes blunder over a wilderness of wonders and bring away a few impressions. No man will ever *really* "see" the Grand Cañon—it is inexhaustible, incomprehensible, endless. But it is well to see as much of it as one can. Its boundless majesty does not open to one point of view. Above all, after gazing from the rim, go down to the turbid river and look up. John Hance, the pioneer whose cabin is close to the stage camp, has built an admirable trail clear to the stream. A young man too recently from Boston to feel humble in the presence of the infinite, once wrote a gruesome tale of the terrors of this path—of course making himself the adequate hero to overcome them. Whereat I fancy the heavy-laden burros who tramp this trail weekly must have mocked him—not to mention the girls and middle-aged ladies who have made the trip without seeing a chance for heroics. Any trail which climbs over 6,500 feet in seven miles is of course warm climbing; but Hance's trail is harmless, if provocative of perspiration, and it gives an idea of the cañon which Humboldt himself could not have figured out from the rim.

A RIM OF THE CAÑON.



DOWN THE TRAIL.

A GLIMPSE OF THE CAÑON FROM HANCE'S TRAIL.

There is one Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Nothing else on earth is like it, or approaches it, or prepares for it, or suggests it. If you would see the first and the last place in the world, go to it. That is, of course, if you are a foreigner. If you are an American, snub the Cañon and dodder off across seas for some sight more befitting patriotic eyes.

DYNAMICAL GEOLOGY OF THE GRAND CAÑON.

BY RICHARD HAY DRAYTON.

TERRACE beyond terrace; palisades rising above palisades; buttes, platforms, domes, temples, towers, pinnacles, in endless profusion, water-worn cliffs and precipices for miles and miles away to right and left of us. A wild confusion of noble architectural forms; a multiplicity of ornamental designs; a divine splendor of rich coloring; a visible representation of the invisible Almighty's unseen industry—peopleless cities falling into

ruins on every side. The effect of time and meteoric forces over material hardness and ponderosity; the battle-field of a Titanic contest, and the final scene before accomplished victory in the long struggle between active persistency and passive endurance. An exhibition of stubbornness and unyielding, but futile opposition to the inevitable—opposition to slow destruction. Corroding time, erosive elements, and transporting waters on one side; granite, lime and sandstone rocks on the other—antagonists pitted against each other in the vast arena of the American Desert. Solidity resisting the assaults of light air and instable water; a mighty individuality harassed to death by an infinite succession of fresh foemen individually weak and insignificant. Nature fighting against herself, her right hand assailing her left hand; a destructive contest resulting in reconstruction, and displaying, during its long continuance, the workings of her economic laws. Such is the disorderly confusion of thoughts and impressions that assails the mind as one gazes on the Grand Cañon of the Colorado from Point Sublime, and the truth seizes upon the soul that it is a portion of the framework of a continent exposed to view by Time's disrobing hand.

What length of time, how many millions of centuries it required for the operation of these laws to cut that great chasm through the bed-rocks of the plains, no man knoweth. Long before the river sawed by corrasion its deep channel, a vast lake had to be drained, and its bed of sedimentary deposits carried away by the slow process of erosion. The drainage of this lake was caused by the gradual upheaval of the region which it occupied leaving a river in the deepest part of its basin. This ancient lacustrine region is now called the Grand Cañon district, a land of cliffs and cañons fashioned by the operations of nature during an incalculable period of geological time. It lies principally in the northwestern portion of Arizona, having a northerly extension into Utah. In its northwesterly and southeasterly direction its length is about 180 miles, while its width from northeast to southwest is about 125 miles. The area included may be roughly estimated at from 13,000 to 16,000 square miles, according to Clarence E. Dutton, Captain of Ordnance, U. S. A., who surveyed the Grand Cañon district during 1880 and preceding years. Across the middle of this district the Colorado by the irresistible process of corrasion has cut its highway with so tortuous a course, that the Grand Cañon is more than 200 miles long, and with such immensity of time that it has eaten into the bowels of the earth from 5,000 to 6,000 feet. The meteoric forces that break up rocks, rain, wind and frost have aided the river in producing the most magnificent and terrific water course in the world, and as soon as lateral exposure of rock occurred, erosion continued the work until the mighty cañon now varies in width from five to twelve miles. It is no narrow gorge, no deep, gloomy gash with perpendicular cliffs from brink to base; no dreadful abyss wrought by some terrific earth-throe; no gaping wound in the planets' crust inflicted by a convulsive spasm. No sudden and violent effort formed this wonderful water-channel, this great highway of a resistless river. It is the work of Nature's laws of progression and improvement, a work carried on during an incomprehensible lapse of time. It is a work of vast proportions, of divine magnificence and inconceivable variety of ornamental design and coloring. Doomed to destruction, silent cities grand with cathedrals and castles, domes, pinnacles and towers; colossal buttes and cliffs slowly yielding to decay; amphitheater recesses and niches present themselves in unimaginable profusion. And beneath this grand array of architectural structures, on the floor of this stupendous picture gallery of nature, the waters of the Colorado, down cataracts and rapids, with turmoil and

uproar, impetuously rush ever onward, grinding, tearing and biting the hard rocks, and cutting with their sand-charged volume, whirled onward with fierce energy, deeper and deeper into their rocky bed.

In its passage through the cañon the Colorado varies from 250 to 450 feet in width, yet its volume of water is enormous. Its tributaries bring into it nearly all the western drainage of the Rocky Mountains running from north to south of Colorado, and most of the drainage of southwestern Wyoming. The Green, Grand, and San Juan rivers, with their countless affluents, pour their waters into the Colorado above the Grand Cañon and combine to form a fluid mass whose volume is immense, and whose velocity and impetus have been and are irresistible. Mr. Henry Gannette, geographer of the census, estimates the area of the drainage system of the Colorado above the Grand Wash at 165,000 square miles. The pace and depth of the river in its race through the cañon constitute its might. Fluvial velocity depends upon declivity of the river bed, and the fall of the Colorado in the Grand Cañon between the junction of the Little Colorado and the Grand Wash, a distance of 218 miles, is 1,640 feet, giving an average of 7.52 feet per mile. Although the rate of descent varies greatly in different parts of the cañon, this declivity gives a fearful velocity to the water when the rains of winter fill each rill and stream of the Rocky Mountains, and their united contributions rush headlong into the Grand Cañon, causing rises in the Colorado varying from thirty to sixty feet. Then it is that the river displays its corrasive power. Great boulders, many tons in weight, and fallen fragments of all sizes from the impending cliffs are tossed about and whirled along, battering the side walls and each other, grinding up themselves and undermining the cliffs, pounding out niches and holes, deep recesses and caverns. But its corrasive might is not wholly due to the high velocity given to its waters by its great declivity; there is another most important element of destruction, and that is the presence of large quantities of hard sand and fine material which are brought down to the Colorado by its numerous affluents. The scouring, rasping and filing action of this fine sand constitutes a very effective process, and the river is annually cutting deeper and deeper into the subjacent strata.

Thus an inner gorge is carved out, meandering along the wide flooring of the upper chasm—a flooring cut up into innumerable water-chiseled rifts, rents and cracks. The depth of this inner gorge varies from 1,000 feet to over 2,100 feet. Captain Dutton thus describes his impressions and perceptions, while standing on the brink of this chasm, at the foot of the Toroweap Valley: "The river is clearly defined below, but it looks about large enough to turn a village grist-mill; yet we know it is a stream three or four hundred feet wide. Its surface looks as motionless as a lake seen from a distant mountain top. We know it is a rushing torrent.

MARBLE COLUMN, KANAB CAÑON.

COLORADO RIVER NEAR DIAMOND CREEK.

The ear is strained to hear the roar of its waters, and catches it faintly at intervals as the eddying breezes waft it upward; but the sound seems exhausted by the distance. We perceive dimly a mottling of light and shadow upon the surface of the stream, and the flecks move with a barely perceptible cloud-like motion. They are the fields of white foam lashed up at the foot of some cataract and sailing swiftly onward. * * * It seems as if a strong, nervous arm could hurl a stone against the opposing wall-face; but in a moment we catch sight of vegetation growing upon the very brink. There are trees in scattered groves which we might at first have mistaken for sage or desert furze." On another occasion, writing of his view of this chasm from Point Sublime, he remarks: "Its upper 200 feet is a vertical ledge of sandstone of a dark rich brownish color. Beneath it lies the granite of a dark iron-gray shade, verging toward black, and lending a gloomy aspect to the lowest depths. Perhaps half a mile of the river is disclosed. A pale, dirty red, without glimmer or sheen, a motionless surface, a small featureless spot, inclosed in the dark shade of granite, is all of it that is here visible. Yet we know it is a large river, 150 yards wide, with a headlong torrent foaming and plunging over rocky rapids."

And this fearful chasm, that strikes the beholder with a feeling of terror, aye, of horror, is the production of corrasion and erosion. Vast is the effect of erosion; prodigious is the amount of work it accomplishes, and immense the periods of time during which its ceaseless industry is carried on. It is estimated by geologists that from the Grand Cañon district, with its area of about 16,000 square miles, 10,000 feet of strata have been swept away by the process of erosion. For æons after æons the cliffs, terraced by disintegration, receded farther and farther from the shore-line of the ancient sea, till they now exhibit a series of terraces at the high plateaus in southern Utah, where, like Titan's stairways, they lead down to the lower platform through which the Colorado has rasped out its latest water chasm. The uppermost formation of this entire platform is the Carboniferous; but where are the Permian, Mesozoic and Tertiary formations which ought to be lying above the Carboniferous one, and which are found in their proper places in the great terraces alluded to? They have been swept away by the slow process of erosion, to form new land. Destruction and reconstruction

far away from the source of supplies of material have been the principles at work in the denudation of the Grand Cañon district. The whole region has been repeatedly upheaved and submerged. During the period of the last elevation the great inland lake was drained, and the river scooped out its first wide channel and became the great receiver of the drainage system of an immense region. Then began the removal of the lacustrine bed. The slow, deliberate upheaval continued; lateral tributaries poured their avalanches of water into the main river through gorges which they plowed out for themselves; and for untold milleniums the proceeds of erosion were carried into the Colorado and borne away, until the old lake-bed was denuded down to the Carboniferous formation, and in the center of its wide highway the river was gradually cutting a deeper and narrower path to which its waters were confined at their low stages. It was slow work, and for thousands of years the river alternately swept over its ancient bed and retired to its new channel, as the rainy and dry seasons followed each other; but the time came when the new gorge had been carved out so deep that its brinks were rarely overflown, and at last, never. The process of corrasion, however, did not cease, and lower and lower the river has sunk until its surface is many hundreds of feet below the broad pathway of its by-gone youth.

High above the narrow bed to which it has retired in its old age, on right and left of it, stand legions of mute witnesses to the part it played in archaic days in the transformation of a region. It has not only been the vehicle of transportation, but the motive power of those keen tools of Nature—sand and disintegrated rock—a power of simultaneous duality.

A LEAF FROM THE DEVIL'S JEST-BOOK.

BY CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

Beside the sewing-table chained and bent,
They stitch for the lady, tyrannous and proud—
For her a wedding-gown, for them a shroud;
They stitch and stitch, but never mend the rent
Torn in life's golden curtains. Glad Youth went,
And left them alone with Time; and now if bowed
With burdens they should sob and cry aloud,
Wondering, the rich would look from their content.

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And so this glimmering life at last recedes
In unknown, endless depths beyond recall;
And what 's the worth of all our ancient creeds,
If here, at the end of ages, this is all—
A white face floating in the whirling ball,
A dead face plashing in the river reeds?

OUR TREATIES WITH CHINA.

BY FREDERIC J. MASTERS, D. D.

ONE hundred and eight years ago, when the American flag first appeared in Chinese waters, China was hermetically sealed to the outside world. Hedged in by impenetrable walls of exclusion, prejudice and pride, she looked out with arrogant disdain upon the barbarians around her, and desired nothing better than to be let alone. Two hundred years had then passed since Xavier, the devoted Jesuit missionary, standing upon the Macao promontory facing that inhospitable coast from which he had just been repelled, uttered the pathetic words: "O rock! rock! when wilt thou open to my Master!" Fifty years ago her gates were still closed. The rock was still unopened. The middle wall of partition still severed her from the nations of the west.

It is well for us to remember that there was a time when America possessed no charms for John Chinaman. He was content with his own land. It was to him the Middle Kingdom, the center of the universe, and no promised land of the Golden West, in those days, could have allured him. It is also well for us to understand that had we minded our own business, stayed at home and let him alone, John Chinaman would have done the same by us. It was cupidity and a woman's curiosity that prompted Pandora to look inside the box in Epimetheus' house. Through the lifted lid blessings and plagues escaped, which she was never able to gather up and replace. There was a time when China was a sealed casket. The Anglo-Saxon came along, whose business has always been to poke his nose into other people's affairs. Contrary to China's expressed wish, we drove her people out of their shell. Finding things turning out different to our expectations, we are now eager to have them boxed up again. But it is too late. China has been opened, and opened by the white man. Her people have gone abroad upon the earth through the fences that Americans helped to break down, and "all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot get Humpty Dumpty back again."

In 1840, British cannon forced those barred gates that for ages had isolated China from the world. Five ports were opened to foreign trade, and Hong Kong ceded forever to the British crown. The American Government protested against England's high-handed policy, but our people were not slow to occupy the ports opened and to reap the advantages gained at the expense of our cousin's blood and treasure.

Mr. Caleb Cushing was appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to China, and arrived at Macao in February, 1844, with a letter from President Tyler to the Emperor of China. Mr. Cushing succeeded in negotiating a treaty known as the Treaty of Wang Hiya which, besides securing the right of American residence at the five treaty ports, established two very important concessions. The first was what is known as extra territorial rights, or the right of United States citizens to be tried in their own consular courts; and the second what is known as the favored nation clause, or the right of American residents in China to the same privileges and immunities as are granted to any other nation. These concessions may be termed our Magna Charta in Far Cathay, and have been

of no small advantage to us and to all other foreigners in China.

In 1857, the British and French allied forces made further demands upon China, in which America was invited, but refused to join. A second war was begun. President Buchanan appointed Mr. W. B. Reed, United States envoy to watch the course of events. He was particularly instructed to assure the Chinese Government that America's attitude was that of a peacemaker, rather than a party to the hostilities he so much condemned. After making virtuous protests against the aggressiveness of England and France, it was a great mistake of Mr. Reed to follow in the wake of the allied fleets up the Peiho, as if resolved to reap all the advantages to be gained by the armed force he deprecated so much. It is certain we got all the benefits of John Bull's conquests without spending a dollar, or a drop of blood. Mr. Reed obtained the second treaty which gave the United States the privilege of sending a minister once a year to Peking, and allowed Americans the right of residence and trade in six more open ports. The first article of this new treaty said: "There shall be, as there has always been, peace between the United States of America and the Ta Tsing Empire and between their people respectively. They shall not insult or oppress each other for any trifling cause, so as to produce an estrangement between them," etc. It is remarkable to note what gushing obsequiousness marked our relations with China during that happy period when the voice of the Chinaman's sewing machine had not been heard in the land, when Chinamen had not learned to make "white labor cigars," and when Californians dreamed of a monopoly of the China trade, with San Francisco the great tea mart of the world. How delighted everybody was to see John come out of his shell and make our acquaintance! How everybody cheered the Chinese contingent marching in the procession that celebrated California's admission to the Union! How the miners chuckled over the laundrymen that gave them clean shirts, or the workmen that made them underwear, and cobbled their shoes! Woe to the hoodlum that had the temerity to fire rocks at the Chinese who marched in procession on the Fourth of July, 1851, and joined in the hurrah for the stars and stripes. Nobody then doubted that John Chinaman was a man and a brother. These were the little brown man's halcyon days never more to return.

Never did this nation stand in such high esteem with China as when Mr. A. Burlingame was United States minister to China in 1863. No other foreign minister ever won such popularity at the Chinese capital as this distinguished diplomat. The posthumous honors conferred upon him by the Ta Tsing Government mean a great deal more than a monument in Westminster Abbey to Mr. Lowell. When Mr. Burlingame returned to China, there was a cry in California for more laborers. The Pacific Railway had to be constructed, there were marshes to be drained, forests to be cleared, tule lands to be reclaimed, and Mr. Burlingame went to assure China that a million Chinese laborers could find a welcome and employment on the Pacific Coast. China of course accepted in good faith these assurances. There was no difficulty in negotiating a treaty between two countries in such sweet accord. This third treaty, which was ratified by the United States Senate in 1868, contained, *inter alia*, one remarkable clause:

"The United States of America
" and the Emperor of China cordially
" recognize the inherent and inalien-
" able right of man to change his
" home and allegiance, and also the
" mutual advantage of the free mi-
" gration and emigration of their
" citizens and subjects, respectively,
" from the one country to the other for
" purposes of curiosity, of trade, or
" as permanent residents."

Reading this treaty in the light of burning Chinatowns, and bonfires celebrating the passing of Chinese exclusion bills, one can hardly believe that only twenty-four years have elapsed since the United States Government set its seal to this covenant.

Down to 1868, all our diplomatic relations with the Ta Tsing Government had been serene and happy; but a change was now at hand, and far away on the Pacific Coast could be heard the low moanings of the coming storm. Patriots who had been in the United States less than six months complained that their country was being ruined by Asiatic aliens. Working men who kept their blue Mondays gloriously drunk, objected to the presence of men who were frugal and industrious, and worst of all, never patronized the saloon. Men who used to spend their Sundays playing poker in some saloon back parlor took high moral grounds for their antagonism to the Chinese because they were heathen. Then began the cry, "The Chinese must go!" Politicians howled it and tramps echoed it. Street cars, walls and fences bore the words:

"THE CHINESE MUST GO."

Processions marched through the streets bearing banners and transparencies with the same device. Foreigners standing at the doors of the saloons pouring forth oaths and tobacco juice in equal proportions, or wiping the beer from their mouths, maintained that the Chinaman must go because he was dirty, smoked opium and did not support the brewing business. As the elections approached, conscienceless demagogues sought to gain political *kudos* by inflammatory speeches, instigating riot, arson, and even murder. Outrages perpetrated upon Chinese were of almost daily occurrence. The Congressional investigation report of 1877 states that hoodlums used to make it their business to stone the newly arrived Chinamen as they sat helplessly huddled together in the express wagons that conveyed them from the steamer, and it was no unusual sight to see them lifted out of the wagon senseless and covered with blood. These are the striking arguments used upon poor John ever since that time to the present, and it is unnecessary to say that they have not convinced him of the loving-kindness of the white man, or of the superiority of our religion and civilization.

The outcry against the Chinese was so long and loud that at last it reached the halls of Congress, and the Government determined to take the initial step in the course of restriction and exclusion of Chinese immigration. A special embassy, composed of John F. Swift, W. H. Trescott and James B. Angell was sent to Peking by President Hayes to secure a modification of that treaty which only ten years before had been pressed upon China with such eager solicitation. The last treaty had guaranteed equal rights to the people of both lands. It was now the business of the commissioners to abrogate as much as they could of that side of the treaty that gave any rights to the Chinese, and at the same time to hold on to every privilege and immunity enjoyed by Americans in China. The imperial government, anxious to oblige this country, received the commissioners with every mark of respect, and with magnanimity granted them every concession they desired. The result of their negotiations was our fourth and last treaty with China. The first article of that treaty says:

"Whenever, in the opinion of the "United States, the coming of Chinese "laborers to the United States or "their residence therein, affects or "threatens to affect the interests of "that country, or to endanger the "good order of that country, or of "any locality within the territory "thereof, the Government of China "agrees that the Government of the "United States may regulate, limit,

" or suspend such coming or residence, " *but may not absolutely prohibit it.*" The second article stipulated that " those Chinese laborers who are now " in the United States shall be allowed " to go and come of their own free " will and accord, and shall be ac- " corded all the rights, privileges, " immunities and exemptions which " are accorded the citizens and sub- " jects of the most favored nation."

It will be clearly observed that in this last treaty three things were guaranteed: 1st, That while the immigration of new coming Chinese laborers might be restricted, the United States confessed it had no right to absolutely exclude them. 2d, That the Chinese already residing in the United States should be allowed to come and go at pleasure. 3d, That they shall enjoy the same rights guaranteed to the subjects or citizens of any other land. It is hoped that the honorable commissioners had no knowledge of the kind of legislation contemplated when they penned the following words referring to the action of the imperial commission: " They have been actuated by " a sincere friendship and an honor- " able confidence that the large powers " recognized by them as belonging to " the United States, and bearing " directly upon the interests of their " own people, will be exercised by our " Government *with a wise discretion,* " *in a spirit of reciprocal and sincere* " *friendship, and with entire justice.*"

Whatever may be thought of this one-sided arrangement, it is sufficient to say that, trusting to the assurances of these honorable gentlemen, the Chinese Government was satisfied with it.

How far these solemn obligations have been fulfilled by this country, the long series of congressional and municipal anti-Chinese legislation since that treaty was signed, and the sickening record of unprovoked, unpunished and unatoned brutality perpetrated upon Chinese in this country, will testify. The ink of the treaty signatures was hardly dry when the Chinese Minister at Washington was compelled to call the attention of the Department of State to the brutal riot that had just taken place at Denver, in which unoffending Chinese in that city had been slain, wounded and plundered, as the coroner's inquest charged, through the apathy and incapacity of the authorities of that city. The minister after quoting the words of the treaty, asked that the guilty parties be brought to justice and the sufferers compensated for the losses to their property and business, Mr. Evarts replied that, under the Constitution of the United States, the Federal authorities could not interfere with the municipal affairs of a State of the Union; that the Government was not responsible for the losses sustained by the Chinese, and he suggested that the Chinese refer their grievances to the regular tribunals of the State. In reply to this dispatch the Chinese minister, with knock-down logic, made the pertinent remark that the Chinese Government did not make treaties with the State of Colorado, but with the Government of the United States. When an anti-foreign riot has taken place in China, American war vessels are sent up the rivers to cover American property with their guns. Thousands of dollars indemnity are paid, and many heads are chopped off in atonement for wrongs inflicted upon our people there, but in Denver nobody was ever punished, and not a cent was ever paid by way of compensation for losses and ill-treatment more barbarous than any American ever suffered in China.

There is no space to tell of the bloody massacre at Rock Springs, and of cruel outrages upon defenceless wretches at Tacoma, Seattle, Eureka, and a hundred other places. The ghastly record would fill a volume. Yet our Government* had pledged its word that " so far as those Chinese " are concerned who under treaty " guarantee have come to the United " States, the Government recognizes

*See Foreign Relations 1881, page 173.

"but one duty, and that is to main-
"tain them in the exercise of their
"treaty privileges against any oppo-
"sition, whether it takes the form of
"popular violence, or of legislative
"enactment." Either the Govern-
ment of this country made promises which it knew it could not perform, or else it miserably failed to carry out its pledges. How we have protected Chinese residents against "popular violence" has been seen; how we have maintained them against unjust "legislative enactment" will appear further on.

In May, 1882, Congress proceeded to take full advantage of the Angell treaty, and passed an Act, the first section of which reads as follows: "That
"from and after the expiration of
"ninety days after the passage of this
"Act the coming of Chinese laborers
"to the United States, be, and the
"same is hereby suspended for ten
"years; and during such suspension
"it shall not be lawful for any Chi-
"nese laborers to come, or having so
"come after the expiration of ninety
"days, to remain within the United
"States."

It will be seen that the law was not aimed at the exclusion of bad characters, such as highbinders, gamblers and tramps, but of Chinese laborers—those whose only crime was honest industry. The gates were thus shut against all newcomers save the merchant and gentry class. The Chinese already in the United States at the time this Act was passed were assured liberty to go and return at their pleasure, after procuring certificates from the Custom House stating that the person therein described was entitled to land in the United States. The writer was in China at the time this Act was passed, and well remembers the effect produced upon the people of that part of China that was the center of the emigration movement to California. He remembers one day preaching in a temple square in the city of San Wei, when suddenly a half brick whizzed close past his head accompanied by the remark: "You people will not have us in your country and we mean to drive you out of ours."

That the Restriction Act did its work effectually and well, the records of arrivals and departures for the six years following will testify. The Act had been in operation less than three years, and it was found from the Custom's record that during that time 40,222 Chinese had departed for China, as against 18,704 arriving here. The law was working all right till some rascally officials—not Chinese—went into the bogus-certificate business; and the courts began to admit "prior residents." The Supreme Court made a mistake when it permitted the landing of those Chinese who could prove they had resided in the United States prior to the Act of 1882, because it opened a wide door for perjury and fraud. It is safe to say that not a single Chinese laborer would have been illegally in this country, had our courts and officials acted in strict accordance with the law.

It was not long before another remorseless crusade was started with the old, eternal war cry, "The Chinese must go." Murder, outrage and violence were the order of the day. Chinatowns in different places were burned and the inhabitants driven out. The writer used to see Chinese chased down the streets of San Francisco every day, pursued and pelted by a hoodlum crowd, while white storekeepers stood at their doors and watched the fun with as much interest as I have seen Englishmen enjoy a fox hunt, and with as little regard for the feelings of the poor fox.

In 1888, a Presidential election was approaching and it was evident that some new legislation would have to be enacted to catch the Pacific Coast vote. Each party vied with the other for the honor of proposing the most rigorous measures against the Chinese. A treaty was hastily negotiated and actually accepted by China, but was afterwards so offensively amended by

the Senate that there was some delay in its ratification by the Chinese Government. There was really no ground to apprehend that China would not accept it. Mr. Evarts said, "There "has not been any approach that this "Government has made to China in "our domestic interests * * * "that the great nation confronting us "has not met in the most conciliatory "and yielding attitude."

The Chinese Government of course, did not understand the ways of our politics and the exigencies of electoral warfare. Hence they saw no reason for departing from their custom of slow and careful deliberation of state affairs. Minister Denby telegraphed that the treaty was still under consideration, but Congress grew impatient. Legislators at Washington with their ear at the Pacific Coast became excited, rushed into session and passed an Act that is admitted to be a disgraceful blot upon the statute book of the United States, being an abrogation of every sacred pledge ever made to China by this country. This law called the "Scott Exclusion Act," provided that no Chinese laborer in this country at the date of its passage, October, 1888, or who at any time prior to that date, had ever been in this country, or who should leave the United States, or had left and not returned should have the right to return; it further cancelled and declared void over 20,000 outstanding certificates, each certificate being nothing less than a promise over the seal of our Government that the holder being the person therein described, should be permitted to land on his return to the United States; it also excluded and sent back to China several hundreds of Chinese laborers, who had embarked in ignorance of the change and who were on the high seas at the time President Cleveland signed the bill. It was known that China had not rejected the proposed treaty, yet the bill was signed and became a law amidst salvos of cannon, bursting of rockets, and ringing of joy bells. Such was the attitude of this country to China in 1888—a very striking contrast to that of 1868. What a swing of the pendulum in exactly twenty years! Think of the love-making, the flatteries, the tender embraces and protestations of indissoluble amity on the part of Miss Columbia in her addresses to the aged Mr. China, culminating in the wedding of 1868; and then see the fair dame in 1888, tired and disappointed, because she had not got all the money out of the poor old gentleman that she expected, then suing for divorce, and even trying to kick the poor old man out of doors. Alas for human fickleness! Speaking of the Scott Act, Mr. Evarts asserted that "it was the first time in "the diplomatic history of this coun-"try of an intervention by legislative "action, while there was a treaty "negotiated by this Government, "pending for adoption by a foreign "country." Mr. Sherman declared that "if Great Britain were to act "thus towards the American people, "he would not hesitate to vote either "for a declaration of non-intercourse "or war.". If any person has any doubt of this act being a violation of treaty stipulations, let him read the decision of the Supreme Court which distinctly says, "The Act is in contravention of the express stipulations of the Treaty of 1868 and of the supplemental treaty of 1880," and goes on to say that while that court could not be a censor of the morals of other departments, the will of Congress, though in plain violation of the treaty, must be obeyed. In the correspondence between Mr. Blaine and the Chinese minister, Chang Yen Hoon, which followed this bill, an ignorant stranger might suppose the dispatches of the latter to emanate from a dignified Christian official, expostulating with some heathen government for its breach of faith. Every American must blush to think that a heathen minister, accredited to our capital, had any ground for addressing such a dignified yet scathing communication

to our Department of State as that from which the following words are quoted: "In my country we have "acted upon the conviction that "where two nations deliberately and "solemnly entered upon treaty stipula- "tions, they thereby formed a sacred "compact from which they could not "be honorably discharged, except "through friendly negotiations and "a new agreement. I was, therefore, "not prepared to learn through the "medium of that great tribunal (the "Supreme Court) that there was a "way recognized in the law and prac- "tice of this country whereby your "Government could release itself from "treaty obligations without consulta- "tion with, or consent of the other "party to what we had been accus- "tomed to regard as a sacred instru- "ment."

He then goes on to remind Mr. Blaine that while it was the United States and not China that had desired a treaty in the first instance, the Chinese Government had faithfully kept their part of the covenant in all its integrity, and had maintained inviolate the rights of Americans in China. There is no question that China has kept faith with this country. Never once has she gone back on her word of promise. There may have been attacks upon foreigners in China in which Americans have suffered, but the Government has always done its best to protect them; and when it has failed, it has admitted its responsibility, has arrested and punished the guilty, and has had the good grace to make what in nine cases out of ten we have not done, full reparation for loss and damage. Some ignorant people have urged that China has broken faith with us, in permitting her people to come to these shores in defiance of the treaty of 1880, whereby she agreed to our proposed laws for the restriction of the immigration of laborers. The answer is short and complete. There is not a single Chinese immigrant in this country who has come direct from China to this country. All the Chinese in this land embarked at the port of Victoria in the British colony of Hongkong, and the Emperor of China has no more power to stop the emigration from that port than he has to stop the emigration to this land from Cork harbor.

It was hoped that when the nation recovered from the excitement of the 1888 election, reflection and better counsels would bring the nation to its senses. Some twinges of conscience did follow, accompanied by a better feeling towards the Chinese.

While some felt humiliated that Congress had gone so far, the majority felt it had gone quite far enough. Alas! our amiabilities and good resolves were as evanescent as the tints of cloud land. When the fifty-second Congress assembled, another presidential election was approaching. Another bait was needed to catch the votes of the Pacific Coast. National honor was nothing compared with the transcendent glory of political power. This time the nation's conscience was so dead that no such preliminary as a modification of the treaty was ever thought of. The first bill introduced proposed to shut our ports against all Chinese but Government officials, and was carried through the House with 179 votes. The less said about this measure the better. Dead though it is, its ghost may one day rise up to confront us as an example of the utter disregard of United States Congressmen for the highest obligations of their nation, in the year of grace 1892.

Scarcely less cruel and unjust was the law known as the "Geary Bill," and which was rushed through Congress with such indecorous haste. So unceremonious was the House in dealing with the question, that only a few moments were allowed for its consideration. The seal fishery preserves in the Arctic, and the American hog interests in Europe were questions of such surpassing magnitude, that the House of Representatives would only allow fifteen minutes to discuss the

question whether this great Christian nation should treat 400,000,000 of Chinese like men or like dogs. Everybody knows the result. The Geary Act makes it necessary for any Chinese who may be arrested under the provisions of the act, to establish by affirmative proof his right to be here, and to subject him to imprisonment at hard labor for a period of not exceeding one year, and subsequent removal from the United States, if he fails to establish the fact that he was in this country at the time the act was passed. It further provides that all Chinese laborers in the United States must apply to the collector of internal revenue within one year for a certificate of residence; and anyone found in the country after the expiration of one year without such certificate, may be arrested, punished and deported from the United States. In regard to Chinese persons who seek to land in this country, and to whom that privilege is denied, it is provided that if a writ of habeas corpus is applied for, no bail shall be allowed, but the applicant shall be imprisoned, pending the hearing of his case. In vain did the Chinese minister protest against the renewal of the Scott Bill, the denial of the right of bail, and the discriminating requirement of registration by them under conditions, in most instances, that it is practically impossible for them to fulfill. In vain was it urged that the Chinese were going fast enough, and that the custom's records showed an excess of departures over arrivals since the Restriction bill, amounting to thirty thousand.

President Harrison signed the bill on the 6th of May last. Whether such an infamous law will ever survive an appeal to the Supreme Court remains to be seen. If that august tribunal can declare constitutional a law that makes no distinction between Chinese who are aliens and those who are citizens; that discriminates against race and class; that imprisons a man as a criminal, who has committed no crime known to the laws of God or man, because no "white" man can be found to prove his residence here on a certain day; then one can only marvel at the extraordinary flexibility of a constitution that citizens and aliens alike are taught to regard as the impregnable and immovable bulwark of the rights and liberties of every person residing in the United States. And what shall we say of a bill that violates that fundamental principle of common law which presumes a man to be innocent till he is proved guilty? Yet here is a bill passed that requires a man to be imprisoned, not until somebody else proves his guilt, but until the defendant arrested on suspicion can prove his innocence. There was once a treaty, still supposed to have some existence, which guaranteed to Chinese resident in this country the same rights, privileges and immunities as may be enjoyed by subjects of the most favored nation. Yet here is a law which treats Chinese as ticket-of-leave men, or as dogs that need to be tagged to save them from the poundman's cage, that inflicts upon them cruel and unusual punishments, deprives them of their liberty and the enjoyment of their property without process of law, and imposes restrictions and penalties upon them that are not likewise imposed upon subjects or citizens of any other nation residing here. Surely such a law has scattered to the winds the last rags of the tattered treaty that was ratified with such acclamations of joy only twenty-four years ago.

Such an instance of national fickleness is not very assuring to those other nations that have made treaties with us. For if a solemn covenant made with one nation can be so lightly set aside, is it not possible that other nations will begin to inquire concerning the value of our word of honor, and the durability of those pledges we have made with them?

What the effect of this continued hostile legislation will be upon the future of our relations with China,

remains to be seen. We have insulted a great country that is waxing mightier every day; we have imperilled our commercial prospects in one of the richest markets of the world; we have jeopardized the life and property of every American in China; and we have treated a nation of hoary antiquity worse than we would think of treating the pettiest savage nation on the banks of the Congo. One thing is very certain, we cannot expect to have China's gates open to us very much longer, if we continue so unfriendly to her. We cannot eliminate from our treaties everything that is of advantage to Chinese, and insist upon retaining whatever is beneficial to our own interests. We cannot continue to treat her subjects like dogs and expect her to treat our people as she now does, like the subjects of the most favored nation. We cannot require her to surround American establishments in China with troops for their protection, when our Government refuses to interfere to protect Chinese from outrage while resident in our States. We cannot insist upon China paying indemnities to Americans as a matter of right, while we disclaim responsibility for anti-Chinese riots here, or only toss them an indemnity "as an act of grace."

The Chinese are a long-suffering people. There is no fear that China will declare war upon us; it is not probable that she will even sever diplomatic intercourse with this country, or exclude our people from her ports, or cancel their privileges of trade in her markets and residence in the pleasantest parts of her cities that they may have chosen for themselves. But there is something she can do, which would make life in China intolerable to our people. She could cancel our extra-territorial rights and immunities, place our people in the same relation to her laws as her own subjects, and disclaim, as we have done, any responsibility for injury and losses sustained by American residents in China.

Whether China retaliates or not, this country cannot afford to persist in a course that takes such a wide departure from the glorious traditions of her history. This country is too brave and good to find pleasure in bullying and oppressing a people who, we think, are too weak to resist. A nation that has so valiantly championed the cause of human rights and human freedom, and has for over a century stood forth among the nations of the world as the bright exemplar of that righteousness which exalteth a nation to the highest pinnacle of greatness, cannot long bear the odium and discredit of having broken faith with a heathen nation that we are sending missionaries to Christianize.

There is something in this world more precious than a nation's treasure, more desirable than new openings for trade, more glorious than political victories; something which, if lost, can never be compensated for by the exclusion of a few thousand Asiatic laborers from our shores. It is national honor, justice, fidelity and truth, the maintenance of our good name among the nations of the world, and the preservation to our children of a national escutcheon that has never yet been tarnished by one speck of dishonor and shame.

Blessed is that nation that sweareth even to its own hurt and changeth not.

THE LAND OF THE SHAH.

BY THEODORE COPELAND.

PERSIA is a historic land—a land whose annals are replete with the accounts of a nation's vicissitudes from remote antiquity down to modern times. It has been the scene of unparalleled grandeur and magnificence, the stage on which dynasties have played their parts, the battleground whereon mighty armies have contended, and a very hell of suffering and woe. From time immemorial it has been the hot-bed of uncurbed despotism, and the tyranny exercised by Xerxes or Darius was little in excess of that practiced by the officials of the arbitrary misgovernment prevailing in this enlightened age. Until very lately it was not generally known that the Persian people are so goaded, so maddened by acts of violence and the cruel exactions of a system of government superlatively despotic, as to be on the very verge of rebellion, and in many portions of the country ready to receive with open arms a foreign master, be he Russian or Anglo-Saxon. Hitherto, but little was known of the inside workings of that hoary despotism. The European traveler may have been able to glean considerable information with regard to the habits and customs of the people; he may have gained some insight into certain institutions, civil, social and religious, and have observed the systems of agriculture and other industries; but he remained for the most part in the dark as to the tyrannical horrors on which the government is nurtured, and it has required the pen of a native scholar to expose in its true light the dreadful state of affairs. I refer to the eminent Oriental statesman, scholar, orator and reformer, Sheikh Djemal ed Din, who published an article in the February number of the Contemporary Review, 1892, pleading the cause of an outraged people.

PIPE-BEARER.

The Sheikh is a man of about fifty years of age, and has traveled all over the world, but more especially in Europe, in order to make himself acquainted with the mainsprings of modern civilization, with the object of

applying them to reform in Asia. Like all ardent reformers, he has frequently found himself in trouble owing to the freedom with which he has proclaimed his doctrines. For some time he resided at Constantinople, where he was a member of the Council of Public Instruction, but his hatred of corruption and broad philanthropy were not acceptable to the authorities and he was compelled to leave. Returning to Persia he was at first well received by the Shah, in whose presence his high rank as a Ulema and "Son of the Prophet" gave him the privilege of remaining seated. But it was not long before his enthusiasm in the cause of reform again got him into trouble. The Shah's ministers are not of that philanthropic inclination that offers self-interest as a sacrifice to the welfare of the people. On the contrary, they are the blood-suckers that sap the nation's vitality and murder its prosperity. Djemal ed Din was arrested, hurried away over the frontier, loaded with chains. Having effected his escape to Bagdad, he made his way to London, where he became the guest of Prince Malcolm Khan, formerly Persian minister at the Court of St. James. We shall presently have occasion to quote from his paper, in which he sets forth the horrors of the Shah's mal-administration, and gives utterance to some home-thrusts with regard to the connection of England's interests with the independence and prosperity of Persia.

TOMB OF ESTHER AND MORDECAI AT HAMADAN.

Yet Persia, that ancient land where Jews suffered and Greeks conquered, where the Hebrew "sat down and wept," and triumphant Macedonian phalanxes marched on their road to India, is deserving of a better condition of affairs; and even a moderate degree of development and a few steps taken on the road of progress would convert it into one of the most prosperous and delightful countries in the world. As it is, darkened with the shadow of a jealous despotism which for centuries has excluded the outside light of a progressive epoch, it is a land of ignorance and prejudices, a stagnant morass of inactivity and non-progression. So great is the contrast between the Persian people and those of the great commercial nations of the earth, in habits, manners and mental calibre, that it is hoped that a brief sketch of typical life in the country of the Shah may prove acceptable to the readers of the CALIFORNIAN.

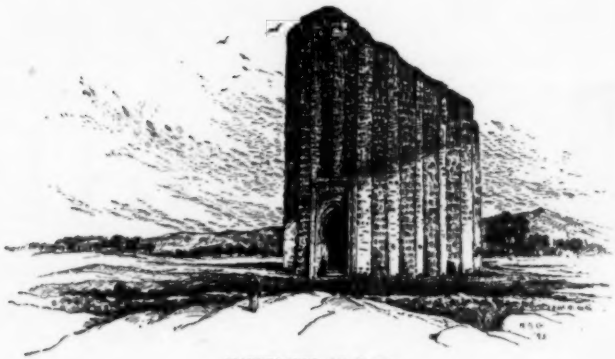
To an American the most striking features of dissimilarity, in an anthropological point of view, between the Persians and his own countrymen are the want of energy, so noticeable in the former, and the superabundance of the same quality possessed by the latter. Indolence and apathy constitute the Persian's main conditions of life; a ceaseless activity and enterprise keep the American eternally on the "go." *Poco á poco* is the Spaniard's motto, his guiding rule in life and life's call for exertion, and the Persian endorses that sentiment most thoroughly. In public and commercial transactions, in

GATEWAY TO THE PALACE OF DARIUS, PERSEOPOLIS.

the daily routine of private life; in government offices, in the bazars and in the home circle the same avoidance of exertion is observable. It is an easy-going land wherein energy is out of tune; where inertness and the delicious idling of time away are enjoyed by all who are not compelled to work. Only the poor producers and working classes display activity.

In Teheran, the capital, and all the principal towns, the bazars are spacious and curious establishments, very interesting to the foreigner. The largest in Persia are those in Ispahan, where an immense trade is carried on. All bazars are well stocked with European goods, those at Teheran being principally supplied with articles of Russian manufacture. At Ispahan, which may be regarded as the commercial metropolis of Persia, British trade is paramount with its supplies of Manchester and Glasgow cottons and English crockery. Other nations of Europe, moreover, do considerable business with this distributing center of commerce. And yet this former capital of Persia, in spite of its favorable position, its splendid climate and the advantages to be derived from the rich cultivation of the surrounding well-watered country, is but the shadow of its former self. In the days of its glory it had a population of 650,000, and was one of the most magnificent cities of the East, with its mosques and palaces and colleges; its glorious gardens, and miles of lofty, covered bazars. But a century ago the Afghan conqueror swept down upon it "like a wolf on the fold," and devoted it to destruction, fifteen days being spent in the perpetration of a pitiless massacre. After this calamity the court was removed to Teheran; the population of the city dwindled down to 80,000, and ruins of minarets and mighty structures cumber the ground, proclaiming the former greatness and grandeur of the old capital of Persia.

In the bazars of any populous city of Persia, you can gain an insight into the indolent character of the Persian tradesman. There you will see the



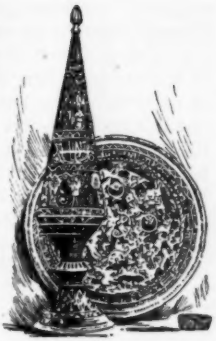
MAUSOLEUM AT RHEI.

retail vender sitting smoking his *kalian*, or waterpipe, with perfect contentment, and displaying a lofty indifference with regard to purchasers, which may be regarded as a mode of procedure the reverse of that employed by the tradesmen in European marts, and the owners of cheap goods in our own cities. The Persian bazar-man never solicits; all that his dignity and ease admit of his doing is to wait upon his customer when the latter has discovered in what particular shop he can obtain the article of he is in quest. Bargaining is a matter of time and talent, and the haggling and higgling required to conclude a trade with a Teheran shopkeeper, points to the fact that the Persian is not deeply impressed with the principle of the maxim that "time is money." In fact, he is never in a hurry, and is quite willing to consume a day in chaffering over the sale of an article of the more expensive kind. With regard to their honesty, Mr. C. J. Wills remarks: "So high are their ideas of the wealth of Europeans that it would be hopeless to attempt to deal with them personally. Honesty cannot be expected in the Ispahani or Teherani, but the Shirazi may be pretty fairly relied upon."

PERSIAN WOMAN—INDOOR COSTUME.

Class distinction in Persia is very marked, and the etiquette observed on occasions of entertainment is hedged in with formalities. Mrs. Bishop, in her "Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan," truthfully describes the ceremonious punctiliousness of the race. "Everything," she says, "is regulated by an elaborate code of etiquette; even the compliments are meted out by rule, and to give a man more than he is entitled to is understood to be intended as a sarcasm. The number of bows made by the entertainer, the distance he advances to meet his guest, and the position in which he seats himself, are matters of careful calculation, and the slightest mistake in any particular is

liable to be greatly resented by a superior. The Persian is a most ceremonious being. Like the Japanese he is trained from infancy to the etiquette of his class; and besides the etiquette of class, there is here the etiquette of religion.



EXAMPLES OF PERSIAN BRASS WORK.

A Moslem will not accept refreshments from a Christian, even if he is his guest and of equal or higher rank." The etiquette to be observed in pipe-smoking occupies an important place in the catalogue of formalities. Persons of high rank take their own pipes and pipe-bearer with them on the occasion of paying a visit, but such visitors are not provided with a *kalian* of their own, are offered one by their host; for every visitor is regaled with refreshments and pipes, the third cup of coffee or tea and the third *kalian* being the signal for departure. When a visitor is offered a pipe, it is etiquette to refuse to use it before his host has smoked first, if the latter is of higher rank. To smoke before a superior has taken a few whiffs is a breach of etiquette, the perpetrator of which receives unpleasant correction, the host invariably sending the pipe away to be cleaned before he will touch it. When there are many visitors and only one pipe, they smoke in order of rank, each having the politeness to suggest that some one else smoke before him. The etiquette of smoking is most rigid, and violations of it expose the infringers to humiliating snubs and mortifying rebukes. A well-bred Persian knows the place he ought to occupy when he enters the room as a guest or visitor, and rare is the occasion when he is asked to give another man place and "begin with shame to take the lowest room."

The number of servants in the household of a well-to-do Persian is astonishing, and reminds one of the retinues of mediæval days and the old-time aristocrats of the Southern States. There is, of course, the steward, second only to the master in authority. Under this supreme official are the head cook and his assistants, waiters at table and personal attendants, sweepers, messengers, pipe-bearers, coffee and ice makers, dishwashers and washmen, lamp-cleaners, grooms, and under grooms, besides other hangers-on whose positions and duties are somewhat indefinite. It is not an unusual thing for the number of servants in such a household to amount to from forty to fifty. The wages paid to the individuals which compose this retinue of attendants vary, according to each one's position and importance, from about ten dollars to four dollars per month. Perquisites, however, increase this amount, especially those

PERSIAN MERCHANT.

derived from commissions on things bought or sold by the master. This curious custom is universal, applying to all kinds of bargains, and is regarded as a legitimate right of the servant, if he confines his commission to ten per centum. It is useless to contend against this institution. Persians have to submit to it, and Europeans are victimized by it; but when Mrs. Bishop's servant endeavored to extract from fifty to eighty per centum on purchases made by him for her, it was regarded as an outrage on his part.

A Persian palace, and indeed all the houses of the upper classes, are structures of artistic beauty, displaying wonderful architectural design and a gorgeousness of ornamental work and coloring that testifies to the richness of the Persian artist's taste. The great halls and broad staircases, the wide galleries and spacious rooms all richly furnished, some of them with European lounges, chairs and tables, and carpeted with the most beautiful productions of the Persian looms; the ceilings of finest stucco-work, the mirrored walls and fretwork windows glazed with blue and amber-colored glass, glorifying the apartments with soft rainbow hues, present to visitors from foreign lands, spectacles of Oriental splendor and magnificence. This richness of design and æsthetic taste is observable in the dwelling houses of all classes above the workman and the peasant, the mud hovels of these being in sad contrast with even the least pretentious residences of the poorer trades-people. In the country villages the houses are all built of mud, farmhouses and laborers' cottages alike. The former contain several dwelling rooms according to the size of the family. They are one-storied and windowless; the roofs are flat and like the walls are constructed of mud, which rests upon a bedding of poplar rods, rush matting and brushwood laid upon rough rafters. During the hot weather the peasantry occupy the roofs of their huts as sleeping floors. Mrs. Bishop thus describes a typical room of a Persian homestead, one which she occupied herself. "It is a cellar of mud, not brick, either sun or kiln dried. Its sides are cracked and let in air. Its roof is mud, under which is some brushwood lying over the rafters. It has no light-holes, but as the door has shrunk considerably from the

MOUNT DEMAVEND, FROM THE LAR VALLEY.

door posts, it is not absolutely dark. It may be about twelve feet square. Every part of it is blackened by years of smoke. The best of it is that it is raised two feet from the ground to admit of a fowl-house below, and opens on a rough platform which runs in front of all the dwelling rooms. With the misfitting door and cracked sides it is much like a sieve."

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

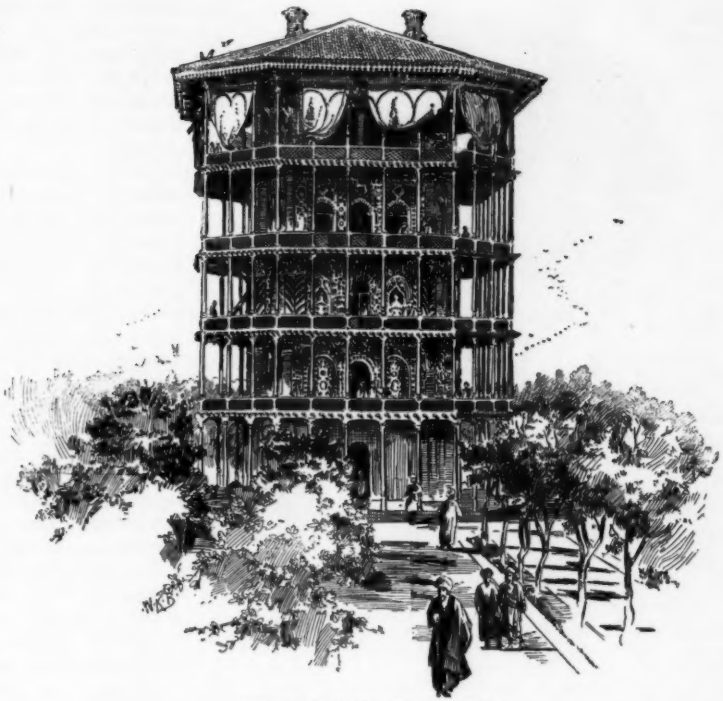
The fire-hole is a curious institution in these lowly dwellings. It is an arrangement by which the inmates keep themselves warm by night and day during the rigors of a Persian winter. A circular hole is excavated in the middle of the floor of one of the rooms, about three feet deep and two feet in diameter, but narrowing at the top and bottom. It is smoothly lined with clay, has a flue leading from the bottom to the outside of the building, and is the receptacle of the fire-pot. Over this *tandur*, as it is called, a skeleton framework of wood three or four feet square is placed; on this is spread a large blanket or cotton quilt under which "the women huddle all day and the whole family at night." All the fuel necessary for this heating contrivance is a few handfuls of desiccated dung, and Mrs. Bishop states that a *tandur*, in which the fire has not been replenished for eighteen hours, still emits a genial heat.

With regard to Persian winters just alluded to, it must be acknowledged that, considering the latitude of the country, they are very severe in the regions of the high plateaux, which

vary in altitude from 5,000 to 8,000 feet. Traveling during the winter time is attended with much suffering, and it is not an infrequent occurrence for the drivers of caravans to be frozen to death, the thermometer sinking all the way from 2° to 16° below zero. The snow-falls are very heavy, and that meteorological phenomenon, the "blizzard," is not peculiar to portions of our own country, but exhibits itself in Persia in terrific tempests of ice-laden squalls, and storms of frozen snow swept from the hills by the furious blasts. The anguish experienced by both man and beast when exposed to the violence of one of these ice-crystal-driving gales is indescribable. Nor are the hardships that have to be endured by the traveler much mitigated by the breaking up of winter and the melting of the snow. He has then to contend with mud, and struggle through seas of slush. The roads, or rather tracks,* are practically impassable at this transition period, and the wayfarer has to find a path as best he can, plunging and scrambling through hills and over plains, his animal knee deep in mud.

Persian costumes vary according to the class and occupation of the wearer. The men all wear an unstarched, collarless cotton shirt with loose sleeves, and often beautifully embroidered about the neck. The lower orders and peasantry are in the habit of dyeing it blue, but servants and the upper classes invariably wear white shirts. Among the higher orders the *zerejumah*, or trousers, are of cloth; ordinarily the material of which they are made is white cotton, sometimes dyed blue and occasionally red. They are very loose, and are held in place by a cord of red or green silk fastened round the waist. A closely fitting garment called the *alkatuk* is worn over these two articles of dress. It is of quilted chintz or print, is collarless and has tight sleeves down to the elbow. Over the *alkatuk* is the tunic, a coat made of a variety of materials according to the wealth or position of the wearer, gold embroidered silk, satin or velvet being the richest. The length of this tunic denotes the class of the wearer, and the lower the class the longer the garment. Government officials and military men wear them down to the knee, while the Persian dude wears his *kemmercheen* still shorter; merchants, villagers, professional men, and indeed, all members of the middle class, wear this article of dress nearly down to their heels. The *kolaja*, or overcoat, is not used in summer, but, nevertheless, plays its part in the ceremonious formalities of which the extravagance of Persian etiquette demands observance. On formal occasions when perfunctory duties have to be performed, or a visit made, the well-bred Persian causes it to be borne by a servant, or even carries it over his shoulder himself. This coat is made of cloth, shawl, or camel's hair fabric, and is lined with silk or cloth, flannel or fur. It is often richly trimmed with gold lace, shawl or fur. Mention must be made of the *juba*, or cloth cloak. "This ample and majestic garment," says Dr. Wills in his "Land of the Lion and the Sun," "is affected by Mirzas (secretaries), government employees of high rank, as ministers, farmers of taxes, courtiers, physicians, priests. The wearers carry a staff as a rule. The *jubas* are made of the finest cloth, very amply cut. They have a standing collar and long sleeves. These sleeves are from one to two feet longer than the arm, and are often allowed to hang down empty when the garment is worn out of doors; but when in the actual presence of guests or a grandee, they are used to keep the hands hidden (a token of respect to those present), and the many wrinkles formed by the excessive length of these sleeves are supposed to be their beauty."

*Persia is lamentably wanting in roads, there being only two worthy of the name in the whole country, one leading from Kûm and the other from Kasvin to the capital, both under one hundred miles in length. Goods are everywhere carried on the backs of animals. Mrs. Bishop, *Journeys in Persia*, Vol. 1, p. 196.



SUMMER PAVILION OF THE SHAH.

Then there are the outer garment worn by travelers known as the Afghan skin-cloak, a marvel of warmth and convenience, in turn being used as garment and bed and beddi g; the Kurdish woolen cloak, shaggy and heavy, worn by shepherds, a waterproof protection against wind or snow; and the felt coat of the villager, from half an inch to an inch in thickness, enabling the wearer to defy the storms and icy blasts of the severest winter.

The Persian headgear is equally distinctive. Priests and merchants wear the turban, the former using white muslin, the latter the same material embroidered in colors. The "Synds," or descendants of the prophet, wear green turbans. People of the lower orders wear lambskin hats or even sheepskin with the wool long.

With regard to the costume of women, the same writer says that it is highly indecent when carried to the extreme of the fashion, and Mrs. Bishop, who visited Persia in 1890, nearly ten years after Dr. Wills had left the country, found no reason to disagree with him in opinion on this subject. Though she knew what to expect in the costume of a woman of the upper classes, she admits that she was astonished on the occasion of a visit to a high-toned Persian's house, and would have been scandalized even had women only been present. "The undergarment," she writes, "very much *en évidence*, is a short, tinselled silk gauze, or gold-embroidered muslin, so transparent as to leave nothing to the imagination. This lady (the wife of the host) wore a skirt of flowered silver brocade, enormously full,

A HOLY MENDICANT OF TEHERAN.

ten or twelve yards wide, made to stand nearly straight out by some frills or skirts of very stiffly starched cotton underneath, the whole not even on a waist-band round the waist, but drawn by strings and suspended over the hips, the skirts coming down to within a few inches of the knee, leaving the white, rounded limbs uncovered. The effect of this exaggerated *bouffante* skirt was most singular. White socks were worn. Over the transparent *pirahan*, or chemise, she wore a short velvet jacket beautifully embroidered in gold, with its fronts about ten inches apart, so as to show the flowered chemise. Her eyebrows were artificially curved and lengthened till they appeared to meet above her nose; her eyelashes were marked round with *kohl* (an eye paint made of black antimony) and a band of blue-black paint curving downwards above the nose crossed her forehead, but was all but concealed by a small square of silk crêpe on the head and brow and fastened under the chin by a brooch. * * * * Under the crêpe square, there was a small skullcap of gold embroidered velvet, matching her little zouave jacket, with an aigrette of gems at the side. Her arms were covered with bracelets, and a number of valuable necklaces set off the beauty of her dazzling white neck. Persian ladies paint, or rather smear, but her young, pure complexion needed no such aids. Her front hair, cut to the level of her mouth, hung down rather straight, and the remainder, which was long, was plaited into many small, glossy plaits. Contrary to custom, it was undyed, and retained its jet-black color. Most Persian ladies turn it blue-black with indigo, or auburn with *henna*, and with the latter, the finger nails and palms of the hands are always stained. Her jewelry was all of solid gold; hollow gold and silver ornaments being only worn by the poor. She wore a chain with four scent-caskets to it exhaling attar of roses and other choice perfumes. She was a graceful and attractive creature in spite of her costume."

Such is a picture of a Persian lady in full dress, the description being well worth quoting verbatim on account of the fact that Mrs. Bishop had exceptional opportunities, on account of her sex, of making observations with regard to the inner life of Persian households. The lovely woman thus

described by her would, however, "avert her eyes in horror by no means feigned, from an English lady in a Court or evening dress of to-day."

The women of the upper classes pass much of their time in visiting, and entertaining each other with amusements consisting of singing to an accompaniment played on a sort of tambourine, dancing, and the performance of short scenes from some popular Persian play. When a Persian lady pays a visit to a friend, her hostess receives her in the *andarun*, or women's quarters, and a number of servants having been summoned, the doors of the apartment are fastened. The attendants then proceed to entertain their mistresses in the manner above mentioned, the performances, be it remarked, being of a kind that the unaccustomed eye of a higher civilization cannot look upon without a psychical blush.

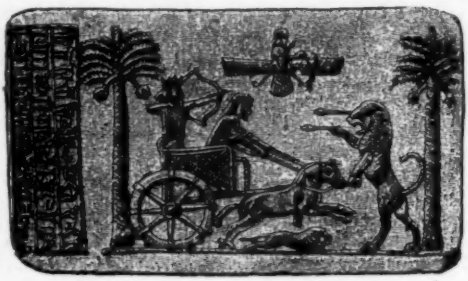
But it is time to consider the condition of the people. The picture presented is not an agreeable one to contemplate. We find an industrious peasantry, oppressed and down-trodden, grossly ignorant and bigoted; a merchant class enterprising and sagacious, but cautious and timid as regards display of wealth for fear of attracting the attention of rapacious officials; and we find a wealthy class whose riches are derived from official corruption and the plunder of those under them, legitimatized by long usage and the system of a despotic government. But to gain a correct insight into the political condition of the Persian people, we must refer to the article of Djemal-ed-Din previously mentioned. The Sheikh thus describes the present condition of the country:

"Persia is decimated. Her irrigation works are ruined. Her soil implanted. Her industries undeveloped. Her people scattered. Her noblest sons in prison, tortured, bastinadoed, robbed without pity, murdered without trial, by the Shah and his Vizier. This man, lately the son of his cook, is now the absolute disposer of the life and property of those who remain alive and have anything left. * * * No accounts of the horrors now going on in Persia can be overstated, not a tenth part will ever leak out—underground dungeons, torture-rooms, devils in human shape, greed, avarice, unbridled lust, unscrupulous violence, and the Shah himself the careless spectator or interested perpetrator of the worst crimes that sully human nature, and defile the page of Eastern history."

He then goes on to remark that in former times the Grand Vizier stood between the Shah and his people, representing and justly respecting the interests of both. Being a high noble, he mixed on equal terms with the high Persian aristocracy who lived in patriarchal state on their well-cultivated lands. Now all is changed. The Shah, he proclaims, has ruined the nobles and crushed their authority. The present Vizier is of the dregs of the people, respecting no one and being respected by none, and robbing openly for the Shah and himself. Law there is none, and the cry of the people is for justice and permission to live untortured and unrobbed. The excess to which tyranny is carried is marked by the action of a Persian gentleman who, maddened with the misery of the times, forced his way into the presence of the Shah and committed suicide before his eyes.

Speaking of his companions who, to the number of three hundred, were made prisoners at the time of his own arrest, he informs us that at the time of writing, they were languishing in dungeons from which they were taken at intervals to be bastinadoed, their feet being beaten to a jelly. Others had their ears cut off, their eyes taken out, their noses slit and their joints wrenched, without trial, accusation or hearing, but simply on account of their being desciples of the reformer.

The system of revenue raising is



BAS-RELIEF OF DARIUS HUNTING.

thus described: "Behold what takes place: a man is desirous of obtaining the governorship of a certain province, say Khorasan or Aidarbjan. His first step is to lay at the feet of the Shah his *pishkash* (offering), the amount of which varies, according to the post sought for, from thirty to one hundred thousand tomans—a toman equals, roughly speaking, seven shillings—nearly $1.75. He then has to guarantee the raising of a sum representing the annual revenue of the particular province exceeding that of the previous year, *i. e.*, the amount for which the late governor was responsible; at this stage, and if he is not out-bidden, or the Shah does not demand more, the applicant for power succeeds in obtaining the curt consent of the Shah expressed in the word, "Bali," all right. * * The aspirant to office has next to conciliate the ministers whose approval can only be brought by more sums of ready cash, or *pishkash*. Having at last succeeded in receiving his appointment he becomes suddenly transformed into an irresponsible tyrant and oppressor. It is his turn now to receive *pishkash* from the underlings who seek places in his train, and in the case of a governor of a province, his retinue generally amounts to 300. He has his chamberlains, his secretaries, his

pipe-bearers, his body-servants, his military servants, his executioners, his master of the horse, grooms, cooks and the rest. From the chamberlain down to the stable boy each in turn has to make his offering to the newly appointed governor, who of course appoints the highest leader. Everything being thus pleasantly settled, they proceed to their destination, and the province then becomes a scene of sub-robbery and spoliation, the heavy hand being only lifted when nothing more can be discovered to steal. No governor, nor any single person in his employ ever receives a farthing of salary or wages."

This systematic system of extortion exists in every branch of the government. Promotion in the army is regulated by the same plan. Pay is uncertain and irregular. If a private soldier gets a couple of months' pay during the year he considers himself lucky. The only way he has of living is by robbing the people. No wonder is it that Persia is retrograding and diminishing annually in population by wholesale emigration; that her fertile lands are ruined and neglected. "Poor and mean, squalid, timid, secret and panic-stricken is the small remnant of Persians who remain. Is it the fault of Persia, land of the sun, land of the date, the pomegranate, the barley and the wheat; Persia with her coal mines and none to work them; her wealth of iron and none to smelt it; of copper, of turquoise; her wells of virgin petroleum; her arable land, so fertile that one has but to scratch the soil and harvest after harvest springs up as fast as one can reap; and her so-called deserts which need but the restoration of her irrigation works?"

Deserted villages and wrecked hamlets mark the places where thriving

and happy communities once existed. During the last few years, thousands of Persians have abandoned their native land and sought lowly occupations in foreign countries, and the Sheikh considered that the number of emigrants that had fled from Persia at the time he was writing about exceeded one-fifth of the total population.

Persia has arrived at a crisis in her existence. She is on the eve of a revolutionary movement that may change the apparent direction of her destiny. Whether she will be able to maintain her independence as a nation, with the covetous eyes of aggressive Russia and land-grabbing England fixed upon her, the near future will doubtless decide.

THE DANGER TO THE REPUBLIC.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

FROM the earliest period of which we have any knowledge, men have indulged in philosophizing on the subject of government. The effort has been to discover a system that would produce the highest degree of public happiness. Plato, Aristotle, and others gave their thoughts to devising such a system, and Sir Thomas Moore, in his "Utopia," developed one, as he thought, of the most perfect character. Theoretical government is one thing, but practical government is quite another. Theory, however, is necessarily antecedent to experiment. In this field evolution has in reality been constantly taking place, though at times there have been appearances of retrogression. History demonstrates that in government there can be no standstill; that there must be advancement or retrogression, in accordance with a law of nature. There are elements which prevent carrying theory into perfect practice. No machinery is more subject to accidents, and unseen and fluctuating influences than that of government. When a people possess the necessary degree of intelligence and virtue, it is not difficult to render theory and practice completely harmonious. Philosophers have been the fathers of the ideal popular governments, and their conceptions have preceded every attempt to overturn monarchy and found popular institution.

The French revolution of a century ago was brought about more by writings of philosophers, encyclopedists and litterateurs than by the abuses of the French Monarchy, though for two centuries there had been no States General, and the government had been a practical absolution. No Frenchman did more to develop new and

better ideas of government in the minds of his countrymen than Montesquieu. Up to that time there never had been a Republican government of a high order, according to the American idea, but there had been sufficient experience to disclose what a republic might become when a high order of general intelligence and virtue prevailed. When Montesquieu wrote, he had not the example of the American Republic before him, but only the light that ancient, and a few small spasmodic republics in modern times supplied him.

The experiences of republics had, however, demonstrated the correctness of the principle I have stated, that in government there is inevitably advancement or retrogression, and it has been further demonstrated in subsequent history. It is certain that governments become bad through vicious activity. The first French Republic failed from the latter cause, and the same has been true of many other governments, but a greater number of nations have decayed through inertia. People have often lost their liberties and their manhood through continued supineness. The perpetuity of a republic depends upon avoidance of both extremes. The time will never come when there cannot be change for the better. The founders of our government thought they had devised a perfect system, but within about eighty years from the time the Constitution was adopted, it was amended in fifteen important particulars, and many other amendments have been suggested and urged by intelligent people. The American mind is active, and it is not improbable that changes may be proposed that would, if adopted, prove impracticable or vicious, but we are less liable to injury from change that is not reform, than from evil practices that grow up through general indifference and inattention.

Corruption is the bane of republics. The friends of popular government throughout the world have been more alarmed about the effect of the Panama scandal upon the fortunes of the present French Republic, than about the plots of legitimists, imperialists, and Boulangists to overturn it. The French people have, for twenty years, been able to withstand the efforts of these enemies, but the question has been anxiously put: can the government survive the demoralization and disgust that will ensue from the disclosure of the corruption of numerous high Republican officials?

Montesquieu held that a despotic monarchy is not so bad as a corrupt republic. This opinion does not rest upon theory merely; it is sustained by the world's experience in every age of which we have authentic history. Corruption is the worst form of oppression, for it is not only impoverishing to a people but it leads to general demoralization and criminality, to the subversion of all authority and to anarchism. Despotism may crush, but corruption debases the spirits of a people. If long tolerated, corruption of officials and leaders will extend to and involve the body of the people, and there is no relief from its malign influences, except in revolution and bloodshed. Monarchy has succeeded republics because the latter have become corrupt, and the former has been accepted as the lesser evil.

The same author thought that expenses in a republic should be less than under any other form of government, and for the reason that the people who pay the taxes can control expenditures if they will. A corrupt government is never economical; it is an impossibility that it should be so. An honest government may, in certain respects, indulge in profuse expenditures, but this tendency is easily checked. The burdens which bear most heavily upon any people, as a rule, are those which are imposed through corruption. It is not alone that people may have freedom of action that makes popular institutions desirable; but also that life and property shall be protected, and the public interests promoted at the least cost consistent with efficiency.

Montesquieu again says that "the tyranny of a prince does not bring him

nearer to ruin than indifference to the public good brings a republic." The government of a monarchy or aristocracy reflects the character of the king or ruling class, but that of a republic is the mirror which reflects the character of a people. A popular government is precisely what the people make it, and no such government will be good, to which the people are indifferent. It cannot be said that any people are capable of successful self-government, until they have been tried. Americans believe they have the best government on earth, and they are correct in this belief; but if they are so satisfied with it that they see no need for reform or improvement, there is danger. Because we have a better government than other nations, it does not prove that it is as good as it might be made.

In a republic, officials recognize their responsibility to the people, while their conduct in office is indicative of what they believe the people will tolerate, or what the people demand of them. This may be taken as a general rule, though there are exceptions, for it has occurred that men have been chosen to office who have disregarded the wishes and interests of their Constituents. The same thing will occur in future, but the frequency of such instances depends upon what the people exact, and the punishment they inflict for dereliction. One thing is certain, that a rascal will neglect duty, and become corrupt, if he believes the public will not thereby be seriously offended. As has been said, the character of a government reflects the character of the people for intelligence and virtue, and where corruption prevails for any length of time there must be some defect in the people—there must be a lack of intelligence or virtue, or an indifference to the public welfare, which of itself indicates a want of virtue. In Spanish American countries there are governments popular in form, but they are defective, more especially in manner of execution. There is lawlessness, profligacy and corruption because the governments have no regard for the people, and, on the other hand the people have no respect for the officials. There are repeated revolutions in those countries without being productive of improvement. Unstable conditions there are but reflexes of the popular character. The few only are intelligent, and the corruption of officials has demoralized the masses.

In this country there is greater intelligence, and the people are more generally virtuous than in any other. Thus far there has been general progress in regard to institutions of government. The nation has at all times been full of reforms; there is a constant clamor for reform, and measures are often urged which are impracticable or without value. While we have men of extreme views, those that are erratic, still there is a conservation in the masses that preserves the country from engaging in extravagant movements. There is not the radicalism that would overturn all because a part is bad. Action has generally been so discriminating as to remove the evil and build upon that which is good. The American people move no faster than is required to gain the light that assures to them a tolerably safe footing. As they theorize and reason carefully and accurately they seldom resort to experiment to test the virtues of measures, and consequently it is not often necessary to retrace steps that have been taken. With all their intelligence and virtue, there is a defect that has been productive of every evil in government from which the country has suffered, and that is the proneness to be inattentive to public affairs, to public duty. There always will be persons who seek to promote private interests at the expense of the public, and Constitutions and laws will be framed for that purpose; there are treasury vampires who seek to live on public expenditures, and corporations or individuals who want special privileges. Every success they have met with in the past has been through inattention on the part of the masses, and those officials who have

disregarded or sacrificed the public welfare have relied on the inattention of the people. "When the wicked rule, the people mourn." But there need be no occasion for popular mourning in this country except from the consequences of sins of omission on the part of the people themselves.

The greatest present grievance is the burden of taxation. It is greater in some localities than in others, and where the burden is least, the people have been most attentive to public affairs, and where it is greatest, they have been most neglectful. Where the most expensive governments are found, investigation will show alarming corruption. It is enigmatical that men will neglect public matters when their own personal interests are involved. The man most unlettered cannot but be aware that there are those who devote themselves to making gain at the public expense. Extraordinary expenses grow out of the very machinery of government. This is the case in California. The system is complex and cumbrous, and needs simplification. Corruption in the State, county and municipal governments may be exaggerated, but if it prevails to the extent that is charged, it cannot be more depletory of the public treasures than the official superfluity, or the complicated machinery of government that exists. The people have themselves to blame for all the unnecessary burdens they bear, whether imposed by corrupt practices or an expensive system.

Montesquieu wrote a half a century before our system of government had been founded, and upon the theory that a republican form of government would be as direct and simple as that of monarchy. Upon this theory he was correct in his idea that in a republic, government should be less expensive than in monarchy. Leaving out the expenditures to maintain a great standing army, our government is the most expensive in the world, because it is most extensive in all its phases. We have the national, the State, the county, the municipal, and in some of the States, the township government, and which act in different spheres and to an extent independently of each other. The idea is that concentration is a danger, and to avoid it there must be checks and balances; otherwise despotism will follow. To carry out this American theory, it is necessary that the system should be complex, that officials should be numerous, and taxation comparatively onerous. With all these loads upon them, it is the more essential that the people should be watchful of the conduct of officials, that expenditures may be kept within due bounds, and especially that corruption should be made odious. Unnecessary expenditures must be avoided in every practicable way, not alone to lighten burdens, but because extravagance begets corruption.

To curtail the public expenses is but to simplify and improve the machinery of government. Public officials should be amply compensated for their services, and appropriations for public improvements, for education and charities should not be niggardly; but not a cent should be appropriated for which the public do not get an equivalent in benefits. If the people will but give the same intelligent attention to public as they do to their private business, the government will speedily become as perfect as human judgment can make it. If they are neglectful they may expect that the ruin which is often visited upon a despotic prince will fall upon the Republic.

The early philosophers reasoned upon the theory that a self-governing people would not be dishonest, and would not permit dishonesty in matters of government. They knew that men are often guilty of practices that do not square with morals in dealing with each other, but that they would act perfidiously against their own individual interests, they seem not to have conceived.

It was known by the later philosophers that the Roman people were hoodwinked and debauched by aspir-

ants to consular, tribunitial, and other important offices through the exhibition of games, gladiatorial shows, and the distribution of largesses, but general intelligence of a high order did not then prevail. If they could have conceived a people like those of this country, where there are schools and churches in which the principles of morality and responsibility to a single and perfect Deity are taught, they would have supposed that inattention to public affairs and the prevalence of official profligacy and corruption could not exist.

Montesquieu knew there had been vile practices and corruption in republics, but he could not have imagined how free and independent citizens could become so debased as to buy or sell votes, or commit any other act that would prevent a fair expression of the popular will. Traffic in votes and all frauds in elections are the legitimate out-growths of official corruption. No honest man will pay money for an office simply for the honor it confers, for an office thus acquired is not an honor. Whoever does it thinks he can make the office profitable through some illegitimate practice, and to get his money back, he must do that which is robbery of the public. The men who sell their votes and are paid to stuff ballot-boxes and falsify returns, conjure up a sort of defense for themselves on the ground that the beneficiaries in the end will receive a *quid pro quo* for the money they expend.

If an end can be put to official corruption, profligacy and irregularity, criminal and all improper election methods will cease at once. Whether this consummation shall be realized in a free government depends upon the action of the people themselves. To bring it about they need but give unremitting attention to their public duties. Failure in this on their part has produced the debasement and overthrow of every republic that has disappeared from the map of the world. Inattention and indifference to public affairs are the dangers to which all popular governments are most exposed.

A THUNDERSTORM.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

A moment the wild swallows, like a flight
Of withered gust-caught leaves, serenely high,
Toss in the wind-wrack up the muttering sky.
The leaves hang still. Above the weird twilight
The hurrying centers of the storm unite,
And spreading with vast trunk and rolling fringe,
Each wheeled upon its own tremendous hinge,
Tower darkening on; and now from heaven's height,
With the long roar of elm trees swept and swayed,
And pelted waters, on the vanished plain
Plunges the blast. Behind the wild white flash
That splits abroad the pealing thunder-crash—
Over bleared fields and gardens disarrayed,
Column on column comes the drenching rain.

SOME SPANISH AUTHORS.

BY ARTHUR B. SIMONDS.

IT has of late become pretty generally known among cultivated readers in this country, that modern Spain produces novels and poetry; and the names of Valéra, Valdés, Galdós, Bazán, Alarcon and Zorrilla are found not only in our magazines, but in college circulars and on the lips of lettered professors. Yet it is seldom or never that we know these writers other than as the intangible apparitions that offer themselves between the lines of a general article or review, on Spain or Spanish society. As men of flesh and blood, possessing definite literary aims and purposes, and as artists reflecting an interesting national life and its types of character, Spanish authors to-day highly merit our attention, not only in their poetry and in their criticism, but still more in their novels.

Spanish poetry, indeed, though still read and enjoyed by its enthusiastic votaries is decidedly on the wane. Zorrilla, who is to the Spanish the national poet that Tennyson or Whittier has been to English-speaking peoples, charms both by his fervent loyalty and by his sincerity in higher sentiment; but his best poems were written some years ago. Most Americans, however, can find freshness and attractiveness in the poet who thus follows in Irving's footsteps:

"Alhambra, royal palace, glory of the Moor! Flower most precious of his chaplet! Shame of those who now abandon you! Habitation worthy of kings, to-day without masters! Sultana without slaves or servants! Why is it men depart from you? Why do they leave you alone?"

Zorrilla has also been exquisite in throwing new charms over the conventional subjects treated in love verses. It is to be regretted a little that the grace of his lines cannot be translated. One form of minor verse—the Abanico, or Fan-sonnet, as it may perhaps be called—has been developed by him with considerable ingenuity and variety; in this poetry he frequently expresses the genuine, if somewhat exaggerated, Spanish feeling of the former days.

"*Adios!* when life and breath fail me, I will desire of the wind the life of your fan;" and again, "To me, poor or rich, suffices the air of your fan."

The novel now flourishes in Spain as it never has flourished since Cervantes unveiled his genius alike for beautiful romance, or for delicate humor, in the delicious tales and the immortal disasters of "Don Quixote." Among contemporary Spanish novelists, though some have entirely exhausted their creative vitality, others are about at their zenith. Furthermore, a few of the most brilliant are not yet middle-aged, and from their constant growth in power, seem to have a yet wider future before them.

JOSÉ ZORRILLA.

Pedro Antonio de Alarcon, one of the early leaders of fin-de-siècle realism in Spain, distinguished himself as among the very first to rid himself of the common Spanish dependence

upon French novels and upon the romances of Scott. Alarcon is essentially Spanish in his wonderful story of the "Three Cornered Hat," which contains many excellent individual descriptions and incidents. Take as an example this picture of the handsome Seña Frasquita, the miller's wife:

PEDRO ANTONIO DE ALARCON.

Her features were lighted up beautifully by five dimples: two on one cheek, one on the other, another very small, near the left side of her roguish lips; and the last and a very big one in the cleft of her rounded chin. Add to this her sly glances, her pretty pouts, and the various attitudes of her head with which she emphasized her discourse, and you will have an idea of that face full of vivacity and beauty, and always radiant with health and happiness. Lastly, Frasquita's voice was as sweet as a flute, and her laugh so merry and so silvery that it seemed like the singing of birds on Easter Eve.

Then see how she flirts with the Corregidor, and ends the scene much to the poor dignitary's discomfiture.

"There is no woman like you," he says.

"Well, see here,—there's nothing false here," replied Frasquita, rolling up the sleeve of her bodice, and displaying to the Corregidor the rest of her arm, whiter than a lily and a fit model for a sculptor.

The Corregidor attempted to seize the bare arm which Frasquita was actually thrusting into his eyes; but she, without losing her self-possession in the least extended her hand, just touched the Corregidor's chest, and threw him sprawling on the ground, chair and all.

"*Ave Maria Purissima!*" exclaimed Frasquita, laughing until she could laugh no longer. "It seems that chair must have been broken."

'Why, what's the matter with the Corregidor? Is he injured?" cries Uncle Luke, Frasquita's husband, as he slides down from the tree where his mirth-loving wife had hidden him, and helps the frightened Corregidor to get up.

Juan Valéra is best known out of Spain by his novel, "Pepita Jimenez," the theme of which is the conflict between the earthly and the mystic love of a young man. Don Luis is a theologue who becomes enamored of a lively village señorita. Such an accident is quite alarming to the conscientious young fellow, who has always looked forward to a life of sacerdotal celibacy. For susceptible Don Luis, the result is not long doubtful. The mystic dreams and the aspirations toward martyrdom, which with him were never rooted in very deep earth, wither quickly away; and the novel closes with a picture of a young husband happy in the possession of Pepita and a thriving group of children.

"Pepita Jimenez" is brilliantly and originally written, and deserves its world-wide popularity, but, on account of its defects in construction, is far from being a model for writers. The transitions are seldom gradual enough, and the real end of the book comes before the pen is laid down. A writer of Valéra's power might easily have gotten rid of these failings. Yet we have to remember that Valéra is distinguished in Spain perhaps even more as a critic than as a novelist.

"Pequeñeces," a satire by El P. Luis Coloma, a Jesuit, has also met with enormous sales, and has been parodied, although the parody has not had the success of the original. The author of "Pequeñeces" is a fair describer of religious experiences, and evidently understands the principal types of human nature, being well adapted thus far to the writing of a novel. To an exact observation he adds a method cold and analytic as that of a man of science in his laboratory. His characters are neatly and precisely drawn—they are, as it were, etched upon his pages. Currita, the leading one, is seen clearly to be an ambitious, heartless woman, without a single trace of benevolence or conscientiousness. This fact is a key to Father Coloma's style, and to the

degree of his insight. It is human nature in its angles that we see in "Pequeñeces," rather than character as a vital whole. No woman was ever so wholly bad, we all believe; and we seem sometimes in reading "Pequeñeces," to be listening, not to actual life, but to the tales of a confessional. "Pequeñeces" has also artistic defects. The author is apt to be a partisan in such religious objects as the extension and justification of Jesuitism—a bias hardly helpful to a

PEREZ GALDÓS.

novelist, whether his readers be Catholic or Protestant.

According to the author, the work is intended primarily as a sermon; but one is apt to imagine that very few readers peruse it to receive instruction. As to the truth of the facts, competent critics say that Father Coloma knows pretty well the high Madrid society he denounces. Still, if his view be true, few can admit it as the only one possible; he allows only shadows to appear, but no light.

Emilia Pardo-Bazán, an author of international reputation as a critic of society and of literature, excels as a novelist in pictures of middle-class life. Her stories abound in original touches and homely descriptions. A specimen of her individuality is the portrait of the old gentleman, Don Gaspar, in "Morriña."

> With exquisite taste and consummate art, the centenarian had caused his wig to be made of hair white as snow, and the coronet of light, white curls which encircled his ivory brow was like a majestic aureole, very different from the thick patch of hair with which would-be young old men persist in striving to repair the irreparable damages of time.

Rogelio, the young fellow full of comical exuberance, only son of a petting mother, is a figure that seems as familiar in our acquaintance as it is uncommon in fiction.

> He loved to torment the Galicians (stable keepers) his compatriots, whom he was never tired of teasing. He would say:
>
> "I, too, swift charioteer, am a Galician* —a Galician of the Galicians."
>
> To which they would answer, "What a droll *señorito*."
>
> Whenever he went to engage a carriage for his mother, the moment they caught sight of him, if he were a block away, they would laugh and wink at one another. And he would appear upon the scene, addressing them somewhat in this fashion:
>
> "Winged Automedon, touch your fiery courser with the whip, that he may fly to my enchanted palace. Already the generous steed, impatient, champs the golden bit. Behold him flecked with snowy foam. But what were you thinking of that you did not perceive my approach?"
>
> "I was reading 'La Correspondencia,' *señorito*."
>
> "What name have thy sacrilegious lips pronounced? By the tail of Satan! A revolutionary, an anarchistic, a nihilistic sheet! Quick! Cast away that venom before thou comest near the honorable dwelling of peaceful citizens. Hasten, run, fly, coachman! Hurrah, Cossack of the desert! On drunkard, demagogue!"
>
> And the more extravagant the absurdities he strung together, the more delighted were the drivers.

Perez Galdós, until very lately the foremost Spanish novelist, is one of the few idealists of his time; though even he, a few years ago, turned to realism. He is also one of the few writers who have lately shown themselves capable of dealing in a sustained manner with tragic subjects. In

*A cant, satirical word, almost equivalent to rustic, sometimes. The natives of Galicia are considered stupid by the Spanish society of the cities.

JUAN VALÉRA.

Galdós' world of imagination we see usually a terrible conflict, ending in death or moral shipwreck, often both.

Some of his books, however, such as "Marianela," are full of spiritual beauty shining out through the sombre clouds of actuality. The rich, blind boy says to the poor, ugly girl who leads him about:

"Yes, you are the most perfect beauty imaginable. How could it be possible that your goodness and innocence, your freshness and grace, your imagination, your sweet and lovely soul, which have all combined to enliven and comfort my dark and melancholy life—how, I say, could it be possible that they should not be embodied in a person as lovely? "Nela, Nela," and his voice trembled with anxiety, "are you not very beautiful—very pretty?"

At the end is the appropriate epitaph:

MARIA MANUELA TELLEZ.
RECALLED TO HEAVEN.
OCTOBER THE 12TH, 186–.

Galdós' insight and sense of reality are exhibited still more vividly when his works deal with problems of society or of religion. In "Doña Perfecta," he exemplifies the conflict between science and religion, not abstractly, but as a fierce struggle between two persons for the possession of a third. Doña Perfecta is a most narrow religious bigot, who desires to part her daughter, Rosario, from her accepted lover, Pepe Rey, a thoroughly skeptical man of science. The intrigue is very intricate, and in the end becomes as fatal to the principal parties as the old Spanish drama of the "Cloak and the Sword."

In "Gloria," also, Galdós takes as his subject the battle in Spain between the church and the advance of scientific ideas. There is in "Gloria" exceeding interest, as the drama takes place in the mind of an innocent and passionate girl of sixteen. Mentally Gloria is not a girl—she is a woman by the southern maturity of her intellect and feelings; and while she retains a childish impulsiveness, she delights in attempts to settle in her own peculiar way the disputes of the age. You have, then, a young creature—bright, sincere, susceptible, intellectual—what more interesting heroine could be imagined? Gloria, however, is not perfect, even to Galdós; and though she is housekeeper, we are not surprised to hear her father calling, "Gloria, Gloria, my child, are we to have no dinner to-day?"

EMILIA PARDO BAZÁN.

But Galdós has not the vogue in Spain which he had once. This change is due partly to his general gloominess of tone, but principally to the

presence in him of artistic defects. Galdós is apt to run to types; his figures have not the variety which living, breathing beings have. He also tends to monotony in passing from one character to another. Pepe Rey in "Doña Perfecta," and Daniel Morton in "Gloria" believe too nearly the same tenets. His women, also—Gloria, Rosario, Doña Perfecta—are all morally weak. Another defect is, that Galdós holds a brief for science against religion; and a novelist, to be permanently successful, never can be such a partisan.

In all these particulars, Galdós is inferior to the other chief light of contemporary Spanish literature, Don Armando Palacio Valdés, who has a greater popularity not only among his countrymen, but abroad as well. And Valdés is worth reading, not only for his humor and his bright bits of description, but because he is evidently a man of character. On the artistic side, to be sure, he is easily open to criticism. He frequently tries to do too much; to push his natural powers too far and attempt to describe the indescribable, as well as (what is a more serious fault) to make too many episodes prominent at the cost of weakening his central theme. Examples of this last defect are found in his novels, "Maximina" and "L'Espuma;" he has happily escaped from it in "La Hermana San Sulpicio." But in any of his stories, from either the moral or the intellectual point of view, Valdés may well be read by anybody.

In the preface to "Sister San Sulpice," Valdés gives a frank account of his literary methods, that is interesting both to the writer and to the reader. His preliminary announcement is: "What I am about to say is not *the* truth—it is *my* truth." He then discusses from his point of view the comparative merits of romanticism and realism, and nowhere, perhaps, have they been more clearly and fairly stated. "It has seemed to me," he says, "that realism is not superior to the romantic or to the classic art; nor is it inferior. These have been the perfect expression of the ideas dominant in their epoch, as realism is in ours."

Valdés, however, is careful to define his notion of realism as being distinct from that of the naturalistic school. "There are," he continues, "a number of shades of love which are not criminal, and which are easily capable of being made interesting. The chief element of the novel is the character-drawing, and in proportion as this is lofty and complete, the greater gifts and the greater vigor are required of the artist to give life to his work. What constitutes the novelist as such, is the knowledge and at the same time the sense of human passions; or, what is the same thing, the soul of the novelist, like that of the dramatic author, must contain all chords. External customs and the nature of a country constitute for the novelist only the background of his painting. As to effectivism, it deserves severe censure," and Valdés has had the honesty and the courage to condemn it publicly when he finds it in his own writings.

His reverence for his gift of humor is of the same high order. "I would sooner break my pen in pieces," he exclaims passionately, "than knowingly make sport of the good, the sacred or the beautiful." And Valdés finds in the idea of the beautiful wherever it exists, a legitimate model for his imitation. "We should not copy the language of the classic writers; what we should imitate is the beautiful and perfect accord which exists in all great writings between thought and expression."

"Scum," like Coloma's "Pequeñeces," is a satire on the upper crust of Madrid society. A good illustration of Valdés' power in exposing dishonesty is found in the character of the Duke of Requeña, a not altogether pleasing example, even to his friends, of the successful and wealthy man of business.

For a few moments the only words to be heard in the room were "Señor Duque, Señor Duque, O Señor Duque!"

Hardly replying to the greetings and smiles, he only muttered rudely, "Poof, a perfect furnace!" and added a Valencian expletive more vehement than choice.

At the same time he unbuttoned his overcoat. Twenty hands were laid on it to help to take it off.

A conversation on matters of business soon takes place between the Duke and another broker.

"I have a heap of Londrès," said Calderon. "Do you want them? I will let you have them cheap."

"No, I don't want them at present. What do you ask for them?"

"Forty-seven."

"Are there many of them?"

"Eight thousand pounds in all."

"Well, I don't really want them, but it is a good bargain. Good-bye."

He went to the bank, assisted at the meeting, and went out with his friend, Moreton, another of the great Madrid bankers. On reaching the Puerta del Sol, they shook hands to part,

"Which way are you going?" said Salabert.

"I am going to Calderon's office to see if he happens to be able to help me to some Londrès."

"Quite useless," said the other promptly, "I have just bought up all he had."

"That is unlucky. What did you give for them?"

"Forty-seven, ten."

"Not very cheap. But I need them badly, so I should have taken them."

"Do you really need them?" said Salabert, putting his arm on the other's shoulders.

"I do, indeed."

"Then I will be your—"

"My dear fellow, I cannot allow it. You want them yourself."

"Not so much as you do; and even if I did, you know my friendship for you."

They shook hands once more, Moreton pouring out a flood of grateful thanks.

The Duke instantly got into a coach.

"Drive to Calle de San Felipe Neri!"—

"Julian, Julian," he shouted, before opening the door into Calderon's office, "I have come to do you a service. You are in luck, you wretch. Send me home those Londrès."

"Ha! ha! so you really want them?"

"Yes, my dear fellow, yes. I always want the thing you want to get rid of. Good-bye."

And the banker went away with as much satisfaction after committing this piece of rascality, after cheating his friend of so many *pesetas*, as the righteous man does after doing a deed of justice or charity.

"Sister San Sulpice," one of Valdés' strongest stories, is written in the form of an autobiography; and a good many details, as well as the general atmosphere, indicate that the material was drawn from the author's own personal experience. The hero, Sanjurjo, is by calling a lyric poet, char-

ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS.

acterized by the emotion of the poetic spirit, and apt to take himself pretty seriously; but possessed also of the abundant energy of the man of sense.

The story opens at Marmelejo, a town of Moorish aspect, famous for its mineral waters. Here Sanjurjo meets two people who play a prominent part in the rest of the romance; for such the story has good claims to be called. One is Daniel Suarez, a vulgar fellow, with the assurance and the rudeness of his tribe. The other is the heroine—a girl running over with mirth, and inclined to be a little wild. Among the rest of her inconsistencies, she has tried to harmonize her animal spirits with the dress and the habits of a nun. Of course, the results are laughable in the extreme. Sanjurjo gets his introduction to her at one of the springs, where he happens to tumble in, much to the delight and merriment of the sister. Their acquaintance continues, with rapid love-making on the part of Sanjurjo, and considerable jesting from Sister San Sulpice, who asks him

if he isn't aware that it is a sin to flatter a nun. Becoming bolder he at length inquires:

"What is your true name?"
"Heavens! my true name! then have I a false one?"

Finally through Suarez he learns that her name is Gloria, and that she is heiress to a couple of millions. This fact is not without influence on Sanjurjo; for as he afterwards owns, although he tells Gloria that her money gives her no additional attraction, he naively admits that he did not tell quite the truth. When she leaves the watering-place, he, like a true Spaniard, follows her to Seville, trying all the reckless devices for communicating with her that enter his head. At first his bold visit to the head of the convent is met with reverses, and meanwhile, as he is making friends and strengthening his position, there are a great many minor affairs of interest.

Valdés' description of Seville, with its majestic river, its towers on the hills, and the fields and orange groves around it, has obtained enthusiastic admiration from Valdés' foreign critics. Another well-drawn picture is the cigar factory of Seville with the squabble of the *cigarreras*. Very amusing again is the summing up of Joaquinita.

Woman's desire to be married has three stages: from fifteen to twenty the little appetite; from twenty to twenty-five the greater appetite; and from twenty-five to thirty the huge appetite. Joaquinita was already well along in the third stage.

At last, Sanjurjo moves the "powers that be," and gets his beloved out of the convent. We next see him before her house, making love through the grating of the window at eleven in the evening, or occasionally staying at the same place two or three hours later. Reverses and slights occur now and then; but the most threatening is made way with by a reconciliation in a trip down the river planned by a cousin of Gloria's. At length the girl's scheming mother concludes that the penniless young man has gone far enough; and Gloria is actually being carried off, when Sanjurjo, having been warned, raises an outcry in genuine romantic style, and a policeman and a judge are dragged in before Gloria is finally rescued. On this the obstinate relatives yield, and Sanjurjo and Gloria's mother have their business talk, in which the financial arrangements for the transfer of Gloria's wealth are concluded. The novel ends with a visit to Sister Sulpice's former convent. When the nuns express their doubt of Sister Sulpice being married, Gloria at once throws her arms impulsively about her husband's neck and kisses him heartily, before the eyes of the discomfited sisters, who fly with frightened squeals in all directions.

On the whole, the method of character development in "Sister San Sulpice" is at once individual and admirable. The best as well as the best-natured characters, Sanjurjo and Gloria, appear less pleasing at first; while those that are inferior, Joaquinita and the Countess of Padul, attract on their first appearance, but the reader, like Sanjurjo, soon tires of them.

The outlook for the future of Spanish literature, particularly the novel, seems good. The attempts of twenty-five years ago, not always successful from the point of view of sincerity, even when made by professional novelists, have been followed by such an advance towards perfection, that good novels are now written by writers, primarily critics, such as Valéra and Bazán; and steady advance in conception and in results has been made by those who occupy themselves chiefly, as Valdés does, with the writing of novels. For Americans who either love a good story for itself or have ambition to enrich our own literature on the side of the novel, there is and apparently will be for some time to come a great deal in contemporary Spain worthy of their attention. It was the opinion of the late Walt Whit-

man that as there is a Spanish element in our nationality, there should be a Spanish influence upon our literature. As a matter of history, Spain has always been a favorite field for American poets and scholars. Longfellow, Lowell, Ticknor, Prescott, and recently Howells as a critic have enlightened their own countrymen or awakened the gratitude of Spanish hearts by their interest in Spanish literature and Spanish history. For the Spanish nature, misrepresented as unfortunately it has often been by those who know it only at second hand, or through religious or race prejudices, is as beautiful and attractive as its tales, not only long ago, but still to-day, are romantic, and its novelists full of all that is humane and sincere.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY DANIEL MORGAN.

THERE had been a faculty meeting, and after the discussion as to various matters pertaining to the advancement of the interests of the college, a few of the hoary-headed professors remained for social confab. Among them was a man not more than forty years of age whose ethereal features wore a strange look of melancholy. He was a favorite among his older companions, and in fact his sweet, kindly nature won all who knew him.

The professors sat chatting and prodding each other with personal jokes and incidents of a busy practitioner's life, when one of them said, "I'll venture none of you ever had a more interesting experience in the daily rounds of practice than I have had lately, and since the lady concerned will never be known to you, I am disposed to tell it."

"We're always ready to hear anything interesting," replied one of his friends.

Then the doctor commenced his story, and was allowed to proceed without interruption.

"I met her first in the sick room of a patient—a woman who was advanced in years and suffering from feeble heart action. Upon entering the room on this occasion, I hurried at once to the bedside, and saw at a glance that the invalid's life hung by a slender thread. She was partially conscious, but very pale and exhausted. Standing beside her was a woman whose face was full of strength and intelligence, and who interested me at once. Her fingers were gently pressing the feeble pulse, and the look with which she greeted me was expressive of the greatest relief and thankfulness. She had evidently been subjected to a severe mental strain.

"'Doctor,' she said, quietly, 'I have given this woman small doses of brandy diluted with water, at regular intervals. I found her pulse sinking rapidly, and I knew life would not linger much longer without artificial aid. The family being strongly antagonistic to liquor opposed my use of brandy, but I have pursued my own course despite their opposition, and you can judge of my present state of mind.'

"'Madam,' I said, 'you are to be commended both for your bravery and knowledge. Had you not followed the course you did, doubtless these people would be mourners at this moment.'

"'Tell them so,' she replied calmly. Then she left the room. As she did so, I cast a furtive look toward her. In the contour of her face, and in every movement there

were evidences of will power, pride and courage, coupled with strong womanly tendencies.

"After she left I asked a member of the family who she was. 'O, she's a neighbor,' was the reply. 'Everyone around here sends for her in times of illness or trouble. We know little about her except that she is good and generous. She moved here some time ago, lives well and very quietly. All she seems to care for is to go where she is needed. I hope she has done no harm, doctor?'

"'On the contrary, she has done what is best for the patient under the circumstances. Whoever she is, she knows what she is doing, and you owe your mother's life to her knowledge and determination.'

"The danger past, delight gave place to former doubt, and the invalid's family detailed many acts of unsought kindness on the part of the mysterious neighbor, which awakened in me a degree of interest of which I had hardly believed myself capable. Here was a woman, not yet thirty, perhaps, young and vigorous, living apart from the world of pleasure, and only associating with the afflicted.

"Busy days and nights lessened my interest in this strange individual, until I received another call to the same neighborhood, feeling intuitively that I should meet her again.

"I found my patient in the midst of extreme poverty, all the surroundings indicating the final breakdown of an overwrought system against the tide of distress, overwork, poor food, and despair. *She* was there. Like the angel of charity, she was hovering over this forlorn woman, and I saw her in her true light, all the hard lines softened to the tender touch of pity. With gentle hand the moaning sufferer was tended, and words of truest courage fell from those lips, before so gravely silent. She said but little, but that little carried with it solace, comfort and helpful conviction that all would yet end well. Her face was the mirror of her soul, and the sweet calm which she shed about her augured well for the patient. And gentlemen, to this day I feel myself humbled when I recall how her pure, disinterested love for that poor woman forced me to look within myself, only to find a nature cold and unresponsive. I came out of the sick room reborn, a man who knew his own failings and had resolved to overcome them in the future.

"When about to leave the patient, whom we had eased and quieted, I said, 'I will return to-morrow. Will you be here?' 'I shall be here,' she replied.

"As she spoke she pushed back from her forehead the folds of thick auburn hair, which had fallen while she was attending the sick, and I noticed on her finger an immense diamond ring, elegantly mounted. Somehow there seemed to flash from the light of that stone, the conviction that that ring held the connecting link of her past. The whole demeanor of the woman, her charms, her personality, all bespoke power and energy, and whatever that past had been, there now remained little doubt in my mind that she had passed through a fierce heart struggle, the crisis of which had been of no mediocrity.

"I returned the next day to find matters progressing so well that I was not needed, and said as much to the object of my curiosity and interest. She looked up, and with but slight hesitancy replied, 'Doctor, you will be doing me a favor by sending for me in urgent cases where women are poor and needy. You seem humane in your tendencies, and I therefore do not hesitate in asking you to help me in my work for these poor neglected creatures.'

"My heart filled with gratitude at once. I knew now that her main object in life was to alleviate the sorrows of her own sex, and that she was freely giving what woman so much needs, the love and pity of a woman's heart. Her offer afforded me what I had so often felt the want of in my practice—

effective aid in the sick room. You all know how powerless is our science when crippled by poor, unintelligent nurses. Medicine becomes a mere force and loses half of its virtue, when not assisted by the human heart and clear head of some one in charge of the patient. In this woman's help I had all that I needed. Where she had gained the knowledge I knew not.

"She proved invaluable to me in the various cases to which I called her, and showed such intimate knowledge of drugs, of symptoms and prognosis, that I depended largely upon her. I knew her thus for a year—never more intimately—only as my good standby in case of need. I grew to believe she belonged to me, and hardened old batchelor that I am, I experienced a sense of happiness when I could call upon her from time to time for some act of mercy, so beautiful did she become in her consistency, her tireless devotion. Now and then I surprised her in a little sigh, but never one word of complaint. I confess I sometimes longed to offer her some word of comprehension or sympathy, but somehow I could not. Whatever her struggle was, I recognized it was a part of her truer, noble self, and it was far from my intention to press upon her my individual opinion or advice. I felt that she understood my sympathy without the usual formula of words, and the days passed on without closer communion.

"But there came an hour when the whole story was poured out to me, laid bare in all its painful details.

"I had received a summons to come to her at once, and upon arriving at her room found her prostrated with 'heart failure.' My pulses thrill even now with the horror of the heroic treatment I was obliged to subject her to in order to induce the heart's action. By dint of this, and *Digitalis Nitrate of Amyl* (you all know the treatment) I at last produced signs of returning strength. Reaction came slowly at first, but at last I was enabled to assure myself, by the regularity of her breathing and the pulsations of the heart, that for the immediate present there was not much to fear.

"Bending over her I said, 'You are much better now?'

"'Yes,' she said, 'I shall live. But oh, I do not *wish* to! Life has grown too heavy, too dreary to bear it longer, and I hoped it was all over for me. I have borne too much. I am but human after all.'

"The next morning I found her still quite weak, but free from all threatening symptoms. She gave me a long searching look and said, 'Doctor, I can trust you, and I *must* speak to some one, for it is not possible to go on living this life of eternal warfare without the aid and sympathy of some one able to comprehend and help me.'

"Before I permitted her to proceed, I assured myself by examination, of no organic trouble. As I suspected, the long pent-up grief had wrought the damage, and lessened the heart's action. Feeling no compunction now in receiving her story, I realized that the relief of sharing her trial was the safety valve her heart needed, and I lent my ear to the history of this heroic woman. The story she told me is about as follows:

"'I am a widow. My husband was one calculated to harden the heart of any woman. His selfish nature knew no interest but his own, and all the impulsiveness of my young life was crushed and broken under the stern rule of a man's pursuit of self gratification. After realizing how I had sold myself, as it were into bondage, to one totally unable to harmonize with my nature, which was full of enthusiasm over the beautiful in nature, the heroic in man, the noble in woman, he ended in silencing, by his rude rebuffs, the very ebb and flow of my inner self, and driven back to its source it dwelt there in darkness, fed only on the sad thoughts of an unfulfilled womanhood. Thus I lived for five years, all my faculties dulled and deadened by the iron hand of a

master who defied the law of progress.'

"She waited here a moment, and after a brief rest continued, 'Death was kind to me. It relieved me of my chains, but so cramped and stultified had my nature become, that I sank for a time into a state of inertia; all the flow of thought that heretofore had urged for utterance, all the fine fancies of a brain's conception, wasted! I viewed myself as one who had been wrecked early in life's journey, and I gazed out upon the future as an immensity of space in which I had no power. Days came and went without interest to me, with no awakening, no intimation of the past, so rich in thought, great in desire, and teeming with a sense of the beautiful, the good, and the pure. All that was dead in me—swallowed up in that giant force whose name is selfishness. Life went on in this desolate, wasteful way, until I met one whose coming melted away the barrier which held my soul enthralled, and my whole nature leaped forth, softened and brightened into the broad day of conscious power and happiness. He came to live in our neighborhood, and at the first meeting there flashed forth mutual comprehension.

"'He had broad views of life, was studious, not at all poetical, but his heart was of that responsive nature that wins one instinctively. His life was a round of goodness toward the poor and afflicted; he was lenient in his opinions, strong, magnanimous, and seemed to me a very king. He taught me how to live, and what life meant when lived for others. It was a rare and noble lesson. I supplied myself with medical books and eagerly devoured them, the more readily to combat the foes of health and make myself more valuable as his assistant. Little did I dream how *my* work would eventually drift out alone!

"'His stern morality and self-sacrifice, all tended towards the development of the heroic in me. I saw no task too great, no trial too hard, if only I could lift the burdens I daily saw about me. I felt myself grow strong and brave under the guidance of a hand so trained to smooth the roughened road of life's toilers. Under the softening influence of deeds of mercy, was it strange that my better self turned toward that man as my salvation—my deliverer from the waste to which my life seemed tending? I had no thought of love. My heart had been so beaten back by my previous life, that I now believed myself incapable of loving. I told myself it was but the rarest, most beautiful of friendships. I reasoned no more seriously than that admiration held me in close bonds with this man, the personification of all my own heart recognized as truth; and in this blind way I drifted toward what proved to be at once the most beautiful and the most painful epoch of my life.

"'One day I wandered down a deep valley into a nook hidden by willows, whose shadows of fresh young green worked marvelous patterns on the smooth surface of a shining pool below. A wooden bridge crossed the pool, and seats were provided for loiterers like myself to sit and dream.

"'Imbued with the full charm of nature in her natal garb, soothed by the hum of insects, the whole urging of life about me stirred within, and my heart was flooded with the joy of living. In that hour my soul leaped forth, dominating all my senses. Time seemed naught; I was conscious only of a feeling of delight unspeakable, a joy unknown before, and in my higher self alone, could I find expression of this greater happiness pouring into my awakening sense. Then I lived the grandest moment of my life when I stood with receptive soul, reaching out and drinking in the very essence of the divine, the God in nature. Then I knew the real ego. The soul comprehended itself—knew that *it was*! Unconsciously my body swayed with the rhythmic motion of the melody about me, as nature sang her songs and wafted on the breath of

spring the delight of her new life. With it had also come my new life! Overcome with the emotions which the quickening touch of nature had called forth, I leaned back turning my face upward, conscious that from some height alone could emanate the deep joys which now were mine. The leaves whispered softly of a word so long forgotten. I heard again repeated in a strange melody, the sweet message that 'love was life!' and I felt it trembling in my heart throbs, and knew that it had come. Entranced and dreaming I suddenly became conscious of the approach of some one, and starting up, my eyes met sight of *him*, whom at that divine moment seemed master of all. In a state of timidity I could not account for, I was about to fly, but 'twas now too late. He had seen me, and the warm glow which overspread his face, told me only too plainly that he too had drank of the same cup nature had so bountifully prepared, and in his soul I read the reflection of my own. Tremblingly I took his hand, and moving aside to proffer room for him, looked away, shy and confused. I felt as if he had surprised me in some weakness which I fain would hide.

"'Raising his hat as if in homage to some divinity, he said, 'This is glorious!' I could not answer. Indeed it seemed I need not. The very air was freighted with more than I had words to tell. We remained silent then, in a communion known only to those whose souls are in accord, and to whom at such an hour, speech seems sacrilege. In those moments I lived years. My imagination played about in endless fancies, the sweetest joys absorbed my being, and I lived in that hour—O, God! how deeply!

"'At last turning toward me and in softest speech he said, 'Alethia, have you ever dreamed of an hour like this? Have you ever drunk so full a draught of sweet contentment?'

"'I was silent. The wild beating of my heart told me that now was the supreme moment—love was crowning all with completion. 'You are silent,' he said, 'are you not happy?' Tears were my only answer.

"'Tears, Alethia?' he gently exclaimed. Still they coursed down my face. I had no voice. He wiped them from my eyes, and took my hand with a look that read my every thought and was full of wondrous love.

"'This was but the beginning of a new happiness.

"'We were to be married soon, but some important matters necessitated an indefinite postponement. We were content to wait. Time was of no consequence. When I knew that what I most valued, his love and intellectual life, were already mine, I could wait for further consummation. But some angry fate seems ever to pursue those who know this perfect love. From me it was torn in an hour, and I defy death to produce one horror to equal mine.

"'Circumstances had thrown upon his hands some near relatives. They feared the marriage would deprive them of some measure of financial support, and to avert this calamity they resorted to slander. One weakness marked his character—that of perfect trust in these women, and a momentary doubt of me stung my pride. Then desperate and wild with the sense of injustice, I did not stop to reason, but fled without a word. The reaction was too great. I fled from the sight of all my glorious past into a cold and uncongenial world where I might still my aching heart by caring for others.

"'Months passed ere I mastered myself, but once again I felt renewed in me the longing for the old life, and I went forth tendering my help to the stricken, smoothing out the rough places for those whose path lay along the stony way my own feet had so lately trodden.

"'I often recall his acts of generous devotion—his pure simplicity; and urged on by the memory of his goodness, I consecrate each day anew to

some deed of charity done in the name of Him who loved so truly all his fellows. We were both to blame, that I knew. But perhaps 'tis best to suffer.'

"She had really talked more than my better judgment should have allowed, but somehow I could not interrupt her. 'Poor girl!' I murmured at last, laying my hand upon her head. She looked up at me with quiet, grateful eyes. Then she said with a smile, 'But I am braver now. I shall take up life refreshed and strengthened by your sympathy.'

"'Is there no hope of a reunion?' I asked presently.

"'None,' she replied.

"After this she had another attack. She fought it bravely, but the disease made serious inroads upon her system and each day I saw with deepened regret the fatal signs of ——"

At this juncture there was a commotion among the faculty and Dr. Montgomery rose suddenly to his feet. His face was pallid, and grasping the back of his chair, he exclaimed, "Professor, I am ill. This room is stifling. May I see you a moment alone?"

The Professor assented and the two left the room together.

"Tell me," gasped Dr. Montgomery when they were alone, "is she dead?"

"Who?" asked the Professor, for the moment not thinking of associating the attack with the story. "Alethia? Oh no. But—but you—what can it matter to you?"

"Then she is still living? Thank God! And she loves me—loves me—ingrate that I am!"

Overcome with emotion the young physician burst into sobs, while a sudden flash of recognition spread over the Professor's face.

"Then it was you she loved?"

"Yes, yes, but—"

"Softly, my young friend," interrupted the Professor. "She is neither dead nor insane, but very weak, and I have sent her out of town to recuperate. She *did* contemplate a trip abroad. But I rather fancy," added the old doctor, slyly, "that she may be induced to abandon the idea."

LIFE-SAVERS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY GERALD MATTHEWS.

DURING the expansion of commerce and maritime enterprise, and the slow development of naval architecture since the time when Noah — who probably never saw the sea — constructed far inland his three-storied house-boat, there never yet has been a period, even in the most flourishing days of the greatest commercial nations of the past, when so many ships plied to and from on ocean highways.

The Phœnicians might visit the Kassiterides, the ships of Tharshish might sail to the land of Ophir in quest of gold for King Solomon; the fleets of Carthage may have anchored in ports of the mysterious Atlantis; and Rome with her triremes and war-galleys may have swept piratical craft from the Mediterranean and sent her fleets of merchantmen to every known port; but it is not asserting too much to express the conviction that the aggregate total of ships possessed by all the ancient maritime nations put together, and counted at the most flourishing epochs of their respective existences, was very far short of the number of sea-traversing vessels of to-day.

In spite of the cautiousness and

skill of the ancients, shipwreck was of frequent occurrence, as the experience of Jonah, Mardonius and St. Paul demonstrate, and with the increase in the number of ships a corresponding increase of maritime disasters naturally occurred. Nevertheless, the number of such calamities as take place now-a-days bears a less proportion to that of the vessels than the rates prevailing in former times. This is due to the improved structure and better sea-going qualities of modern ships, to the employment of steam as a propelling power, and to the elaborate establishment of lighthouses at dangerous points on seacoasts. Still more satisfactory is the decreasing ratio with regard to loss of life by shipwreck, a result obtained by the institution in all civilized countries of the lifeboat service.

For the invention of the lifeboat the sea-faring world is indebted to a London coachbuilder named Lionel Lukin, who, in 1785, fitted up a Norway yawl as such, patented it, and described it in a pamphlet entitled "The Insubmergible Boat." Although encouraged by the Prince of Wales, he met with little success. The indifference of the English public in regard to disasters at sea was so complete, that Lukin's humane plan received no attention, and he died neglected. In 1789, the *Adventure* was stranded near South Shields, at the mouth of the Tyne, England, and one by one the crew was seen to drop from the rigging into the raging breakers by thousands of spectators, who were unable to render the least assistance, as no boat could possibly be launched. This dreadful scene roused the people of South Shields, at any rate, from their nightmare of apathy; a committee was formed, and a premium offered for the best model of a lifeboat. Henry Greathead, a boat builder of that port, was the successful competitor, and in the same year above mentioned constructed a lifeboat which did good service. The Duke of Northumberland interested himself in this life-saving invention. By 1803 thirty-one lifeboats had been built by Greathead—eighteen for England, five for Scotland, and eight for foreign countries, and he himself had been rewarded by the gift of £1,200 voted for him by Parliament.

Nevertheless, it was not until 1823 that the interest of the public was properly aroused. In that year a stirring appeal in the lifeboat cause was made by Sir William Hillary, Bart., who, while dwelling in the Isle of Man, had witnessed the horrors of shipwreck so frequently that he determined to devote himself to the establishment of a life-saving institution. His enthusiasm and energy met with success, and, aided by Mr. Thomas Wilson and Mr. George Hilbert, both members of Parliament, he succeeded in founding the "Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck."

After much fluctuating success and periods of neglect, and some severe disasters to lifeboats and their crews, the institution stands to-day, under the name of the "Royal National Lifeboat Institution," the grandest of England's charitable societies. It is at once a reproach to the British government, and a glorious honor to the British nation. It might be supposed that the rulers of a country, at whose ports the arrivals and departures of vessels average annually 600,000, and on whose 5,000 miles of dangerous coast 2,000 wrecks occur every year, would make an appropriation for the maintenance of so philanthropic a service. Such is not the case. It was benevolent humanity that organized the institution, and it is private benevolence that supports it. From the date of its formation to the year 1881 inclusive, the lifeboat institution of England was the means of saving 28,724 lives. In round numbers the annual average number of lives saved is 900.

In the construction of a lifeboat, two qualities must be given to it which makes it distinct from every

other kind of vessel, and these are the power to right itself if capsized, and the capability of immediate self-discharge when filled with water. It must, moreover, possess in an unusually high degree all the important qualities which belong to ordinary boats; namely, buoyancy, stability and strength. In addition to these requisites, which ensure its being able to live in seas where other boats would perish, it must have storage room for a large number of people; be capable of being driven with speed against a heavy sea, and admit of being easily launched. By the improvements that have been made from time to time since the date of Luken's invention, the lifeboat of the present day is probably as near perfection as possible.

Lukin's primitive lifeboat was wanting in two most important qualities; the self-righting and self-emptying principles, though he obtained for it buoyancy and stability, the former by means of projecting cork gunwales and inside air-chambers, at the bow and stern, and the latter by a false iron keel. In the lifeboat of to-day the buoyancy is secured by a water-tight floor air-case in board round the sides, and two large elevated air-chambers, one in the bow and one in the stern. To these two air-chambers, together with the gravitating action of a heavy iron keel and ballast, is due the self-righting power; while the stability, or resistance to upsetting, is chiefly obtained by means of ballast, the amount being carefully calculated.

The self-righting and self-emptying boat was adopted by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution in 1851. The president of the Institution had offered a prize of 100 guineas for the best model of a lifeboat, and with an additional 100 guineas to defray the expenses of building a boat on the model chosen. Two hundred and eighty models were sent in from the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Holland, and the United States. Mr. James Beeching, of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, England, gained the prize.

The self-emptying quality is of vital importance. Previous to its application the lifeboat was frequently rendered temporarily useless by being filled by a heavy sea breaking over it. It could only be restored to usefulness after loss of much time occupied in the tedious process of bailing. The principle now applied is such that when a billow overwhelms a boat and fills it, the water in one-half minute has been discharged. The floor of the lifeboat is so placed that its surface is two or three inches above the level of the sea when the boat is loaded. In this floor are six holes, six inches in diameter, into which metal tubes are inserted, passing through the bottom of the boat. These tubes are provided with valves opening downward, preventing the water from spouting in from below, but allowing it to run out.

A lifeboat must possess a strength of fabric that will enable it to withstand treatment that would destroy ordinary boats. In its construction the best material is used, and it is made up of two distinct sets of planking, which have a layer of prepared canvass between them, combining thus great strength and elasticity. With regard to facility of launching and taking the shore, this requirement is met by an adjunct, the transporting carriage. This contrivance, with its accessories of blocks and tackle, admits of its being conveyed over any kind of road and along beaches, and of its being launched, ready manned, through a raging surf.

In face of the prospective greatness of the United States as a maritime nation, and with a knowledge of the dangerous character of our seaboard and lake shores, which together are over 10,000 miles in extent, the government at Washington long displayed a lamentable and culpable neglect in regard to taking ordinary measures for the prevention of loss of life at sea. In 1820 it maintained only fifty-

five lighthouses, while no portion of the coast had been surveyed, commanders and masters of vessels having chiefly to depend upon the charts and sailing directions of foreign nations used in navigating our waters. Nor was any survey made until 1832, in which year the United States Coast Survey was organized and began its accurate and comprehensive work. By 1837 the number of lighthouses had been increased to 208, yet little or nothing more was done for the next five and thirty years to diminish the perils of shipwreck. It is true that in December of that year an act was passed authorizing the President "to cause any suitable number of public vessels adapted to the purpose to cruise upon the coast in the severe portion of the season, to afford such aid to distressed navigators as their circumstances and necessities may require," and that revenue cutters were employed in that duty; but it was not until 1848 that the government gave any attention to rendering aid to stranded vessels by the establishment of life-saving stations along the coast. Honor be to the Hon. William A. Newell, whose humanity urged him to make an eloquent appeal to the House of Representatives in behalf of sea-faring people. He depicted all the horrors of shipwreck on the New Jersey Coast, scenes which he had witnessed himself; described the life-saving capabilities of the surf-boat, the mortar, and line rockets; and so solemnly pointed out the necessity of putting the plan in practice, that in August, 1848, an appropriation of $10,000 was made "for providing surf-boats, rockets, carronades and other necessary apparatus, for the better preservation of life and property from shipwrecks on the coast of New Jersey, lying between Sandy Hook and Little Egg Harbor."

Captain Douglas Ottinger, the inventor of the life-car, was charged with the superintendence and management of the service, and light stations were established within the limits prescribed. Nevertheless, little progress was made; and the inefficiency of the service in 1853–54 was notorious, being signalized by disasters attended with frightful loss of life. Efforts were then made, but with small success, to improve the service. The records of the Department at the time show that the Government had furnished the coast of the United States with eighty-two lifeboats, in the distribution of which one had been supplied to the Pacific coast. This is the first intimation of lifeboat service on our coast.

The defective and badly organized condition of the stations continued until 1871, when several fatal disasters having occurred within their limits, the attention of the Department was attracted to the carelessness on the part of the employees in the service with regard to their duties, and to the inefficiency of the boats and apparatus. It was evident that a large outlay of money would be necessary, in order to make the service properly efficient; and for the first time Congress, on these facts being represented to it, made an appropriation adequate to the importance and necessity of the service. In April, 1871, $200,000 were appropriated, and the present effective system was organized. New stations were built; old boats and equipments were renewed and additional ones furnished; the patrol system between stations was introduced; incapable officers were removed and efficient men were substituted in their places; selected crews were employed, and a series of instructions setting forth the duties of officers and men was promulgated.

From this time the success of the institution has been so marked that, whereas previous to 1871 no other branch of the public service was held in so little esteem, ten years later the reduction in mortality by coast disaster and the heroism displayed in the face of death by members of the Life-Saving Service have won for it justly merited praise and regard. During that period the loss of life from coast

shipwreck had been reduced nearly seventy-five per centum.

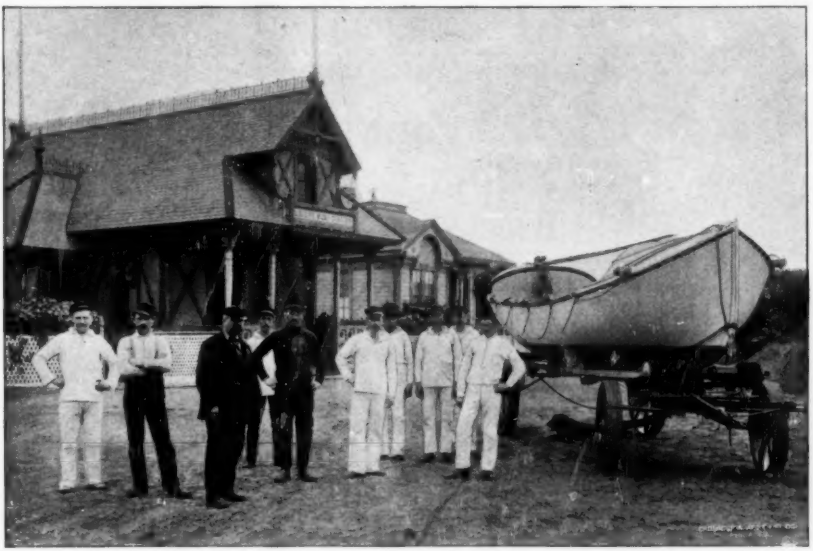
It is not claimed that the saving of life was entirely the work of the Life-Saving Service, but it is referable in a great measure to its operations, and the noble example set by the courageous spirits employed therein. Due credit must be given to those volunteer efforts of individuals whose depth of humanity renders them incapable of taking into consideration the risk of their own lives, when those of others may be saved. Their broad, philanthropic sense of duty impels them fearlessly with all kinds of peril. Nor must humane societies be forgotten, especially the Massachusetts Humane Society, which was organized as early as 1786 by benevolent persons and was dependent upon volunteer crews. It is a sad task to have to narrate a terrible disaster which lately occurred to one such crew.

On the 25th of February last the brig *Sagua*, loaded with sugar and bound from Cuba for Boston, shortly after eight o'clock in the evening, struck on the Sow and Pigs' Reef, off Cutty Hunk, one of the Elizabeth Islands, which separate Buzzard's Bay from Vineyard Sound. There was a fearful sea on, but notwithstanding that, and the emphatic warnings of the captain of the Life-Saving Station, a boat belonging to the above-named society was made ready and a volunteer crew of six men managed to put off. Their struggles with the angry waves and fury of the tempest were terrific, and during the whole of their long desperate pull they were in incessant danger of being engulfed by the monster billows. Of that heroic crew only one man survived to tell the story of that passage from the shore to the wreck. With supreme efforts they finally succeeded in getting under the lee of the *Sagua*, and a rope was thrown out to them. At that moment a mighty wave capsized their boat and all were struggling in the ice-cold water. Joseph Tilton succeeded in catching a rope that was thrown out to him and was dragged on board; all the others were drowned. The captain, Timothy Aken, Jr., also tied a rope around himself, but so insecurely that it slipped, and he was lost in the furious breakers. Somewhat later communication was established with the land and those on board the brig were saved; but when it became known that all but one of the lifeboat crew was lost, the scene was heartrending as widows and orphans, relatives and friends searched the shore all night for the bodies of the drowned.

As before mentioned the sea and lake coastline of the United States is more than 10,000 miles, and these 10,000 miles of shore not only present every variety of form and physical feature, but are subject in different localities to all the vicissitudes of weather. On the Atlantic Coast the dangers to which seafaring people are exposed are immensely in excess of those which prevail on the shores of the Pacific. On the one side narrow bays, intricate channels, sharp capes, low reefs, and submarine ridges, rugged cliffs and sunken rocks, and networks of shoals and ledges abound; then there are stretches of hundreds of miles of sand beach intersected and broken up into islands by narrow inlets and pools separated from the mainland by long strips of bays. This dangerous portion of the Atlantic Coast is ever changing its physical appearance under the influence of the storm, the unsteadfast sand-bars and dangerous shoals incessantly shifting and changing position under the blows of the tumultuous sea. The fearful tempests of the North, and the wild hurricanes and tornadoes of the South render these inexorable shores peculiarly dangerous to mariners.

On this side, on the contrary, the Pacific Coast is remarkably regular, bold and unbroken; its indentations are few, and its navigation free from those intricacies and difficulties which trouble the seaman on the Atlantic. Moreover, the climate is uniform and

mild during the greater part of the year, and the winds prevail with great regularity. Such being the case the weather can generally be prognosticated, and navigation in these waters does not carry with it so much of danger and hazard as in most seas. Nevertheless, during certain periods dense fogs prevail; at other times fierce gales occur, and occasionally very violent storms. At such times disasters are not infrequent in the neighborhood of prominent headlands and near the entrances to the Columbia River, the straits of Fuca and San Francisco Bay. To the above-named causes of disaster may be added the treacherous nature of the surf on the coast, and several accidents attended with loss of life to members of the service have occurred within the last two years. From the records kept by Major Blakeney, Superintendent of the Life-Saving Service, Twelfth District, it appears that Fred Carstens and A. Anderson lost their lives at Point Reyes Station by the capsizing of the lifeboat on December 12th, 1890; and that on April 12th, 1892, at the Coquille River Station, Oregon, Edward M. Nelson, the keeper of that station, and William H. Green and John K. Sumner, surfmen, were killed in the breakers, owing to a similar accident. Quite recently the surf at Point Reyes has added another victim to its rapacity. The particulars,



THE LIFEBOAT CREW.

pregnant with warning, are as follows:

It is the duty of the captain of every life-saving station to drill his men whenever the conditions of weather and sea are favorable, and Captain George Jorgensen, in command of the Point Reyes station, considering that such conditions existed on the morning of March 1st, last, launched the boat without encountering the least difficulty in the surf, and exercised the crew for half an hour or more. When the practice drill was ended, the boat was headed toward the beach and had reached within thirty yards of the landing-place when an immense roller

READY FOR THE START.

or heavy wave, struck her on the side and tossed her completely over. The entire crew was buried beneath the boat, but all with the exception of George Larsen managed to get clear and reach the shore. The unfortunate man was almost immediately rescued from the breakers but in an unconscious state. Before medical aid could reach him, he was dead. He had not been drowned, but died from the injuries inflicted by the life-boat striking him as it rolled over.

Two independent investigations were made into the circumstances attending the lamentable occurrence, one conducted by Coroner Edward Eden of Marin County, and the other by Captain W. C. Coulson, acting assistant-inspector of the Twelfth District of the Life-Saving Service. Both investigations terminated in the same conclusions, namely that the death of Larsen was entirely accidental, and that no blame was attached to Captain Jorgensen. All the members of the crew testified that the sea was unusually smooth on the morning of March 1st, and that for months previous, it had not been so favorable for practice drill. During the time they were out and on their return it had remained so, and it was only when they were close to shore that the big sea struck them. They were unanimous in their statement that the accident was unavoidable, and that Captain Jorgensen displayed a high degree of skill and cool courage during the crisis.

Though the surfman on these western shores is not called upon so frequently to risk his life as his confrère of the Atlantic Coast, his position is no sinecure, nor is his occupation a pleasing pastime. He has to patrol in all kinds of weather the desolate beach by night, and keep incessant watch by day over the wide waste of waters before him, ever on the alert to hasten to the assistance of vessels in distress, while at the same time he is almost as lonely in his surroundings as the lighthouse man in his isolated home. Nor let it be supposed that the records of assistance given by him to the shipwrecked form the sum

LAUNCH OF THE LIFEBOAT.

total of his services. "Prevention is better than cure," is an old adage, and has a wonderful elasticity with regard to its application. Its practical bearing is well held to view by the Life-Saving Service. By the vigilance of surfmen and their timely warnings, many and many a vessel is saved from shipwreck, while others are towed by tugs away from the vortex of destruction into which they would have been drawn, but for the aid sent to them through the watchful care of the lifeboat man. At most lifeboat stations in the vicinity of sea-ports, telephonic communication has been established with the Maritime Exchanges, and this rapid means of forwarding information of a vessel's danger enables tug-boats to prevent disasters which it would be impossible for the lifeboat to avert. Let us take one instance of such an occasion which happened near the Golden Gate.

On March 9, 1890, half a dozen outward bound vessels were becalmed late in the afternoon at the entrance to the harbor. A heavy sea was running, and they drifted helplessly before it toward the beach, being finally compelled to anchor in order to prevent going ashore. They had been driven so close together, that when they brought up, they were in imminent danger of fouling one another. The keeper of the Golden Gate Station observed their perilous position and caused a telephonic message to be sent from the signal station to the City for assistance. Three tugs soon steamed out, towed the three most exposed vessels to a good offing, and a disaster was avoided. Let us now see the surfmen at work.

About half past four o'clock on the 21st of the same month, the small sloop *Mystery* was observed from the Humboldt Bay Station to be becalmed and drifting out toward the bar. In a short time, the life-savers were alongside of her in their surfboat. There were six people aboard, but having neither oars nor anchors they were at the mercy of the waves and tide, and were being slowly drifted to destruction. The station men took the craft in tow to the nearest beach, landed her crew, and wading near the shore hauled the sloop and their own surfboat round a point to a place of safety. But for the prompt aid of the lifesavers, there could be little doubt that the *Mystery* would have been swamped on the bar and every soul on board of her have been lost.

On the 27th of the same month the station men at Shoalwater Bay took off the passengers from the steamer *Tom Morris* which had stranded on Empire Skit, and by their ready aid and exertions the *Morris*, which was beginning to pound under the actions of a heavy sea, was got afloat and saved from other damage than a slight injury to her rudder. On this occasion, the life-savers toiled for eleven hours. The same lifeboat crew were instrumental in saving the steamer *Dolphin* of Portland, Oregon, from destruction. She had stranded in a thick fog on Sand Island near the bar, and her dangerous position being noticed by the lifesavers, the keeper, knowing that in face of the strong flood-tide that was running, and a fresh westerly wind that was blowing, his crew could do nothing unaided, applied to the Captain of the tug *T. M. Coleman*, for assistance. About three o'clock in the afternoon the tug, with the lifeboat in tow, was in the vicinity of the stranded steamer. The sea was rising and the vessel was being worked farther and farther on to the dangerous shoal, but the tug could not approach nearer to her than three hundred yards. The station men, however, soon stretched a hawser between the two vessels, and the *Dolphin* was afloat again in less than an hour. Besides her crew, she had twenty-four passengers on board, and as the sea was fast increasing in violence at the time of her release, she would undoubtedly have become a total wreck, with loss of life, but for the prompt assistance of the surfmen.

But occasions occur when the toilsome efforts of the life-saver fail to

reward him with success. Such an instance happened on the 3d of January, 1890. On the evening of that day, about six o'clock, five fishermen, in a lateen-rigged boat, were returning after dark to San Francisco, when they were capsized close to the high precipitous bluff, Point Bonita. Only one of them survived to tell the story of the deplorable accident. The night was dark and squally, and the smack being struck by a strong puff, careened over and sunk by the stern, leaving the bow out of water. There

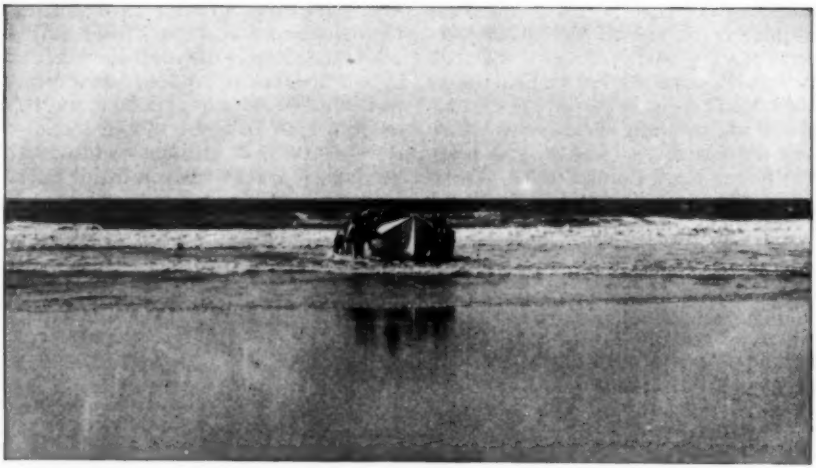
fact. He lost no time in reporting the matter to the keeper of the station who immediately ordered the lifeboat to be run out on its wagon. It was impossible to launch the boat in the terrible surf in front of the station; the only thing to be done was to haul the boat to Baker's Beach inside Point Lobos, several miles to the north.

The labor which the surfmen of the Golden Gate station performed on that dark, stormy night of January was herculean in its victory over difficulties. Dragging the boat carriage

WAITING FOR A ROLLER.

the men took refuge, and presently two of them threw off their clothes and swam for the rocks off the point. One of them, Antonio Nicolas, succeeded in gaining a rock; the other sank, and the remaining three were also drowned. The light keepers on the point heard the cries of the castaway, and made efforts to attract the attention of a passing craft to him. In time, a message was sent by telephone from the military headquarters at the Presidio to the Maritime Exchange, conveying information of the man's perilous situation. Then the news spread, somewhat vaguely, and about 9 o'clock the surfman on the north patrol was positively informed of the

at first along a road of steep grade, they had finally to abandon the highway and cross a tract of sandhills, brush and mud. The toil was terrible, but only the prelude of that to follow. Having arrived at a deep gully which extended down to the water's edge, beset with swamp-beds, chaparral and rocks, they could no longer avail themselves of the boat carriage, and down that steep, dark ravine the surfmen carried the lifeboat by hand, and launched it about midnight. Then the tide was not in their favor, and they pulled hard for an hour or more before they crossed the Golden Gate and were in the gloom beneath Point Bonita, search-



ALL ABOARD!

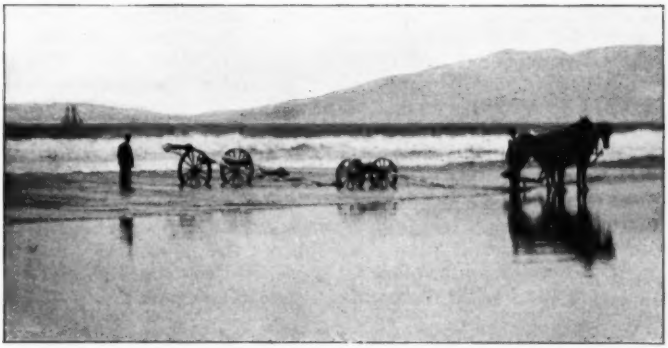
ing the rocks for the castaway. Having satisfied themselves that no living being was on any of them, the boat was headed inshore, and one of the crew sent up the bluff to the lighthouse, where he was informed that the man had been rescued by a tug.

TRANSPORTATION CART.

The crew then pulled back to Baker's Beach. Then leaving their boat in charge of one of their number, and exhausted with their night's labor, they wended their way to the station, which they reached at five o'clock in the morning. It only remains to add that the editor of one of the principal daily papers, hearing of Antonio Nicolas' desperate strait, had sent a tug to his rescue, which took him off the rock about an hour before the surfmen arrived at it.

AN ANXIOUS WATCHER.

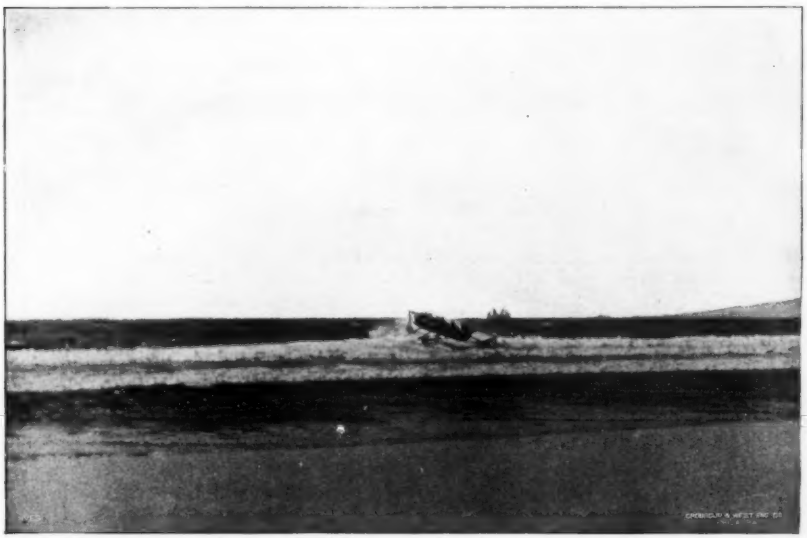
According to the "Annual Report of the Operations of the United States Life-Saving Service" for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890, there were at that date ten stations on the Pacific Coast, which constitutes the Twelfth District. They are as follows: Neah Bay, Shoalwater Bay and Cape Disappointment Stations in Washington; Point Adams and Cape Arago Stations in Oregon; and Humboldt Bay, Point Reyes, Bolinas Bay, Fort Point,



WAITING FOR THE RETURN.

and Golden Gate Park Stations in California. On April 15th, 1885, Bolinas Bay Station was destroyed by fire and has never been re-established. There is reason to suppose that the destruction of the station was the work of an incendiary. A strong north wind was blowing at the time, which caused the flames to increase with such rapidity and violence as to render futile all efforts on the part of the keeper and others to arrest them. The building and contents were soon consumed, nor is there any probability that they will be replaced, the location being of little importance as a position for a life-saving station.

The first station to be opened was that of Shoalwater Bay, November 26th, 1877; then followed the stations at Cape Disappointment and Neah Bay, February 15th and September 5th, 1878, respectively; while that at Golden Gate Park was opened on the

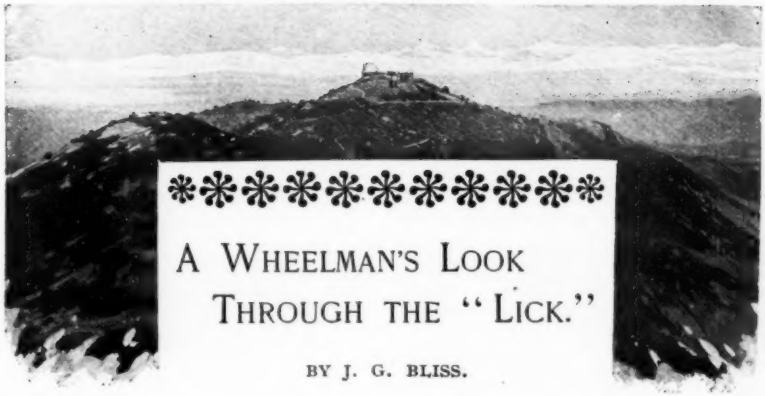


THE LIFEBOAT IN THE SURF.

13th of August following. Since the publication of that report, three more stations have been established in Oregon, namely at Coos Bay and at the mouths of the Umpqua and Coquille Rivers, so that the Twelfth District now contains the names of thirteen stations on its list, though for all practical purposes one of them is abandoned.

A few brief statistics will give the reader an idea of the amount of sea-coast disaster on the Pacific shores of the United States. During the ten years ending June 30th, 1890, on the coasts of California, Oregon and Washington, 317 vessels were stranded, the respective numbers being California, 204; Washington, 61; Oregon, 36; and 16 at the mouth of the Columbia.

With regard to comparative local danger to shipping, Humboldt Bay follows the mouth of the Columbia with thirteen, and Shoalwater Bay with eleven casualties.



A WHEELMAN'S LOOK THROUGH THE "LICK."

BY J. G. BLISS.

ALL CALIFORNIAN readers are familiar with the magnificent telescope and observatory situated on Mount Hamilton, and known universally as the "Lick," in memory of its generous founder, James Lick, long since deceased. But, although a comparatively free-for-all institution, it cannot, unfortunately, be the privilege of all to examine the fine observatory, and look through the grand instrument, resting grim and silently over all that is mortal of its generous donator. Fitting, indeed, is so noble and unique a monument, enjoying, as it does a far closer communion with the Heavens above than can any other edifice ever erected over the tomb of man.

Although isolated to a considerable extent from all ordinary routes of travel—being twenty-six miles from the nearest railroad—it is surprising how great a number of visitors to California avail themselves of the weekly privilege of a gratuitous peep through the wonderful lens of this space-annihilating instrument; 150 being the average number of pilgrims who hebdomadally wend their way to the illustrious shrine of the immortal Lick.

San Jose is the nearest city to the observatory, the latter being reached from that place only by private conveyance, or by taking seat in a daily stage plying between the mount and San Jose; unless, indeed, as in our own case, you happen to be the owner and rider of that surprisingly convenient article of travel—the modern cycle. The way our trip was made was as follows:

Leaving Alameda on a beautiful July morning, we trundled leisurely to San Jose, forty-eight miles distant. The country road along which we propelled our noiseless vehicles is level almost the whole distance to San Jose, and is an excellent one for wheelmen. Though extending through the flat, low-lying land that skirts the eastern margin of the Bay of San Francisco, and running for miles and miles within sight of the marshes seamed with sinuous sloughs, that cut up the tall swamp-grass into a network of curious patterns and designs, this highway is not found wanting in charms by the observing traveler. As we bowled along to San Leandro, on our left in silent repose lay the hills of the Diablo range, over which the sun had just risen, and whose tops he was burnishing with his golden rays. On our right, dim in distance, on the other side of the bay, could be seen the indistinct outlines of the mountain ranges which form the backbone of the peninsula, while here and there, with our ever-changing point of observation, broad patches of shimmering water kept flashing into view. Villa after villa is passed with its fruit-laden orchards and rich lands; for San Leandro is one of Pomona's pleasant garden spots.

Beyond San Leandro, the flat country lying between the water and the foot-hills widens out, exhibiting a vast

level of agricultural soil, which yields great crops to the farmer. Far beyond the plain, and high above the distant hills, rises Mount Hamilton. Having passed by Haywards (to the west of it) we approach Alvarado, and out on the marsh, a mile or two away, we see the bright sheen of canvas tents glittering in the morning sunlight. As we proceed, more and still more of them break into view. They are in scattering irregularity, and we wonder what people are these who love "to dwell in tents" on the marshes, and speculate as to what their occupation may be. Reader, these tent-like objects are salt-stacks; but if you had looked upon them without knowing what they were, as we did, you would mentally have converted them into tents, and peopled them with industrious inhabitants pursuing an unknown vocation.

Proceeding farther up the line of the bay, Newark and Alviso near its head, are reached and passed. It is here at these head-waters, where several San Francisco shooting-clubs have their duck-grounds, to which the mallard and teal resort and which the canvas-back and other toothsome web-footed bipeds make their resting places on their journey to that lodestar and El Dorado of the *Anatidae*—the valley of the San Joaquin. Leaving the bay with its dreary, sad-colored border of marsh, we push forward to San Jose. As we enter the Santa Clara Valley the scene gradually changes. The dull monotony of wide and almost treeless wastes gives place to beautiful stretches of park-lands, succeeding one another in picturesque varieties of nature's landscape gardening. Oak-timbered woodlands, presenting endless combinations of groves and groups of trees, or scattering evergreens, appear in panoramic succession, rivaling each other in the morning freshness of their sylvan vigor, and in the mute assertion of their individual loveliness. As we approach San Jose, stately villas surrounded by lawns and well-kept grounds adorned with exotic trees and plants, and gorgeous with the colors of many a favorite of Flora, bespeak the wealth of the owners and the richness of the soil. It was not without a fair and honest claim that to this valley was awarded the title of the Garden of California.

Shortly after ten A. M., we trundled leisurely into the city and idled away the remainder of the day among its charming surroundings. Early next morning, we pulled out and steered our course for Mount Hamilton.

A mile or two of easy, rapid riding through the suburbs carries us to the base of the first series of hills through which winds our sinuous way for twenty-six miles to the peak. A straight road of four miles' length, leading directly to the foot-hills has, to the eye of a cyclist at least, a deceptive appearance, beguiling him with pretension of descent. A slower and harder revolution, however, soon exposes the illusion, and we find that we are leaving the valley and have already commenced our mountain climb. Presently we are compelled to dismount and proceed afoot; thenceforth the cycle ceases to be a means of conveyance and becomes our *impedimenta* and distress. However, when one makes his return on the wheel—which I did not, as will be recorded later—the exertion of the up-trip must be more than compensated for by the glorious ride down.

Shady nooks, resonant with the murmurs of cool, trickling streams, ofttimes tempt the heated and dust-coated wayfarer to rest, and afford him during these intervals of repose, uninterrupted views of the country he has left behind, and of the smiling towns and villages which sparkle like gems in the valley beneath him. But we must push on, though long and dusty be the way.

The glistening, copper-colored dome of the observatory, only a few miles distant in an air-line, keeps flashing its invitation to us at frequent turns in the long winding road; but our practical cyclometers cease not to disabuse

our minds of hallucinations, and hold out no promises of a speedy arrival. Smith's Creek Hotel, six miles distant from the bright deceiver, is reached at last, to the door of which hostelry we ride up with a flourish, contrasting strongly with the meek demeanor and jaded appearance of the travel-stained wayfarers, whom the bevy of young ladies now occupying the cool shades of the veranda, had passed in their carriage an hour before, resting by the wayside a couple of miles below. Here we stall our wheels, deciding to prosecute the remainder of the journey afoot.

ON THE MOUNT HAMILTON ROAD.

About four o'clock we make a fresh start, leaving the road at a point just opposite the hotel and taking the trail over the mountain. Steep climbing we find it, and along a very narrow path, which, in places, runs so alarmingly close to an abyssmal descent on our right, as to make us hug the hill on the near side with something akin to affection. Finally, we step within the grateful shade of the observatory, and our climb is ended.

The amount of freedom permitted visitors in this institution is something surprising. Room after room, teeming with valuable scientific instruments, may be visited without interruption or restraint. Here are costly chronometers and siderial clocks ticking off the fleeting seconds with dignified exactness. In the hall are interesting photographs of our satellite, and of planets taken by the Lick instruments. Here, also, we find a clock which, at a certain instant every day, regulates every clock on the Southern Pacific Railroad, within the Pacific Coast time division. Here, too, stands the seismograph, with its ever-ready pen stationary at the ter-

mination of the final recording stroke of the erratic lines formed by the last earthquake; while a hundred other interesting articles are to be found throughout the building.

Professor Holden's residence is close to the observatory and facing the east, those of his corps of assistants being scattered at intervals throughout the grounds.

The twelve-inch equatorial telescope, though a mere toy in comparison with the gigantic Lick, is an instrument of high-class quality, and occupies a smaller dome at the north end of the building. This dome is reached by a spiral iron stairway, and from the balcony outside of it, we obtain a splendid view of the surrounding country.

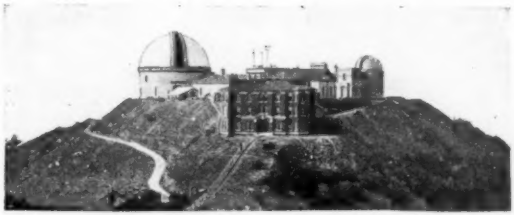
Retracing our steps, and wending our way along the cool, beautifully-lighted hall, we come to the cynosure of all, the world-renowned Lick telescope. Nobody interferes as we step inside the lofty dome, and we enjoy to our hearts' content an uninterrupted view of the great star-revealer. We find ourselves in a perfectly circular, lofty, dome-shaped structure, with an immense slit in the revolving roof, through which protrudes the thirty-six inch lens. One's first wonder, after a proper feeling of reverence for the great minds who can conceive, construct, and put to its proper uses so grand an instrument, is how they manage to clean the lens, which seems to be no inconsiderable distance on the way to heaven itself—visions of an employee creeping monkey-like along the great tube appearing to our untutored mind. A little later the puzzle is explained to us, and we are told that the ponderous piece of mechanism, weighing some fourteen tons, may, by a turn of the thumb and finger, be instantly reversed, its face polished and then reversed again, so perfectly is it poised and adjusted.

A circular floor, reminding one of the top of a huge gasometer, moves with the dome around the pedestal that supports the mass of iron and ingenuity before us. Connected therewith is the immensely powerful clock

SODA SPRINGS, SMITH'S CREEK.

work that holds that glass-eyed monster unwaveringly upon whatever object it may be trained.

Stages and vehicles of every description, all loaded with passengers, are now beginning to arrive, and a string of jaded-looking animals are already hitched along the entire front of the observatory building. It is Saturday, the only day of the week on which the general public is permitted to look through the telescope. Darkness begins to spread its mantel over the earth, and in the concave firmament overhead, bright planets show themselves, and the rays shed by distant suns thousands of years ago become visible messengers, bringing to us news from the stars. In the now-darkened dome, at least 150 sight-seers, ourselves among them, take their seats upon the circular bench within the iron railing which surrounds the floor of the instrument. A whisper goes around that Mars is the planet in the field to-night. This, to us, is pleasing information, inasmuch as we have read a vast amount of fact and fiction combined regarding that interesting planet, and are anxious to see what it looks like through the space-absorbing *Lick*.



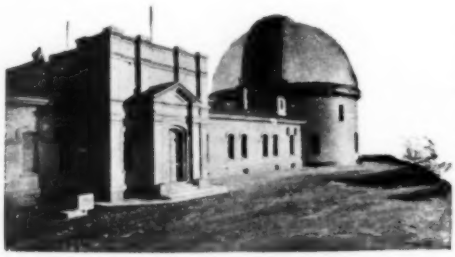
GENERAL VIEW OF OBSERVATORY PEAK AND BUILDINGS.

Across the circular floor in front of us is a set of steps much resembling a well-made flowerstand, upon which, according to the angle of the instrument, you take your position so as to command the eyepiece. A group of about a dozen persons at a time is admitted to the floor from the surrounding circular string of humanity that is patiently awaiting admission in detachments. Imagine such a group of visitors already around the obliging sub-professor. He is explaining to them collectively the beauties and wonders of Mars, as individually they take their position in turn at the eyepiece. Occasionally the light from the Warrior planet is seen to flash and scintillate from out of the narrow eyepiece, upon the features of some fair beholder, illumining her radiant face with martial glory as she applies her eye to the tube. Our position in the circle was not favorable for an early peep at the planet, and we had to wait for nearly three hours, watching the slowly moving line, before our turn arrived. While crossing this long bridge from expectancy to realization, we discussed the wonders and possibilities of the mighty instrument with an old Californian, who informed us that *he* "knew Jim Lick when he was in no fix to give away telescopes, nor nuthin' else," and upon suggesting that when Mr. Lick did get ready to donate such an article, he certainly gave a good one, our perverse and argumentative friend remarked, "Yes, and he lies dead at the bottom of it." Not wishing to go any deeper into the subject, we turn our attention to the smiling janitor who has just whispered, "Your turn next."

For some little time we gaze on the distant globe, and the brain is hot with the thoughts that crowd upon it, as the mysteries of creation, the laws of construction and development, and the origin of intelligent life challenge the soul with their dark secrets. One last lingering look, as though upon the face of a dear, departing friend whom we may never see again, and we reluctantly withdraw our reverential gaze from the planet Mars.

For the accomplishment of this great undertaking—the construction of a "telescope superior to and more powerful than any telescope yet made,

with all the machinery appertaining thereto"—and the erection of a suitable observatory, Mr. Lick left $700,000, it being expected that after the cost of the establishment and all accessories, there would remain a surplus of at least $300,000, for the endowment of the institution. The expectation proved fallacious, for when



GREAT DOME AND MAIN ENTRANCE.

the work was completed fully $600,000 had been spent. Large as the sum is, the result is most satisfactory; but when due weight is given to the natural difficulties to be overcome and the expensive kind of manufacture that was demanded, it is surprising that the first calculations should have been based on estimates that promised a lower figure.

The selection of a site for his projected observatory was a matter that caused Mr. Lick much embarrassment, and several localities, from a low, smoke- and fog-veiled site on Market street, San Francisco, to one in the Sierra Nevada, 10,000 feet above sea level and elevated beyond the cloud reach, in turn attracted his attention. Finally Mount Hamilton was chosen as the mountain pedestal that was to support alike his gift to the State and his own mausoleum. In the selection of this site the donator made it a condition that the county of Santa Clara should construct to the summit, a mountain road superior to any existing in California—terms which were faithfully carried out at a cost of $78,000. Though this roadway is too steep for a wheelman ascending to the observatory, its grade has been so scientifically laid, that at the steepest it is not more than six and one-half feet in the hundred.

In July, 1874, Mr. Lick executed a trust deed, and gave his attention to the maturement of his project. But dissatisfaction arose between himself and the trustees he had appointed; vacillation and inactivity followed, and on October 1, 1876, Mr. Lick died, having executed a new deed—the third one—just one month previously, appointing a new board of trustees, and turning over the future observatory to the State University instead of to the Academy of Sciences, as had been his first intention. In 1887, his remains were placed in a sepulcher in the base of the pier which supports the great telescope.

For three years the trustees were fettered and unable to begin work, owing to that apparently inevitable litigation to which a deceased millionaire's estate is subject from some cause or other. In 1880, however, claims having been adjusted, work was begun in earnest. An area on the summit of the mountain was leveled, affording space enough for the observatory and accessory buildings. Two summers were consumed in this preliminary work, an immense quantity of rock having to be removed. Some distance below this platform on a level flat, kilns were erected, and over 3,000,000 bricks were manufactured and used in the construction of the buildings. In five years these were all completed, with the exception of the great dome, which could not be put up in toto until its world-famed inmate had been placed in position.

Meantime, with the vicissitudes that all great undertakings are liable to, the great lense was in process of manufacture. Alvan Clark & Sons were recognized as the most successful makers of large lenses, and during the time of the helpless inactivity of

the Lick trustees, that firm had produced for the Imperial Observatory at Pulkowa, Russia, a thirty-inch glass, the largest lens in the world. In order to fulfil the conditions of the gift, the trustees required a larger glass than this, and the Clarks were induced to enter into a contract to supply a thirty-six inch one for $50,000. Beyond this they would not go. Feil & Co., of Paris, undertook to cast the glass, and in 1882 this had been successfully done; but the crown glass was cracked in packing. Then followed two years of defeated efforts to recast the great vitreous block, until finally in the year 1885, a block as perfect as human skill could produce, was shipped to the Clarks. Another year was spent by the latter in cutting out and perfecting the lens, a work of infinite patience, and requiring the most delicate exactness. Messrs. Warney & Swazey of Cleveland manufactured the mounting, a marvelous production of fine mechanism, and the Union Iron Works of San Francisco turned out the great dome. The cost of the Lick Telescope with its accessories was about $200,000. This triumph of manufacturing skill is sixty feet long, and the tube alone weighs four tons. It rests upon an iron column thirty-seven feet high, and so perfect is the adjustment of the mechanical details that the monster can be directed to any point in the heaven's vault as easily as an opera glass in a fair lady's hand.

THE LICK TELESCOPE.

In 1888, the observatory was formally turned over by the trustees to the University, and with it 1,901½ acres of land. This area has since been increased by State and National grants to 2,581 acres, an amount of land not too large to effectively secure the buildings against destruction by brush fires.

The mountain-summit platform on which the observatory stands is reached by a long flight of stairs leading from the flat immediately below, and on which are situated cottages in which the astronomers and mechanics of the establishment reside. This flat is the limit of approach by vehicles. Having surmounted the steps, passing on our way

HALFWAY CURVE ON MOUNT HAMILTON ROAD.

upward a large brick building appropriated to the use of the astronomers, and whose upper story is on a level with the surface of the platform, we stand in front of the observatory, or rather its main building. It is composed of two domes connected by a hall 121 feet long, flanked on the west side by study rooms for the computers, instrument rooms, clock rooms, and work rooms of different branches connected with an astronomical establishment. Nor must the library with its collection of mathematical and astronomical books be forgotten. The dome which the Lick telescope occupies is situated at the south end, and rests on the top of a tower built firmly into the solid rock. This pillar of support holds, suspended in equilibrium, no less than eighty-nine tons of movable structure, operated by hydraulic power, the floor being raised or lowered with the same ease and accuracy as an elevator, and the vast dome, seventy-eight feet in diameter, being swung round at pleasure as easily as the dude can twist his finger rings. The use of the smaller dome has already been mentioned. Detached from this main building are the Transit Instrument and the Meridan Circle houses, the former containing a four-inch transit and zenith telescope, and the latter a Repsold instrument. To enumerate all the accessory instruments with which the observatory is provided, would be tedious and supererogatory; but the reader may rely upon the fact that there are photographic and spectroscopic apparatus, chronographs and clocks, earthquake indicators and divers meteorological instruments in all the necessary abundance.

Mount Hamilton's summit is 4,209 feet above the sea-level, and at that altitude the sky is very favorable for astronomical observations, a cloudy or misty atmosphere being of rare occurrence. The position of the observatory is above the fog stratum, and at early

more the astronomer can look down upon the opaque fog-banks stretching over the valleys far below him, while the atmosphere around him is as clear as his heart can desire. The views from the Lick Observatory are extensive and grand. A ruffled sea of rugged hills stretches around; to the west lies San Jose in the miniature of distance's reduction, and northward of it gleams the Bay of San Francisco, looking like a solid mirror set in the earth, and framed with delicate green and neutral-colored embellishments. Tamalpais rears his scarred brow beyond, three score and six miles away; and eastward, a hundred miles distant, the Sierras raise their summits, the only elevations that look down upon us. Southward, mountain landmarks break successively into view at ranges varying from six to sixty miles, and that bright silver line, eighty-seven miles away, is the shining edge of the sea horizon beneath which, with a telescope, we can see ships sailing to and fro on ocean's waves.

In conclusion it will not be out of place to make mention of the work done at the observatory and its distribution among the corps. Professor Holden, besides the duties of general superintendence and those connected with the charge of forwarding the result of each individual's work, is librarian, scientific correspondent and editorial supervisor of the publications of the Astronomical Society. According to the official report, the weekly work at the great telescope is thus divided: two nights it is used by Prof. Holden and Assistant Astronomer and Secretary Colton for photographic purposes; two nights it is employed for spectroscopic observations, and two nights it is used by Barnard and Schaeberle for miscellaneous work. The meridian circle is in charge of the latter, and the twelve-inch and six and one-half inch telescopes in that of the former. Professor Campbell attends to the time service. It only remains to remark that the limited means at the disposal of the University for the management of the establishment only enable the regents to keep a small staff of astronomers; and the greatest telescope in the world and the best located observatory are insufficiently provided for in working force, which is not the half of that employed in any one of the prominent establishments of the kind, either in the United States or Europe.

It was late when we left the building and began the downward trip. It was so dark that I determined to ride down as far as Smith's, making the start from there afresh in the morning. The coach I happened to catch contained a party of Raymond excursionists, among whom were several jocular gentlemen who evidently considered the driver fair game.

The road down from the summit is in all probability the finest cut road in the world, but it is steep, abounds in sharp turns and terrific precipices, and is not a road one would select to go down at full speed. Yet when the four-in-hand turned down into the road, the driver spoke to the leaders and away we went at a run.

"It's perfectly safe," said the driver.

"You don't call this fast driving, do you?" said a tourist who sat by me. "Why, this is nothing. Why don't you stir them up?"

The driver glanced at the speaker, mashed his hat firmly on his head and brought a crack from his whip like the report of a revolver, at which the horses sprang forward in a mad gallop. Crack came the whip again, and with a terrific sway the heavy coach swung around the curve and went tearing down the road. Fitful shrieks began to come from the "insides," and the tourist who had made the remark was clinging to the rail with desperation and a face that looked white, yet he said not a word.

Trees, spectral trunks, great oaks and sycamores flew by, clouds of dust rose and hid the landscape so that the horses seemed rushing into a fog bank.* Over bridges we went, the thunder of

* See frontispiece.

hoofs rising in the night with a weird and forbidding sound. The pace kept increasing; the horses were at a dead run, sweeping round curves with a frightful swing, now coming up under the brake with a terrific crash, then tearing madly on in the wild race for the lights of Smith's away below in the gloom.

If the silent tourist on the box seat, holding on for his life, was a lover of nature, he had a rare and rapidly passing panorama. Great trees with long branching arms reached out, seeming to intercept the road. Gulfs of gloom opened up suddenly as the coach dashed around curves. Spectral sycamores stood white and distinct, where on every side masses of verdure made the night more impenetrable—a black gulf all about, down which they seemed skurrying. On plunged the coach—horses and driver seemingly gone mad. Once only did the tourist draw a long sigh, and that was when the coach reared at a desperate curve and made the turn on two wheels. After pivoting around in a remarkable manner, we rushed away in a cloud of dust over the little bridge into the blending and welcome light of Smith's Inn.

THE LETHE OF TOIL.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

"Give me labor and the light,"
Sighed one, gaunt and weary-handed
Sorrow-worn and trouble-branded—
"Spare me vigil and the night."

O, for mid-day's honeyed balm!
O, the welcome crash and rattle
Of the noonward storm and battle!
O, the inner strength and calm!

Soul of mine, what seest thou
Ere the evening thread thou breakest
In the warp and woof thou makest,
While the sweat hangs on thy brow?

Naught indeed of vain complaint,
Naught of cark and care unproven
Mid the web deep interwoven,
Till thy toil doth make thee faint.

Every mute and tireless thread
Running out and in together;
Seers that prophesy not whether
Foul or fair be overhead.

Give me labor and the light.
Lo, in toil a sure forgetting
Of life's fretting and regretting.
Spare me vigil and the night.

HYPNOTISM—A NORMAL FACULTY.

BY WILLIAM A. SPALDING.

PHILOSOPHERS and cranks are prone to classify mankind on opposite sides of the line of their particular hobby. Swift divided the human race into two classes—the fat and the lean. Our dominie thinks they should be classified as those who believe in the true religion and unbelievers. Old Moneygrub arranges them as the rich and the poor; while our friend Politix says the only two classes are the ins and the outs. At the last judgment we are all to be classified as the sheep and the goats.

I am about to propose a new classification, more comprehensive than any hitherto attempted, inasmuch as it includes both the human race and the lower orders of animals. These two great classes are the hypnotists and the hypnotized. I mean by this that magnetism is an inherent power or faculty of the animal creation. Through this creation there is not an undeviating line, on one side of which all representatives are magnetizers and on the other all are subjects of magnetism; but each individual has a polarity and a potential of its own which adjusts it to its environment. Thus, while one organism may be positive and active as to a second organism, to a third it may be negative and passive. The same principle is advanced concerning the polarity of individual molecules constituting a mass of inert matter.

I believe in hypnosis as an accomplishment of the human faculties, and this proposition is no longer disputed by advanced science. The learned men of our age have had a hard struggle to bring themselves to this belief, and they have not yet divested it of its mysteries. They simply say that hypnosis is accomplished by certain processes, yet they have not fathomed the whys and wherefores.

Hitherto it has been customary to consider the powers of hypnotism and thought-transference as supernatural, or at least abnormal. When the world accepted the idea that neither the Evil One nor the angels had anything to do with it they said, "Then, at least, it is accomplished by a prodigy in human form." Now, I think, the world is about to give up this latter idea.

As a result of investigations which I have recently made with a hypnotist and mind reader of extraordinary abilities, I have been induced to adopt his theory that this peculiar power which we may say depends on personal magnetism is vested to greater or less degree in every human being. We are all hypnotists and all hypnotic subjects. Our magnetic powers differ only in degree. Any man or woman may find somebody whom he or she can hypnotize, and every man or woman may be hypnotized by somebody else. Nay, more, we are all unconsciously practicing hypnotism all the while, and we experience its effects every time we make or receive a mental impression. When I meet a man whose magnetism proves a complement of my own I say that I instinctively like that man. When his magnetism is antagonistic, I take an aversion to him, and probably he dislikes me on sight. We shall not like each other as long as we live. When a public speaker shows a marked ability in holding the attention and swaying the sympathies of his audience we say he is a magnetic talker. Our simile strikes deeper to the secret of his success than we have been wont to imagine.

There could be no better attestation that this power of magnetism is a

purely human faculty than the fact that it is used for evil as well as for good purposes. Did you ever stop to consider the methods and the achievements of the confidence man? Why is it that he is able to swindle with equal facility the greenhorn from the country and the city-bred man who has heard all about his practices and ought to be warned of him on sight?

A year or two ago there was a case of confidence swindling in the city where I reside, which excited attention all over the country. A prominent and wealthy politician of New York, who, in his palmy days, had been a leader of his party, who had occupied a seat in Congress for several successive terms, and who had been the confidant and friend of a President of the United States, was in Southern California to recuperate his broken health. We will call him Mr. H. While his physical condition was considerably reduced, he was supposed to be as clear in his mental faculties as ever. As he walked the streets one day a notorious confidence operator accosted him and made him believe that he (the confidence man) was the son of an old friend of his. The sharper "steered" his victim to one of the most palpable bunco games that was ever devised, and thus robbed him of several hundred dollars. As soon as Mr. H. got out of the rascal's clutches he realized how he had been victimized, and reported the case to the police. "How I came to be so be-deviled," he said, "I can't conceive; I surely ought to have known better." And everybody else thought so, too.

How many thousand cases of this sort might be cited from the criminal records of the country!—cases where men of good judgment and honesty, well informed on the ways of swindlers, have been duped in the most approved style of the bunco art. These men can never explain how they came to be so egregiously fooled and robbed.

Perhaps the most audacious series of swindles that has ever come to light is that reported within the past two years by a correspondent of the Boston Herald. These episodes occurred at a Mexican town named Mier, on the Rio Grande river, about 150 miles from its mouth. The story is so concisely and pointedly told that I cannot do better than use the correspondent's words. He says:

* * * About ten days ago Perez arrived here and stopped at the hotel. Nothing unusual was noticed about him until dinner time the day after his arrival, and then it was not Perez that attracted attention, but the queer antics of the waiter who served him. Without Perez saying a word, the waiter, after placing his dinner on the table, crossed the dining hall to a table where a gentleman was dining, and brought to the table of Perez two bottles of wine with glasses.

The gentleman demanded to know why the wine was removed. The waiter said that Perez had ordered him to do so. This Perez denied. The wine was returned. In a few moments the same waiter removed a roast from in front of the same man, and placed it before Perez.

The man despoiled became furious. He kicked the waiter out of the room, the waiter all the time protesting that he had only obeyed the order of Perez. Perez, with a face as white as chalk, said that he had given no order, had done nothing to insult anyone, and then left the room.

Shortly afterwards the man who had become angry in the dining-room approached Perez and said that he was satisfied that the waiter was drunk or crazy, and apologized for what he had said. While speaking he took out his watch, a fine one, and after hesitating a moment, much to the surprise of the crowd that had gathered, expecting to see a shooting-scrape, he loosened the chain from his vest and handed the watch to Perez, insisting that he accept it as a present. It was accepted.

Perez next visited a bar-room, accompanied by two persons who had seen the watch given to him. He ordered wine. When he offered to pay the barkeeper said it was paid for. Perez's companions insisted that it had not been paid for, but the barkeeper refused to accept a cent.

While standing at the bar both men noticed that the bartender had been watching Perez intently. Turning from them he took from a shelf a handsome silver-mounted revolver, and after exhibiting it, handed it to Perez, begging him to keep it.

But these incidents were nothing to the wonder excited when, later in the evening, packages of various sizes began to arrive at the hotel, all addressed to Perez, with the

names of the donors and their compliments. All might still have gone well with the stranger had not a magnificent bouquet arrived with a lady's name attached. There happened to be standing near, a friend of the lady who sent it. His Southern blood was fired at once. He called on her and she said that she was standing near the window with the flowers in her hand; that Perez passed, looked up at her, and asked her to send the flowers, and she had done so; why, she did not know.

The Mexicans are always to a certain extent superstitious, and after an excited consultation it was decided that Perez was either a wizard or a devil, and that he must be gotten rid of at once. Some one suggested that they tie a stone to his neck and pitch him into the river. The proposition was instantly accepted, and would have been at once carried out had it not been for the presence of a few cool heads in the crowd.

A committee of ten was appointed to interview him. Perez, when informed of the object of the call, became so agitated that he could not speak, and seemed about to faint. Finally, in a hurried, trembling voice, he protested that every article given him had been voluntarily presented. This he proved by two who had called and made him presents. As to the lady, he said he had never spoken to her, and did not know her name. He had seen her standing at the window with the flowers; had, without speaking, admired them, and she had sent them to him. The committee withdrew, far from satisfied.

Perez was privately advised to leave town, but before he could do so he was again in the hands of the committee, who told him that unless he would explain more fully they proposed throwing him into the river. He saw they fully intended to carry out the threat, and he made this statement:

"As I can prove, I was born twenty-seven years ago, three leagues from Durango, on my father's ranch. He sent me to school at Durango until I was twelve years old, when, as I was intended for a priest, I was sent in charge of a priest to Rome. I attended several leading colleges and pursued my studies until about three weeks ago, when I returned to Mexico. I was never made a priest. While in college years ago I and four room-mates began the study of mesmerism, or hypnotism. Our aim was to perfect ourselves in the art so that we could by a glance or a wave of the hand compel any person within range of vision to do any act we willed. I soon became so proficient that I could control almost anyone.

"At first the sense of power was delightful, but gradually I found that, if I looked at an article I wished and admired, the owner of it would present it to me. I tried every means on earth to control my power. My classmates, none of whom possessed my power, were as submissive to me as spaniels. I left Rome and came home.

"I do not need the presents. I have money. Take them back for God's sake."

Perez has been allowed to go, but the question is: What sort of a modern Mephistopheles is he?

Notwithstanding the fact that the above is only "a newspaper story" and unsupported by affidavits, I am disposed to give it credence. It bears upon its face the stamp of that truth which is stranger than anything that fiction would attempt. It is quite reconcilable with the well-established achievements of hypnotism. It also throws a great flood of light upon the secret of the confidence operator's enticing ways. Perez is not the only dishonest person who has acquired this strange power, but he seems to have carried it to greater extremes than his fellows, and, moreover, has been forced to confess his secret.

Not long ago we had an account of a fellow who went about victimizing people in a way quite as inexplicable. His method was to make a small purchase at a shop and hand the keeper what the latter believed to be a five or ten dollar bill. The man would place the bill in his money-drawer and count out the change. When he opened the drawer afterwards he would be astonished to find, in lieu of the supposed bill, only a crumbled piece of newspaper. The swindler practiced this bold deception on a number of people in an Eastern town, and among them was the postmaster, from whom he thus purchased stamps and received change in good money.

I do not mean to say that confidence men generally practice hypnotism as a science, in the manner of Perez or the operator named, but I do believe that they generally possess strong animal magnetism which they exercise intuitively.

As yet we know little about the process of hypnotism. A professional operator with a good subject to work upon will look steadily into the latter's eyes for a moment, then stroke his head or body with a downward motion,

make a few passes in the air before his face, close his eyes, and the subject is under the hypnotist's control. There are methods of hypnosis much simpler than this. When an operator has once gained control over a subject, he may throw that subject into a trance by a mere pass of the hand; or he may induce that condition by a mere mental injunction. Instances have been recorded where the hypnotic trance has been induced when the operator was miles away from his subject.

The accounts given us by Eastern travelers of the astounding feats accomplished by Hindu thaumaturgists leave little doubt that those wonder-workers are experts in hypnotism; that they are able to throw a whole assemblage of people into a sort of trance-stage on sight, and thus make them believe they see feats performed which are not performed at all. I have read of a test wherein a photographic camera was turned upon one of these exhibitions, and frequent snap shots were taken throughout the proceeding. But the negatives reproduced none of the remarkable scenes which the human witnesses noted. The camera was not a hypnotic subject.

Perhaps I have pursued the theme of human hypnotism far enough for the purposes of this paper. Those who have informed themselves about its wonders and believe in them will say they knew all this beforehand. Those who are skeptical will be skeptical still. I am not under contract to convince anybody.

It seems to me that there is a branch of the subject which has not been so thoroughly exploited as that which we have just discussed. I refer to that animal magnetism which inheres probably with all living creatures, in varying degree, and which they employ in some cases in a manner that suggests animal hypnotism.

The powers of fascination which a snake exercises to secure its prey are well recognized in natural history. A bird that happens to come within this malign influence is transfixed to the spot, and allows the snake to crawl up and seize it. The bird is not influenced, probably, until it sees the snake—perhaps not until it looks into the eye of the snake. Were it in possession of its normal faculties it could easily seek safety in flight. But it is deprived of its power to move; we say it is "charmed."

But while the snake is able to hypnotize a little bird or a small animal, there are other creatures which do not fall under its fascination. A dog, a deer, a horse, a human being, each has enough magnetism of its own to resist the magnetism of the snake. But note the fact that the opposing powers are such as to create the most irreconcilable hostility between these creatures. The deer is not an animal of prey, and not naturally hostile to smaller animals, but when it sees a snake it will stamp the reptile to death in a perfect frenzy. The same instinct is found in a horse, a mule and a donkey.

Mankind participates with the deer and other animals in this instinctive hostility to the reptile kind. It matters not whether a man has ever heard of the biblical curse upon the serpent's head and the ordained antipathy of the human heel—the man and the snake were not born to be friends. The average individual will kill a snake on sight if he thinks he is able to do so, and he thus follows his natural instincts. A man is stronger in his magnetism than a snake, and does not fall under its influence. A snake cannot charm a man as a general proposition, but some men can and do charm snakes.

Next to the snake, I think the cat is the greatest hypnotist that we find among the lower orders of animals. Probably this faculty inheres in the whole feline tribe, from the lion and leopard that terrorize the jungle to the pussy that purrs upon the doormat. Were it not for these powers of fascination, a cat, with all its adroitness, would not be a good bird-catcher.

The average bird is quicker than a cat, has as keen a sense of hearing and sight, prompt instincts of self-preservation, and, in the twinkling of an eye could fly out of the feline's reach. But many birds sit spell-bound, and are caught and devoured. A cat which gets access to the cage of a canary is quite sure to have the bird for its dinner. The cat can reach only a little way through the wires, and the bird is active enough to keep beyond the reach of its enemy, but, somehow, the bird is caught.

A cat cannot charm a dog, but the opposing magnetisms of the two creatures make them almost implacable enemies.

A cat cannot charm a human being, but most people have felt that there is a strange, uncanny influence in the feline. Some people are fond of cats; some have an intense antipathy to them. Madame de Rémusat relates an incident in the life of Napoleon I. which shows that the aversion which he had for the feline race amounted virtually to an insane frenzy. He was born for the mastery of men, but he was afraid of a cat, and never tolerated one about him. On one occasion when the Emperor was in a room with a company of people, he suddenly threw up his hands in the greatest agitation, exclaiming, "*Un chat! Un chat!*" He trembled from head to foot, and seemed almost to be going into a spasm. The intruding cat was quickly chased from the room, when the Emperor recovered his equanimity. If this incident be true, and I have no right to doubt it, the great Napoleon was an exception to the rest of his kind. A cat might have charmed him and killed him.

I cannot doubt that all animals possess magnetism, and that in some it is naturally developed to such an extent as to furnish them a means of defense and attack. This endowment is no more improbable than the endowment of an eel and certain fishes with the power of communicating an electric shock. Why not magnetism as well as electricity? The two forces are so closely allied, that wherever we find one developed by artificial agency we are sure to find the other. By stroking the back of a cat in a dark room we produce a shower of electric sparks. The cat is a noted generator of electricity, and a noted magnet as well. It is in short an animal dynamo.

Now, if we concede this magnetism to the lower creatures; if we go further and find that they actually employ this function in hypnosis, we have gone far towards laying the basis for an argument that all representatives of the animal kingdom are more or less endowed with hypnotic powers. It is one of the natural functions of man, the animal.

In the evolution of our race and its advancement along other lines, the hypnotic powers have been neglected, and with most people they rank as mere instincts, or as rudimentary faculties. But as evolution in time brings up all arrearages which have occurred in the development of a one-sided race, it is possible that these neglected faculties are about to be brought to us in full force. The advance guard of the procession of evolution has passed. Civilization has had its witches and necromancers, and has burned them. It has had Mesmer, and it denounced and ostracised him. And still the march of evolution has gone on, and those freaks, whom we now call hypnotists, have multiplied. We recognize them as men with an extraordinary development of natural functions. They begin to strike a responsive chord in the minds of many people. All civilized races are now ready to receive this new development.

"Mind-reading," so called, thought-transference and telepathy are but a manifestation of hypnotism. In thought-transference, the mind-reader is in a measure self-hypnotized, and in this condition he accepts mental suggestions and impulses from a normal person whose hand he touches.

In this case the one who passes as the subject of the mind-reader is in reality the hypnotist—the operator; the mind-reader is the passive subject—the one operated upon.

Just as the human race possesses natural faculties of hypnotism, so also they possess natural faculties for mind-reading. The one process is the converse or complement of the other.

So I think I am justified in declaring that civilized man is approaching the acquisition of what will prove to him a new set of faculties. They are not really new, for they have lain dormant in him all along, scarcely recognized, and hitherto employed only as instincts. From these instincts he will develop a sense which may be as readily at his command as hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting and smelling.

In other words, we are adding another human faculty to the category. Henceforward we may say that man is endowed with six senses, one of which is magnetism.

THE CALAVERAS CAVE.

BY LILLIAN E. PURDY.

THE Calaveras and Mariposa sequoias, the Natural Bridges, the rich Gold Mines, the great Yosemite Valley—all had been visited, when, buried deep in the heart of the Sierras a calm and sacred sanctuary was brought to view, the new Calaveras Cave.

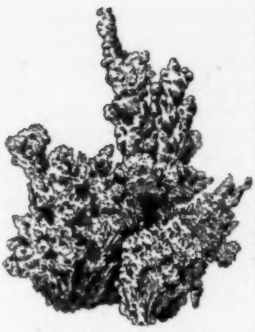
Of the few notable caves in California, perhaps Bower and the New Calaveras present the most striking contrasts; for the former is open to the sky, with a growth of trees whose towering tops are on a level with the surface above, while the latter is wholly underground, containing no plant growth save that of lichens and other fungus forms. Bower Cave is situated in Mariposa County, and though of proportions far inferior to those of Calaveras, is remarkable for its peculiar structure, resembling an artificial excavation rather than a natural cavern, and for its lake of dark green water, which is considered bottomless. Fresh, green ferns and shrubs thrive upon its banks. At one side is a flight of stairs leading to an underground chamber of somewhat diminutive dimensions, when compared with the extensive apartments found in the cave of Calaveras County.

The journey to the new Calaveras Cave may be accomplished by taking the Stockton and Copperopolis Railroad to Milton, thence by stage through Angel's Camp and Vallecito, reaching Murphy's in the early evening.

After traversing a winding, picturesque road of gradual ascent for a distance of one mile and a quarter from the town of Murphy's, we reach a small amphitheater surrounded by low brush, and situated at the summit of a hill. In this enclosure are found the openings of the cave, one of which is natural, while the other is artificial.

SPECIMEN OF CRYSTAL.

The varied scenic effects in this vicinity at once impress themselves upon us. Below sleeps the somewhat deserted mining-town of Murphy's, whose inhabitants, accustomed to the natural wealth about them, seem to heed not the sights that charm and enthuse the tourist; beyond, and extending in all directions, are mountains, projecting their thickly wooded



CORALLINE STRUCTURE.

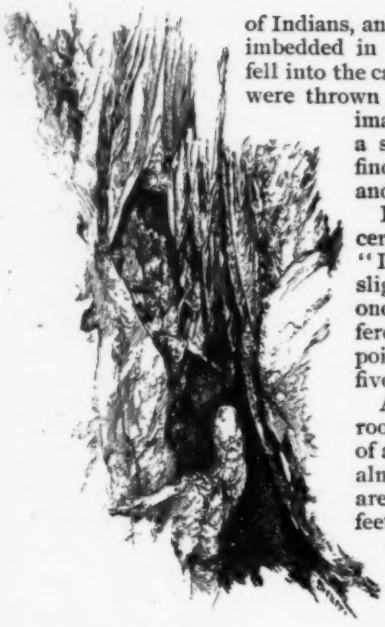
peaks majestically above the town; behind these mountains and far, far in the distance, are dim, hazy peaks, whose faint outlines almost blend with the azure tint of the sky above. We are on the summit of the divide between the Stanislaus and Calaveras rivers, with Table Mountain, celebrated for the allusions made to it in the writings of Bret Harte and Mark Twain, directly within our view, while still farther below sweeps the cañon of the San Domingo.

As we look at the opening of the cave, a sense of timidity steals over us, for we can see simply a "black hole" in the ground, only large enough for a person to pass through comfortably. But we lose all fear, when, attired in rubber coats and hats, with candle in hand, we have descended the first flight of stairs and begun to contemplate the curious formations found below. Down, down the numerous stairs, about forty feet, into the earth. And what meets our wondering gaze? An immense "Gothic Chamber," the stalactites of which form beautiful pendants and draperies on the walls and roof. The floor is composed of heaps of limestone boulders, and stalagmites of various shapes. One extremity of this division of the "Gothic Chamber" seems lost in darkness and obscurity, but the other leads into the adjoining apartment. The south wall is almost perpendicular in direction, but is corrugated in places, appearing like pillars, or again, in thin sheet-like masses. The stalactite of the latter character attracting special attention is the "Piano," which, when struck, gives forth musical tones.

The greater number of stalactites in this chamber are of a cream or brownish tinge, but some are snowy white. Drawing aside a curtain formed of lichens and the roots of shrubs, we see a bank of dazzling crystals, some of which are colorless, while others are tinted with the red or blue of different minerals—a veritable mass of diamonds, rubies and sapphires, set among pearls.

We have but to descend a few steps, when before us is the "Fairy Grotto," guarded by the "Two Cherubim." The latter are formed from the dripping of a few small stalactites twenty feet above them.

Very near this point is the spot where many of the human bones were found at the time of the discovery of the cave. From the finding of these bones the cave derives its name, "New Calaveras," (New Place of Skulls.) These skeletons, probably



SOLOMON'S THUMB.

of Indians, and six in number, are supposed to have become imbedded in the earth by storms. Whether the Indians fell into the cave accidentally and perished, or whether they were thrown in we can never know; but one can readily imagine the savages to have chosen the cave as a sepulchre for their dead. At all events, the finding of these skeletons is a historical item, and may bring to light some important fact.

It does not require a vivid imagination to discern in the group of stalagmites near by, the "Demijohn," with neck complete and handle slightly broken. This stalagmite is seven and one-half feet in height, and is six feet in circumference. The "Demijohn" marks the lowest point of the "Gothic Chamber," and is seventy-five feet below the surface of the earth.

As if guarding the entrance to the succeeding room, appears a pair of outspread wings like those of an angel; they are of extreme delicacy and are almost transparent. These "Angel's Wings" are at a distance of two feet apart, and are nine feet long and three feet wide, being variously shaded by minerals. Placing a light behind one of the wings, a wonderful play of color may be observed. From brown and red the color changes to white; then a blue tint is seen, until all the rainbow hues are distinguishable.

We now pass through a narrow opening between the "Angel's Wings," and are at the top of a long flight of stairs in the second chamber — "The Organ Loft." Descending, descending! We seem to be reaching the very depths of the earth! We are now 130 feet below the entrance, and have not yet reached the farthest limit. The foremost attraction in this room is the organ, the immense pipes of which are from ten to twelve feet in length, producing musical tones when struck. To one side, in a small cavity, is a collection of curious stalactites resembling snakes, and aptly named "The Drunkard's Dream." In the "Organ Loft" apartment is found much of that peculiar mineral formation resembling coral.

"The Bear's Den," named from the skeletons of bears found there, (presumably of some extinct species,

ORGAN LOFT.

for they are larger than those of any bears now in existence) is comparatively small, and contains few attractions, so we pass rapidly through to the "Flower Garden." This beautiful room is beyond description. The coral-like deposits here are of marvelous delicacy and beauty, and the infinitesimal crystals sparkle like diamonds. Every variety of flower and foliage—every kind of fruit is represented in the "Flower Garden." Here, you see a cluster of roses; there, a spray of honeysuckle, twining its delicate tendrils around a moss-covered stem, while from the ceiling quantities of fruit hang temptingly. One bank forms a bed of snowy white chrysanthemums compactly arranged. What could be more beautiful than those delicate coral plants and flowers! The ceiling of this room is broken and fissured, but all the deep chasms are lined with the coralline structure, which is too fine and fragile to have been formed by aqueous erosion, but probably is the result of some chemical attributes in the moisture. There are no stalactites or stalagmites in this chamber.

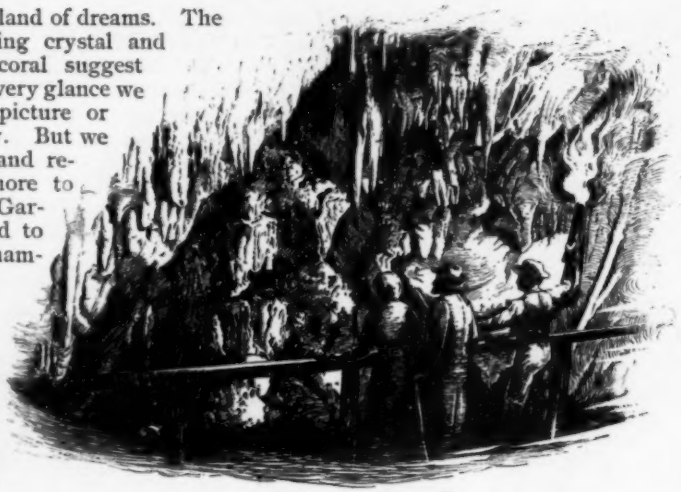
The next room into which we are conducted is the "Chapel," which may be viewed from a small platform built upon a boulder. Almost concealed beneath a heap of huge rocks is the "Milk Pan," a sheet of white, with surface rough and hard as flint. But, perhaps the most important feature of the "Chapel" is the "Lambrequins," which are composed of sixteen stalactites hanging in thin graceful folds, the beautiful patterns being wrought out with crystals. These curtains are brownish in color and almost transparent.

ENTRANCE TO ORGAN LOFT.

After descending the eighteenth flight of stairs, we are in the "Coral Grotto," the extreme limit of the explored region of the cave, and are 150 feet below the earth's surface. The fleecy, arched roof, the down-covered boulders, the dazzling, glittering banks—one is lost in contemplation of the wealth of beauty that surrounds him.

"Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer."

We are in a land of dreams. The masses of shining crystal and the sprays of coral suggest fairy land. At every glance we behold a new picture or read a new story. But we must push on, and returning once more to the "Flower Garden," we ascend to the "Crystal Chamber."



DIAMOND CASCADE.

The floor of this room is formed not only of boulders, but also of stalactites, which from their weight have fallen from above, and have become covered with lime crystals. Portions of the banks resemble great drifts of snow. A few steps above, still in this cañon, is an appropriately named formation, "The Bridal Veil Falls." The foundation seems to be of a stalactitic character, but the outer covering is pure white and without luster. The position of the "Falls" is oblique, and as you look upward, your imagination can readily picture the water falling in one filmy sheet over a ledge of rock.

A narrow, winding stairway leads us from the "Falls" to the last chamber of the cave, "The Dome." This circular room is fifty feet in height, having an average diameter of fifteen feet. Here, a combination of the stalactite and crystalline formation is observable. Curious forms jut out from the walls, while curtains and lacy draperies adorn the ceiling. The eye wanders through a perfect labyrinth of objects, until finally, midway of the ascent, it rests upon the "Xylophone." Hundreds of stalactites hanging from the roof of a little cavern afford, when struck, the production of all possible tones. A musician may readily play any tune after a little practice, and the sound of the clear liquid music echoing through the "Dome" is wonderfully effective.

Before the final ascent is made, we turn to survey the road over which we have traveled. "Solomon's Thumb," a curious, solitary projection, stands out in bold relief, while the less important limestone formations "dwindle far below." A last glance, and we turn to climb the final stairway.

Up, up we rise, until we are conscious of a strong current of air, when we know we are approaching the exit of the cave. Rays of daylight stream down upon us, and a few steps more bring us upon the surface again. It has required two hours to make the circuit of the cave, and we have passed over 377 steps, but what we have seen treasured away in this "black hole" compensates for any loss of physical strength, and affords many an hour of pleasant reflection.

TITLES WON BY THE PEN.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

IN England and indeed throughout Europe, in the days preceding the Renaissance, almost the only men of consideration were soldiers, lawyers, courtiers and ecclesiastics. The ecclesiastics won for themselves a goodly share of the highest honors of the State by their learning, ability and tenacity. In an age of general ignorance they were the only scholars, and they exercised the power naturally falling to the sole depositaries of knowledge. Occasionally court poets might be men of some personal influence, or courtiers might affect a certain literary elegance, but men were rarely, if ever, honored with titles because of their literary ability alone. The contempt for the mere man of letters still survives to no inconsiderable extent among the higher classes of England, where the young man of wealth and fashion is usually a sportsman rather than a scholar. In the "public schools" in which the public men of the country are trained and moulded, the boy who is over-industrious at his books and participates little in games, is rather looked down upon by his fellows, and dubbed a "sap"—the term not being intended to suggest sapient but rather to imply a not-to-be-commended fondness for mean drudgery. On the other hand, the captain of the boat, or of the cricket eleven, is looked up to with respect far exceeding that felt for the head master, and amounting almost to reverence.

There still lingers a feeling that the literary man, like the artist, is a sort of irresponsible creature, not quite irreproachable as regards the cut of his garments, the cleanness of his nails or the spotlessness of his linen. The men of the palette and of the pen are supposed to feel or to affect a certain disregard for the conventionalities of society, and to be frequently so hard pressed to procure the necessaries of life as to have little left wherewith to supply its elegancies. In all times, and countries, too, the man of action, who is in the thick of life's battle, is disposed to think lightly of the man who sits in his study and covers paper with words.

But nowadays, scholarship and skill in sports are by no means necessarily divorced; Anthony Trollope was an enthusiastic fox-hunter, Andrew Lang is an ardent fisherman, and many first-class Oxford and Cambridge men have rowed in the Eight, or played in the Eleven of their University. Further, the great increase of wealth among the middle classes of England and the enormous fortunes recently acquired in the United States, have contributed to widen the avenues of profit for the successful artist and litterateur, so that those who have the ability or the good fortune to become the vogue, reap rich rewards and are enabled to live lives of luxury. Sir John Millais, the great painter, earns "the wages of an ambassador," and lives like a nobleman. The vast extension of periodical literature, which is almost wholly a growth of

recent years, has opened hitherto undreamt-of sources of gain to literary work, especially for men of established reputation and bearing names well known—it little matters in what connection—to the public. All this has enabled the men at the top of the literary or artistic tree to live expensively, and has increased their fitness for high social position.

Nor must we overlook the fact that the strongly democratic tendencies of the time have caused titular recognition to be extended to nearly all the professions. Soldiers, sailors, courtiers, and diplomatists are naturally marked out for royal favor, their services being of such a kind as to bring them frequently into contact with the rulers who are the "founts of honor." Lawyers have never failed to secure their full share of rank and title. As the Lord Chancellor is ex-officio President of the House of Lords, the lawyer who obtains the apex of his profession is always made a peer. Bishoprics and Archbishoprics also convey spiritual peerages, though, as these date from a time when England was a Roman Catholic country, and priests were condemned to celibacy, the Bishop's wife and family have never had any share in the titular honors of the husband and father. *Now*, when almost every cleric is a Benedict, the result produced is somewhat anomalous. The Archbishop of Canterbury, for instance, is a Most Reverend and a Right Honorable; he is addressed as "Your Grace," and takes precedence of all the dukes except those of royal birth, yet his wife is simply "Mrs. Benson," and his sons and daughters are not "Honorables."

The Presidents and some of the leading members of the Royal Academy are presented with knighthoods or baronetcies—the former being a merely personal honor, which dies with the holder, while the latter is hereditary. Both alike entitle a man to prefix *Sir* to his own names, and *Lady* to the surname of his wife. The famous painters Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais are both baronets, as was also the late Sir Edgar Boehm, the sculptor. The late Sir Gilbert Scott, whose skill and taste restored so many of the old cathedrals and churches of England, was a knight. The president of the Royal Society, the most important learned society in the country, is usually knighted; as also is the Astronomer-Royal. Distinguished engineers receive titles upon the completion of works of great magnitude, difficulty and public importance. Thus Sir Mark Isambard Brunel, the constructor of the Thames Tunnel, was made a baronet, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the designer of that leviathan of the sea, the *Great Eastern*. Sir John Fowler, a civil engineer of great skill and experience, received a baronetcy upon the opening of the bridge over the Firth of Forth, one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering. Musical composers, such as Sir John Goss, Sir Sterndale Bennett, and Sir Arthur Sullivan, are knighted. The last-named, besides composing the operas by which he is known all over the English-speaking world, was principal of the National Training School for Music, and British Commissioner for Music at the Paris Exposition. Sir Archibald Geikie, the well-known writer on geology, was knighted on being appointed Director-General of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom in succession to Sir Andrew Ramsay. Another man of science is Sir Henry Roscoe, Professor of Chemistry at Owens College, Victoria University, Manchester, who was a member of the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction from 1882 to 1884, and in the last-named year was knighted. Yet Charles Darwin died unbedecked, and Huxley and Tyndall are not entitled to prefix *Sir* to their names; but this is because, eminent as they are, they have not happened to do any work of a strictly national kind, or to occupy any of the

offices which usually constitute claims to titular recognition.

Great physicians and surgeons have fared pretty well in the distribution of honors. I need only mention the names of Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Sir William Jenner, and Sir William Gull. A baronetcy is, however, the highest rank yet attained.

Yet all these honors, though conferred upon men of great intellectual attainments, many of whom were, or are writers of high repute upon scientific, social, political and artistic topics, are not to be regarded as rewards of literary ability. Sir Henry Sumner Maine was an eminent legal writer, who was a knight commander of the Star of India, but he was not so because he had been Professor of Civil Law at Cambridge, and Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford; nor because he wrote "Ancient Law," "The Early History of Institutions," and "Village Communities," but because he was for seven years law member of the Supreme Government of India, and Member of Council of the Secretary of State for India. Sir Monier Monier-Williams, the author of many works connected with Sanskrit and Hindustani literature, and compiler of a great Sanskrit and English dictionary to be published by the University of Oxford, was made a Knight Commander of the Indian Empire in 1886 on the opening of the Indian Institute founded by him at Oxford.

Sir Henry C. Rawlinson was a soldier in the service of the old East India Company, and was employed on several important missions, especially in Persia and Afghanistan. He was Consul in Bagdad, and Consul-General in Turkey, and was knighted in 1856. In conjunction with General Wilkinson and Canon Rawlinson, he published the best English translation of Herodotus. He is famous for his Oriental scholarship, his diplomatic and military ability, and for his learned labors in the interpretation of cuneiform inscriptions. He has lately been created a baronet, and though literary eminence and high scholarship doubtless contributed in some degree to the honor, yet it must be observed that he had many other claims, as a soldier, a civil servant and a diplomatist.

Sir Algernon Borthwick, proprietor of the London Morning Post, is a Baronet, and the honor might seem to have been conferred upon him as the owner of an influential and fashionable metropolitan journal, but a little examination will show that other considerations must be taken into account. He is the son of a well-known member of Parliament, and in 1880 was a candidate for election by his father's old constituency; he was defeated, but five years later was elected for South Kensington. His baronetcy is, therefore, to be attributed to his political position chiefly, and only partly to the fact that he occupies an important place in the newspaper world.

Up to this point, though we have encountered some cases of honors conferred upon men of high literary reputation, we have met with no clear instance of a title bestowed on a person who was only a man of letters and nothing else. Without going back to any earlier time than the present century, the first indubitable example of a baronetcy earned by literary eminence alone, unaided by social or political influence of any kind, is that of Sir Walter Scott. After winning the poet's laurel with "The Lady of the Lake" and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Walter Scott put forth anonymously in 1815, "Waverly, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since." For the next ten years he poured forth that series of brilliant fictions which constituted an era in literature, and won for their author an imperishable renown. In 1820, without any effort on his own part or on that of his friends, he was created a Baronet, by the King. He died twelve years afterwards, and was succeeded by his son Walter, a soldier,

who died in 1847 without children, thus failing to perpetuate the family which his great father had fondly hoped to found. Another Scotchman there is, whose baronetcy appears, so far as I am able to ascertain, to have been earned by literary reputation only. This is Archibald Allison, a Scottish barrister who wrote "A History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons, 1815," a work of great labor and research, executed with extreme fairness. He afterwards added six volumes to his History of Europe, and wrote a "Life of John, Duke of Marlborough." He was created a Baronet in 1852.

Edwin Arnold was born in 1832, and was educated at King's School, Rochester, and at King's College, London. Thence he went up to University College, Oxford, as a scholar, and won the Newdigate English verse prize with a poem entitled "The Feast of Belshazzar." In 1853 he was chosen to address the Earl of Derby on his installation as Chancellor of the University. For a short time after his graduation he was second master in the English division of King Edward's School at Birmingham, but he soon left to become Principal of the Sanskrit College at Poona, in the Presidency of Bombay, India. He is the author of a metrical translation of the great Sanskrit work, "The Hitopadesa," and since 1861 has been on the editorial staff of the Daily Telegraph. In 1875 he published the Indian "Song of Songs," a metrical paraphrase from the Sanskrit. For all these services to Indian literature and education he was made a Companion of the Star of India, on the proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India. In 1879 "The Light of Asia," a poem on the life and teaching of Buddha, was published, and soon after this the King of Siam made him a knight of the White Elephant; he has also been decorated by the Sultan and the Shah of Persia. In 1888 he became Sir Edwin, being made a Knight Commander of the Indian Empire by the Queen. He may be considered to furnish a genuine example of a literary knight.

Theodore Martin was the son of a Scotch solicitor, and practiced law in his native city, Edinburgh, for some years. At the age of thirty he went to London, and became a contributor to Fraser's Magazine under the signature of "Bon Gaultier." He is an excellent scholar and linguist, as is clear from the varied nature of his work. He has published the best translation we have of the complete works of Horace, translations of selections from the Danish poet, Henrik Hertz, of the first and second parts of Goethe's Faust, and of the Vita Nuova of Dante. He was requested by the Queen to write a life of H. R. H., the Prince Consort; this was published on March 15th, 1880, and five days later the Queen herself conferred a civil Knight Commandership of the Bath upon him. The Order of the Bath is very rarely conferred on any but distinguished diplomatists, soldiers, sailors or politicians, and Sir Theodore Martin is probably the only merely literary man who holds a Cross of the Bath.

This slender list of literary knights and baronets has, however, just been doubled by the creation by Lord Salisbury, on going out of office, of three new baronets and one new knight. Edward Lawson, the principal proprietor of the London Daily Telegraph, a consistent supporter of Unionism, was made a baronet; as also was Captain Armstrong, the proprietor and editor of the Globe, the oldest London evening paper. Sir John Jaffray, proprietor of the Birmingham Daily Post, one of the ablest papers in England, is a man of fortune, as well as of great literary ability. He founded a large hospital near Birmingham, and wields a greater personal influence in the midland town than any other of its citizens

except the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. His baronetcy is the reward of very successful business enterprise, combined with hard work as a journalist, a public spirited citizen, and a consistent though independent advocate of Unionism. Dr. William Smith, the editor of the Quarterly Review, of the Dictionary of Classical Antiquities, of the Bible Dictionary, and of the Dictionary of Classical Biography and Mythology, received a knighthood, an honor paid to him as a literary man and a scholar rather than as a leading member of the Fourth Estate. Yet, even with regard to these honors, well deserved as they are, and marking, as they undoubtedly do, a new departure, it is to be observed that they are won by the rich and politically influential proprietor of the great newspaper, and not by the man who writes the editorials. It is the owner of the Daily Telegraph, and not George Augustus Sala, who gets *Sir* prefixed to his name.

So far we have discussed instances in which literary men have been made knights or baronets, and it is interesting in this connection to quote the remarks of Anthony Trollope, himself a successful man of letters, and a very frank, outspoken man besides. In volume II of his fascinating autobiography we read: "I have often heard it said that in England the man of letters is not recognized. I believe the meaning of this to be that men of letters are not often invited to be knights and baronets. I do not think that they wish it, and if they had it, they would, as a body, lose much more than they would gain. I do not at all desire to have letters put after my name, or to be called Sir Anthony, but if my friends Tom Hughes and Charles Reade became Sir Thomas and Sir Charles, I do not know how I might feel, or how my wife might feel if we were left unbedecked. As it is, the man of letters who would be selected for titular honors, if such bestowal of honors were customary, receives from the general respect of those around him a much more pleasant recognition of his work."

If literary knights and baronets are not numerous, literary peers are, of course, still fewer. The recent death of the poet Tennyson has caused people to recapitulate the cases in which eminent literary men have been peers, and to discuss again the propriety of rewarding men of letters with rank and title. When we begin to think of literary men who have been peers, three names rise at once to one's mind: Lord Byron, Lord Macaulay and Lord Lytton. A little reflection suggests the name of Lord Houghton, father of the newly appointed Viceroy of Ireland. The poet, George Gordon Byron, was, however, the sixth Baron Byron, and his greatness as a poet brought him no additional rank. Let me examine shortly the public lives of the other three.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, born in 1800, twice won the prize for an English poem at the University of Cambridge; he became a Fellow of Trinity College, and was admitted to the bar in 1826. Four years later he entered the House of Commons; as a member of the Supreme Council of India, he codified the laws of that great country. He was Secretary for War in Lord Melbourne's ministry, and Paymaster-General of the Forces. In 1852, the people of Edinburgh elected him as their representative in Parliament without his having offered himself as a candidate. In 1857, he was raised to the peerage. Though he will always live in the memory of English-speaking people as a brilliant historian, and as the founder of the new school of modern history, yet it is clear that his services in India and as a Cabinet Minister, coupled with his fame as an orator, were such as fairly to entitle him to a peerage.

Henry Bulwer, son of General Bulwer, like Macaulay, when an undergraduate at Cambridge, won the Chancellor's prize for an English poem. He was member of Parliament for

St. Ives and afterwards for Lincoln, and was always a strong Whig. Having published "Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman," "The Disowned," "Devereux," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "Rienzi," and "The Last Days of Pompeii," he was, on the coronation of the Queen, created a baronet, as a representative of English literature—John Herschel being chosen for a like honor as a representative of English science. Succeeding to the estate of Knebworth on the death of his mother, a wealthy heiress, he added Lytton to his name. In 1852, he again sat in Parliament, and Lord Derby, when he came into power in 1858, made Sir Henry Bulwer-Lytton Secretary of State for the Colonies. On coming into office for the third time, Lord Derby raised him to the peerage as Baron Lytton. Though literary eminence made Mr. Bulwer a baronet, it is plain that work as a Cabinet Minister and wealth won him his peerage, which his son, by service as Viceroy of India, has since advanced to an earldom.

Richard Monckton Milnes, son of R. P. Milnes of Fryston Hall, Yorkshire, was a litterateur of some note, and one of the most widely accomplished Englishmen of his day. He wrote "Memorials of a tour in Greece," poems entitled "The Flight of Time," "Palm Leaves," etc. In 1837, he was elected member of Parliament for Pontefract, and in 1863 was raised to the peerage as Baron Houghton. His barony, however, is to be attributed rather to his parliamentary service, and to the fact that he was a man of wealth and high social connections, than to his fame as a man of letters.

The last titled writer that calls for consideration is Alfred Tennyson. He was son of the rector of Somersby in Lincolnshire, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, which has been a veritable nurse of English poets. He began his poetical work at a very early age, and continued it, without turning aside to any other form of literature, throughout the whole of his long life. In 1851, after his fame was firmly established by "Mort d'Arthur," "Locksley Hall," "The May Queen," "In Memoriam," and "The Princess," the laureateship fell vacant. Tennyson was appointed poet laureate, and held the office to the day of his death. In 1883, he was created Baron Tennyson of Aldworth, Sussex, and of Freshwater, Isle of Wight. His peerage was conferred upon him solely as a reward for his poetry, and it is the only one that has been won by a man who was a poet and nothing else; who had never sat in Parliament or done any service of a political or public nature whatever. Alfred Tennyson remains up to the present time the only example of a purely literary peer; and the conclusion to be drawn from a survey of the facts here presented is, that while literary reputation alone sometimes wins the personal honor of knighthood, and occasionally the transmissible honor of a baronetcy, it has in one instance only, of itself, when unaccompanied by other claims, been recognized by elevation to the House of Lords. Titular honors in England are won almost entirely by wealth and public services, usually of a political kind; and when the winners of titles have been men of high literary reputation, this has been an accidental circumstance, contributing perhaps to their elevation, but by no means the efficient cause of it.

SILVER LAKE.

PICTURESQUE UTAH.

BY GENEVIEVE L. BROWNE.

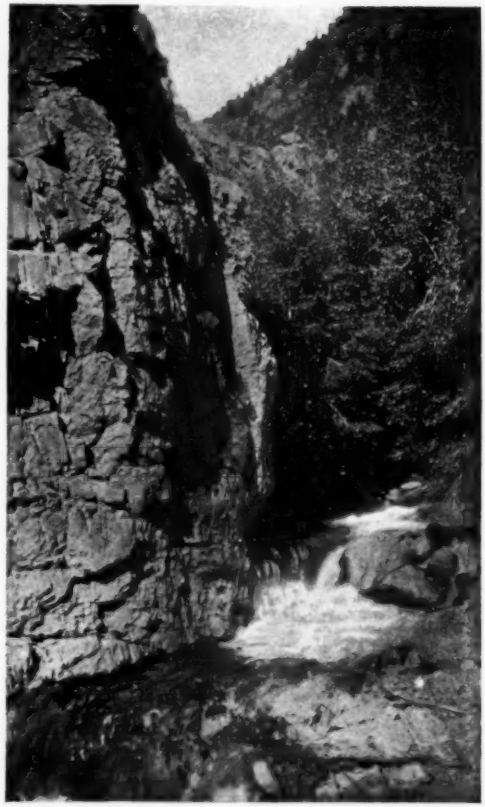
THE MOUNTAIN regions of Utah are said by many travelers and artists to possess attributes of beauty unrivaled by those of any other country. The immense sweeps of landscape, whose distances are not to be estimated by any one unaccustomed to regions of this nature, are surprising, and are possessed of a grand and rugged simplicity that affords a special opportunity to the artist who is fond of laying his colors on his canvas in broad, sweeping strokes. Mountains upon mountains seem to rise, receding into hazy distances, while great valleys roll away in gentle slopes, or pause abruptly at the bases of grim precipices. Alpine lakes abound, and great roaring streams and cataracts tear down through the gulches to the valleys below—splendid forces when turned to purposes of usefulness.

The mountains are demonstrative of immensity in every respect—the splendid lines carved in their sides sometimes sweeping from highest peak to base. Their formations are unique, differing from those of other mountainous regions, partially on account of the aridity of the climate, which is not productive of the same vegetation usually found among other mountain ranges. At certain points, where mountains are usually well clothed, there is no deciduous foliage. The Wasatch and the Uintahs present the appearance of grassy plains sloping gently to the base of the mountains, while numerous cañons break their continuity at intervals. These cañons are formed by the action of the elements on the mountain mass, whose erosion cuts through the breast of the range regardless of the kind or hardness of the rocks of which it is formed. They seem to radiate from certain centers, their lower parts displaying usually a stretch of rather ordinary scenery, while the uppermost parts are wild, and emerge into a climax of grandeur in towering cliffs and rushing water.

Big Cottonwood Cañon leads up from the valley of Salt Lake, winding away through the mountains in a most enticing manner. A broad, tu-

multuous stream dashes down beside the roadway towards the valley below, while on either side grow the scrub oak and the wild rose, intermingled with occasional masses of other wild vegetation and clinging vines, many of which bear beautiful and often fragrant flowers.

The finest scenery commences along the Narrows as you ascend between overwhelming heights, where, after a sudden turn, may be seen the magnificent dimensions of Young's Peak, one of the most splendid mountain masses in the Territory. At a considerable height the main cañon is abandoned, and the traveler is obliged to ride horseback up the steep slope. When the ride is accomplished, he finds himself among the noble beauty of the lake regions, and in the very heart of the Wasatch Mountains. The lakes rest in a succession of amphitheaters, three of which are quite large and closely linked together, and are known as the three sisters, Lillian, Blanche and Florence, while forming a background are the Pillars of the Wasatch, a gigantic rocky mass, which, in its immensity, its splendid cleavage and beautiful coloring is almost peerless. They seem to overhang the lakes, which themselves lay on rocky ledges descending rather precipitously to the cañon below. The surroundings abound in the rugged grandeur of cliffs and precipices, and also in many of the softer elements of beauty. On the southern side of Lake Blanche are rich meadows and forests of quaking asp and pine, which sweep down to the water's edge. There are also flowers of rich and varied hues, and tangled underbrush, interwoven with heavy vines. Not far distant, leaping down the gorges or over the surrounding walls, are the cascades that feed the lakes. The banks are resplendent with purple asters and buttercups, and at the bases of the pines are unnumbered white columbines—flowers that grow wild in few other countries.



HEAD OF THE STAIRS—BIG COTTONWOOD CAÑON.

Among the lakes near the head of Big Cottonwood Cañon, Silver Lake at Brighton is probably the most well known. It is easy of access, lying in a spacious vale surrounded by meadows. It is in the neighborhood of a good hotel, where many come to spend the summer for rest and enjoyment, or to regain health under the exhilarating influence of the pure atmosphere. It is at an altitude of 9,000 feet.

The twin lakes, Minnie and Annette, lie a few miles south, and are extremely picturesque. The mountain chain towering above them is almost invariably covered with snow, particularly in the gorges, the banks of which are bordered with fir trees. The meadows of buttercups, bluebells and columbines slope away at the eastern end, while the feeding cascade gushes down from the near snowbeds.

A footpath leads up still farther to some of the lakes near the head of Big Cottonwood among the usual forests of pine and quaking asp, with stretches of flowers and mossy banks on which are luxurious growths of fern, while the air is permeated with the delicate odor of wild musk. A little farther up, the cascade which feeds Big Cottonwood Cañon, runs from the lakes and leaps thundering over the cliffs. Here, amidst some of the most romantic scenery of the Wasatch, lie the lakes, the lowest of which is Lake Phœbe, shadowed on every side by pine trees. A sweeping peak rises in the background, while in the distance are snow-crowned ridges. Lake Mary, the largest of this series, spreads its placid waters near by, while to the left is Lake Annette, resting upon a shelf of the mountain in a secluded spot. This last named lake, as well as Lake Blanche, has been chosen, on account of its matchless effects of color and atmosphere, as a subject for sketching by many artists.

A quarter of a mile farther on lies Lake Martha. It is not, like the others, surrounded by rough rocks, but by slopes of green, while on its southern side is a forest of pines. In the midst of its waters is a small island bordered with white boulders and crested with young pines. This island has often been compared to an Indian crown, which it greatly resembles.

Lake Catherine, a pool of melted ice and snow, is between one and two thousand yards above, and is the highest one of the series. It is the origin of Big Cottonwood Creek. In July and August its edges are vast beds of gleaming snow, and its waters are of the glacial, ethereal green. This lake, being at a very high altitude, the vegetation about it differs greatly from that of the lower lakes.

LAKE MARY.

LAKE PHŒBE.

It is at the limit of the timber line, the mountains above being bare and scarred, with lines where the avalanches have rolled for hundreds of years.

On what is known as the Little Cottonwood side of the divide, up another slope and along the trail that leads to American Fork Cañon, is Lake Minnie. The dark cliffs that rise above it to the east are massive and majestic, and form a wonderful setting for the watery gem. From Lake Minnie a steep, irregular trail leads to the divide, the highest point accessible in the Wasatch, from whence may be had an excellent view through American Fork Cañon. To the east stretch the Uintahs, fading in the distance to long, misty lines, to the north the settlements of the Weber Valley are visible, while to the northwest may be seen, like gleaming ribbons, bits of Great Salt Lake, bordered by the Oquirrh Mountains in faint tints of blue and lavender. Utah Lake and Juab Valley reach away to the south, and through the opening of Little Cottonwood Cañon rise the colossal proportions of the mountains surrounding Alta, where the winter avalanches have torn down and destroyed so many lives and so much property at their base in Dead Man's Gulch.

A GLIMPSE OF LAKE FLORENCE.

Amongst the large mountains at the northern extremity of the Wasatch Range stretches Bear Lake, twenty-five miles long, and about twelve miles wide, surrounded by well-timbered mountains and great plains of grass. The water is cold and clear, and abounds in fine mountain trout which affords the sportsman ample occupation in season, and is in great demand in the markets of Utah.

A series of beautiful lakes, divided by snowy heights, reposes near the head of Logan Cañon. From each one of them flows a stream which finds its way to Logan River. Lake Lucy, the most beautiful of this series, occupies a hollow between two gigantic rocky masses, where it is shadowed almost the entire day by forests of thick, healthy pines. They partake of much the same characteristics as the other mountain lakes and their surroundings, in scenic effects, vegetation and geological formations.

The Uintah Mountain Range is the greatest of which Utah can boast—its highest peak, Mt. Gilbert, rising to an eminence of 14,000 feet, 2,000 feet higher than Mt. Nebo, the highest peak of the Wasatch. The mountains run east and west, and are so steep that they are devoid of roads except for one near Bald Mountain, which runs from Fort Bridger to Fort Thornburg. But this road is now almost entirely abandoned, and the only way of crossing the range is by old, half-obliterated Indian trails. When a passage is effected to the heart of the mountains near Reed's, Gilbert's and La Motte's Peaks, one finds himself in the midst of magnificent timber land which the despoiling lumberman has not yet penetrated. Among these regions are many glacial lakes, and here rise most of the largest rivers of Utah, those flowing east finding their ways to Green River, and the remain-

der to Great Salt Lake. These placid pools, surrounded by rich green foliage, form an artistic contrast to the great barren, rocky cliffs and the gulches which are white with snow almost the entire year. From the mountain peak, La Motte, a magnificent view greets the vision. The land of Wyoming stretches in dreary wastes to the north, while to the northwest, beyond Bear Lake, may be traced the course of Bear River through prairie lands and amongst hills. To the west range the Wasatch Mountains, which the eye may follow from the peaks near Willard and Ogden, down past the Cottonwoods, American Fork and Mt. Nebo. Southward, across the cañon, rise the stately outlines of Reed's Peak, its base concealed in dense foliage through which a group of lakes is sometimes visible. Stretching far eastward from this peak are the Uintahs' myriads of lofty shapes, broken and rifted with deep, storm-torn chasms.

Lake Anna, lying in a basin at the eastern foot of La Motte, is believed to be the largest body of water at its elevation in North America, its surface being almost 12,000 feet above the sea. It is at the extreme of the timber land, and the pines growing about it are stunted and grotesque on account of the difficulty of their survival at this extreme altitude. The verdure that surrounds Lake Chapin, a mile or two away, and a few hundred feet less in altitude, is much more profuse and beautiful, lending a greater charm to the landscape.

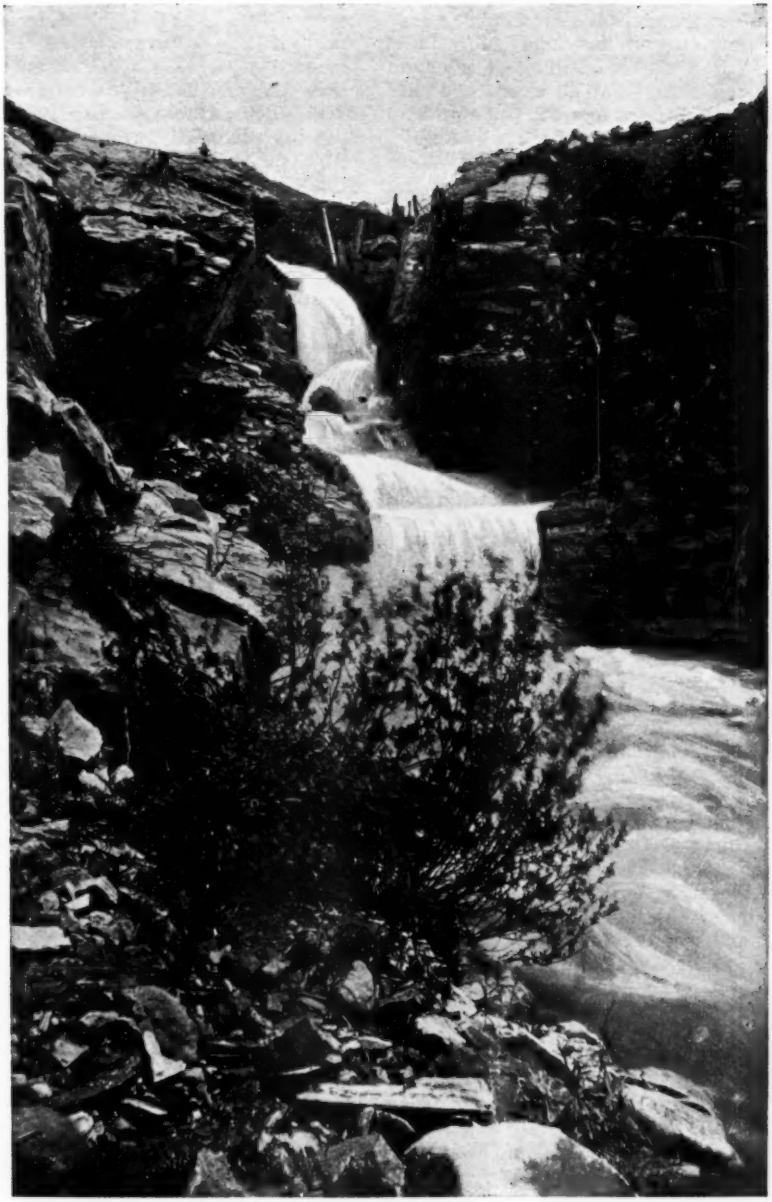
Bear River is a remarkable stream of water. Its sources are numerous and various. Its upper portion is divided into three parts, but these are subdivided into numerous streams, the main stream being near the summit of the mountains. Most of the tributaries may be traced to lakes of glacial origin in elevated amphitheaters, walled around with rocky cliffs, alike in their larger features, but differing in particulars. One of these amphitheaters on the western side of the main fork of the Bear is at the foot of Reed's Peak. It is a beautiful spot, surrounded by glades through which course streams of clearest, coldest water, and where there are profuse forests of pine trees, while far above towers the peak, like a colossal sarcophagus upon a broad, firm pedestal. Its resemblance to a human form in repose is striking and impressive. From head to foot the figure measures over a thousand feet, and the so-called tomb is a quarter of a mile wide and several miles in circumference.

At the eastern extremity of the Uintah Mountain Range, the Green River cuts through a grand chasm, the gorge known as the Cañon of Ladore. On either side of the river are perpendicular walls several thousand feet high, devoid of bank on either side. A scientist has satisfactorily demonstrated that this river was running before the mountains about it were uplifted, and that they arose so slowly that the river cut its way as fast as the line upheaved. Otherwise the river could not have forced its way through these impenetrable mountains.

One of the most remarkable water courses of this region is Brush Creek Gorge. It slashes the mountain with a fissure a thousand feet deep, the top of which in some places is but fifty feet wide. It is inaccessible, and dizzying to look from above into its terrible depths, where the waters are thundering and dashing.

In the southern part of the Territory the mountains differ somewhat from the others, both in contour and vegetation, the latter of which is suggestive of semi-tropical climes. There are large flowering cacti, a species of cactus palm, and instead of firs, one finds cedar trees very much like the cypress of Eastern lands. There are none of the Alpine lakes, and little of that cañon scenery prevalent in the Wasatch Mountains, beyond the southern climax of the Wasatch at Mt. Baldy near Marysvale.

Returning to Great Salt Lake and



EMMA FALLS.

its environments, we find in the scenery surrounding it extreme ruggedness and simplicity of outline. The waters stretch from shore to shore, covering an area of 2,500 to 3,000 square miles, amidst mountainous islands and cliffs.

The dreary lifelessness of these islands and the stifling heat during the summer months, are thus vividly described by Mr. H. L. A. Culmer, an artist and writer of Salt Lake, in a paper entitled "Desolate Shores."

"A burning sun, high in heaven, flinging his fierce shafts upon a parched and fruitless earth; his rays reflected a hundred times from a broad watery expanse that gleams also upon the hot land; hills, white, rocky and bare; dismal hollows dotted with cedars—a few living weakly amidst a ghostly concourse of their dead fellows, whose stark and ashen limbs writhe grimly about their shattered trunks; a grimy beach, darkened with millions of decaying larvæ and strewn with clumsy crumbling boulders; the silence of a desert.

"Such are the common aspects of the mountainous islands of the Great Salt Lake. They are elements of scenes fraught with melancholy, death and utter desolation. To wander along these dreary shores, silent and alone, is to commune with nature in her bitterest moods, and to hunger and thirst for the beauties she so lavishly displays elsewhere. There are surely no other places on the face of the earth so devoid of every charm, so totally lacking in human interest or association. The deserts of Asia and America have their histories—dreary enough, it is true, but yet associated with human experiences, even though they be of suffering and travail; but these wild and wind-swept shores have risen from the surface of a bitter sea, and have never, till now, known the tread of human foot or sound of human voice.

"Whosoever has desire to witness the earth's poverty and degradation, let him traverse these gray wastes one single summer's day, when all the outer world is smiling and fruitful, and let him contrast what meets his gaze with God's munificence in other places. Toiling wearily over rotten rocks, whose unshapely hulks have been scooped out and hollowed into a thousand caverns by centuries of salt sea winds, he will come at intervals upon ragged plains where the only plant that thrives is the thorny sage. He will see this straggling vegetation stretch from the hills down to the beach, growing among the crevices of the rocks even to the water's edge, and there, where the salt crusts upon its branches, he will see it set upon by swarms of great black spiders, who weave their nets of filmy white over it all, and lie in wait for the myriad gnats, their prey; and then he will see the lazy surf feebly flinging its flakes of soiled foam, skimmed from distant shoals, to be strewn along this dreary beach. From these sights he will turn with sinking heart and wander on his way, scorched with the blaze from sea and sky, impatient for relief, yet finding none. No grateful shade, no limpid spring varies the hot march or offers chance to slake his burning thirst; a vast sea stretches to the horizon, mocking his desire, for he dare not lave in its depths, nor taste its poisonous waters. Lizards hasten across his path, and stay upon some rocky crest to watch him with their glittering eyes; mosquitoes swarm to his annoyance, and he hastens on to avoid the pains they would inflict. At last, weary and depressed, he may find a hollow in the hills of the wilderness, where a feeble spring of warm and brackish water seeps from the rocks, flows a few feet and sinks again in the thirsty soil. Here he will rest, despondent and alone, surrounded by the frail skeletons of coyotes less fortunate than he, that have wandered hither to perish when even this weak spring was dry.

"Now what magic power shall compass these desolate shores to transform them into realms of beauty and

delight? Naught but the power which can touch with omnipotent wand the bleak and barren sands and turn them into gold. That scene which at noon was drear, may become rich and glorious in the changing phases of the day.

"It is God's providence to bestow upon the desert in the evening a flood of radiant beauty, in compensation for the emptiness of mid-day. Trembling vapors which the hot sun has distilled now hover over the land to catch the sunset hues, filling the shady hollows of the hills with purple and blue, and

LAKE BLANCHE.

reddening the shafts of light that are cast upon the mountain tops. Low to the west, on the distant lake, lie streaks of amethyst and amber, through which the sun shall descend, alternately kindling these islands into a golden blaze, its flames vibrating on every twig and rocky edge; or immersing them in purple shadow, whose depths are yet again colored by reflecting lights from rosy clouds that are scattered across the sky. Then, many a summer evening, the Wasatch Mountains, in compassion for the sterility of these shores, will send forth a company of water bearers to their relief; and these will come trooping overhead from the east, their breasts flushed with faint and opalescent tints that are soon to develop through a glorious scale of saffron, scarlet and crimson, and bathe with a ruddy glow the whole sea and sky and land. They cross the heavens a grand and thrilling spectacle, curtains of fire that flow towards the sun and droop to cover his face with a veil of scarlet and gold. Fold after fold passes rapidly onward, blotting out all the glory in the west, except a great red ball that slowly sinks through the gathering mist, and all grows gray. The color has faded from the heavens and gloom is settling over the land.

"For a few minutes the peace and quiet of cool twilight is broken only by the sad cry of the moaning dove and the lazy lapping of the waves along the beach. Then, from far out at sea, comes a faint sound like the distant roar of a multitude of voices; it increases in depth and volume with every instant, and from the northwest there sweeps a wild blast, that gathers

up the sands of the beach and drives them whirling along the shore. The surface of the lake quivers for a moment, as though struck by a mighty hand, then sends a succession of swelling waves, that gather strength as they approach and break upon the land. Soon the white caps come rolling in from afar, running a mad race landward, bringing with them a flock of screaming gulls white as the foam itself, and whose erratic flight carries them now through the hollow of a wave and now vaulting upwards to the skies. There is a grand commotion where the steep reefs extend out into the sea, for ponderous billows are rolling in upon them and crashing against their sides with a tumult that is deafening. The foam gleams pale in the gathering night, as the breakers leap among the rocks; it streams down their drenched sides in a thousand tiny torrents, and mingles with the restless surf that booms in upon the beach in ever increasing strength and fury. And so the day closes among whistling winds and driving clouds along these bleak and desolate shores."

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

BY C. HORATIO JESSEN.

HIGH on her forehead there dangled a bay leaf,
Fresh and as fair as the creature who wore it;
Greenly it fluttered as flutters a stray leaf,
Culled by the zephyrs and carried before it.

Love was a child then, but love is a boy now—
Feebler the pinion once feathered for flying;
Much that was passion is more of a joy now,
Pure as a lake in its mountain-bed lying.

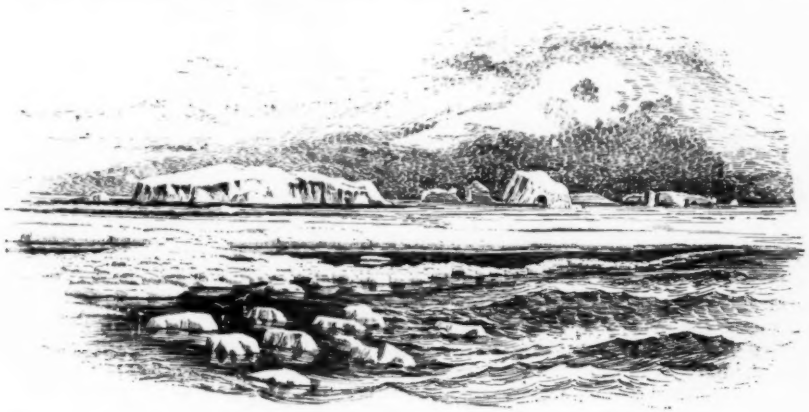
High on her forehead there dangles a bay leaf
Reft of what rendered it worthy the giving;
What was a green leaf is now but a gray leaf,
Nature lies lifeless while love is still living.

AROUND THE SOUTH POLE.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

APART from the consideration of those motives and impulses which are derived from the instigations of science or self-interest in man's mental and spiritual make-up, curiosity and courageous determination to gratify it are qualities so strongly emphasized as to impel him, in defiance of common sense, to engage in undertakings fraught with difficulty and danger, and productive of no direct material recompense. Hardship and peril cease to act as deterrent oppositionists when ambition—the offspring of competitive inquisitiveness—takes possession of an aspiring mind. It was under the influence of thirst for knowledge — another expression for inquisitiveness—that Mungo Park took his life in his hand and penetrated far into the interior of Africa; and since his time hundreds of other explorers in this and other lands have done likewise urged by the same impulse. The Australian desert and the steppes of Asia, the wildernesses of North America, and the dense forests of the Amazon basin have opposed in vain entrance into their forbidding wilds. The mystery which surrounds an unexplored region has such fascination and allurement that whether a Stanley proposes to march through the Dark Continent, or a Perry prepares an expedition to the North Pole, eager volunteers present themselves in the hope of gaining admission into the ranks of the explorers. Hitherto only two regions of the earth have defied human effort in its endeavors to penetrate to their centers—the regions of the North and South Poles. It was to satisfy curiosity that the first expeditions to the South Frigid Zone were undertaken.

While the North Pole has long been repeatedly brought before the notice of the public, and has been visited so often by scientific navigators that the geography of its surroundings is almost as well mapped out as that of



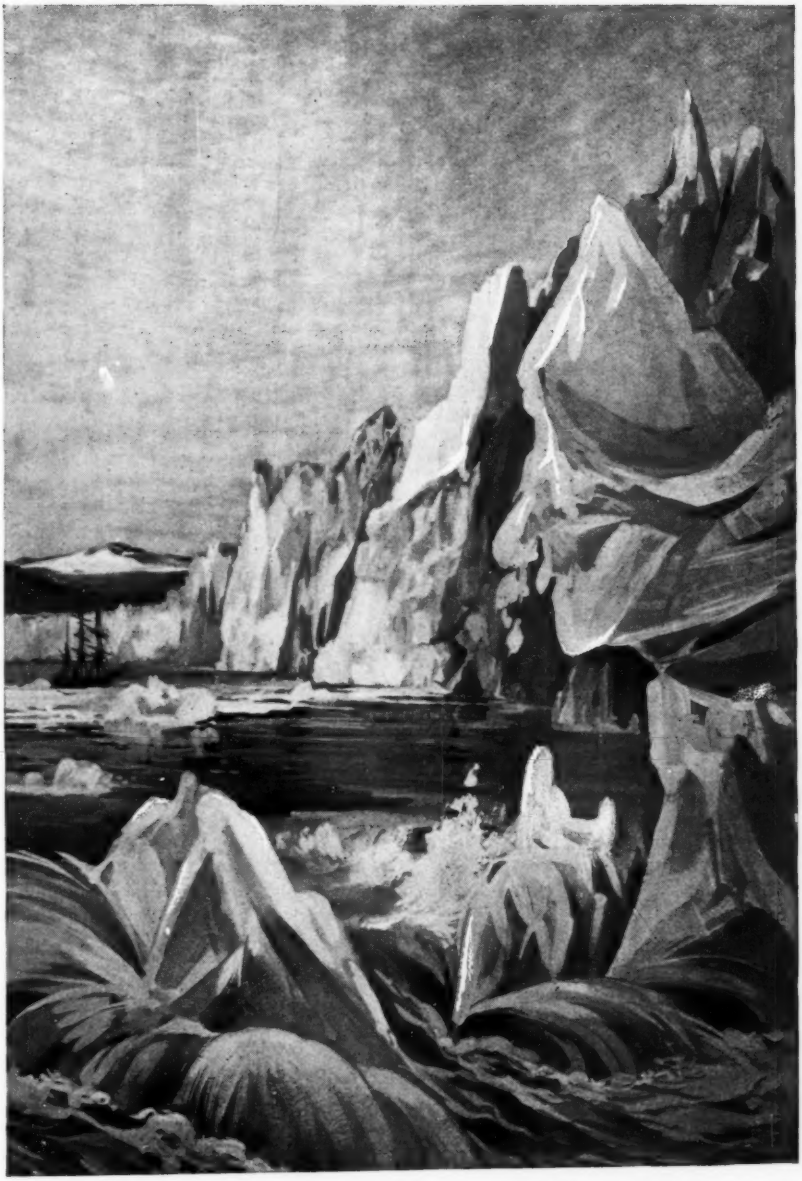
PACK-ICE IN THE SOUTH POLAR REGIONS.

the British Isles, only very little is known of the South Polar region. It seems natural that this should be the case, when we consider the respective relative positions of the two points with regard to the more densely inhabited portions of the earth. The one is situated almost in the center of the land hemisphere; the other occupies a corresponding position in the water hemisphere, surrounded by a waste of wild seas and lying thousands of miles away from any inhabited land. So utterly isolated is the South Pole, so lonely is it in its solitude, begirt as it is by a vast expanse of tempestuous ocean, that one would hardly feel astonishment if it had failed to attract the curiosity of mankind. Such, however, has not been the case. At a very early date expeditions were sent into the Antarctic Ocean, and last September the Dundee Whaling Fleet, consisting of the steamers *Balaena*, *Active*, *Diana* and *Polar Star* sailed from England for the purpose of whaling in high southern latitudes.

This fleet is scientifically equipped and expectations are entertained that considerable additions will be made to our scant knowledge of the South Polar regions. Scientific instruments and other necessary equipments have been supplied by two learned societies of England, which also gave to the scientific staff which went with the fleet instructions for their guidance. A competent naturalist, an experienced physical observer and a photographer are of the party, and Mr. Burn-Murdock, the painter, accompanied them, expecting to bring back with him characteristic paintings of Antarctic icebergs and scenes. The fleet will doubtless make a most interesting report. Let us review the exploring efforts previously made in that desolate "end of the earth."

Old geographers entertained the quaint idea that in the Southern Seas great continents existed as a necessary condition of terrestrial construction in order to counterbalance those in the north and maintain the earth in stable equilibrium. From time to time search for these imaginary lands was made. It is believed that 300 years ago Juan Fernandez, in prosecuting such a search, reached New Zealand, and at the beginning of the seventeenth century Pedro Fernandez de Quiros, while engaged in a similar wild-goose chase after vast stretches of land, found a few small islands. Other mariners boldly sailing into those mysterious seas made like discoveries of equal unimportance. Then Captain Cook penetrated as far into the Antarctic Circle as ice-floes and icebergs would permit him in an endeavor to solve the question. But he found no continent, and only added to the list of uninhabited islands already discovered. The geographers were disgusted that nature should have neglected to construct an Antarctic continent, and scratched from off their maps the great mainland of the Southern Seas which had figured so long on their charts. Succeeding navigators did no better, though one of them, Captain Weddell, R. N., sailed as far south as 74° 15′ S. in February 1823. Somewhat later whaling expeditions were sent into the Antarctic waters by Messrs. Enderby of London, and finally the American and several European governments began to take an interest in these regions. In 1839 Lieutenant Wilkes, in command of the United States' ships, *Vincennes* and *Peacock*, pushed south in search of new lands, and about the same time Admiral Dumont was sent in the same direction by Louis Philippe with the French corvettes, *Astrolabe* and *Zélée*. Other vessels joined in the search and parts of the ocean were visited that had never been explored before. Little additional information, however, was gained, and the results were in no way adequate to the endeavors.

We have now reached the time of the memorable expedition under the command of Sir James Ross, which covered the period of 1839–43, and was undertaken with a view to mak-



THE GREAT ICE BARRIERS OF THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.

ing magnetic observations, and for the purpose of determining the position of the south magnetic pole.

Captain Ross, who was knighted on his return from this expedition, was born in London, April 15th, 1800. When twelve years of age he entered the English navy under his uncle, the Arctic voyager, Sir John Ross, whom he accompanied on his first voyage in search of a northwest passage. He also served under Parry, gaining much experience in Arctic voyaging. He was possessed of those qualities that are necessary for success in all great undertakings—a justly discriminating mind, a proper appreciation of his position as a commander, the faculty of close and correct observation, inexhaustible patience and unflinching courage. Sir James Ross died at Aylesbury, April 3d, 1862.

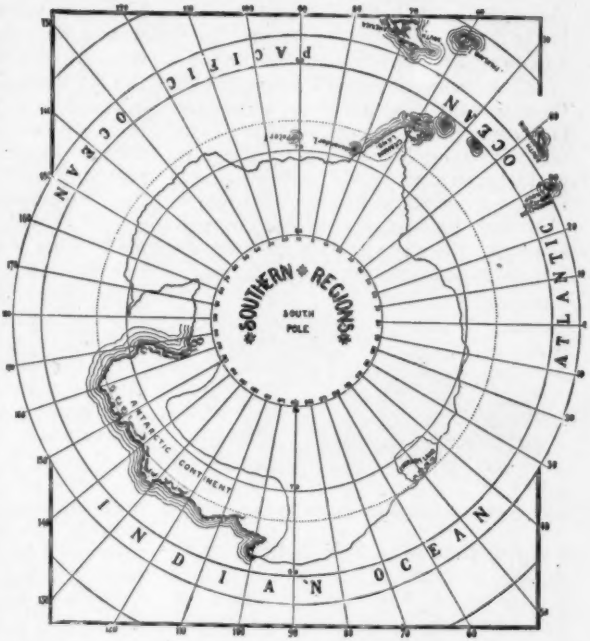
In 1838 the British Association had suggested an expedition on a scientific basis to the government, which, responding to the appeal, caused two old bomb vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, to be fitted out for the purpose. The command was given to Captain Ross, with Captain Crozier as his second in the *Terror*, and in September 1839, the two vessels sailed from Chatham, and, having touched at the Cape of Good Hope, reached Kerguelen Island in May 1840. Here the expedition remained more than two months engaged in surveying the island and making scientific observations.

On New Year's day, 1841, the Antarctic Circle was passed, and Ross pushed persistently toward the pole in spite of pack-ice which beset the vessel a few days afterward. On January 10th, they got clear of the ice and on the 23d were in latitude 74° 20′ S., having thus passed the most southern latitude reached by Captain Weddell in 1823. Continuing on his course Ross arrived at an island in latitude 76° 8′ S., and landed with extreme difficulty. He found it inhabited by vast numbers of penguins, and having made the usual observations, named it after Sir John Franklin. How little he imagined when he paid this appropriate tribute of respect to the renowned Arctic explorer that the very same vessels which he was then in command of, would, a few years later, bear Franklin away on his last voyage, and that no trace or relic of their ice-ground wrecks would ever be found.

It was a weird and uncanny region in which these hardy mariners found themselves—a region of horrors and deceptions, with its fog-constructed phantasmagoria of intangible shapes, its labyrinth of fierce currents and the awful roaring of wave-struck bergs and ice-clad rocks; with its paramount cold and its lack of human, quadrupedal and vegetable life. Ghosts of islands appear and disappear, and the phantom form of a mainland comes and goes, mocking the navigators, luring them with false hopes and cheating their eyesight with false impressions. Lieutenant Wilkes was deceived by the realistic appearance of these fictitious lands, fabrics of but mist and air, and even reported the discovery of a mainland where land there was none, as was convincingly proved afterward. Speaking of these optical illusions, Captain Ross narrates an instance well worth quoting. He says: "In the evening a remarkable appearance of land was reported. During several hours a number of pointed hills, apparently covered with snow, were seen assuming an appearance so calculated to deceive the inexperienced eye that, had we been prevented from proceeding farther, it would doubtless have been asserted on our return to England, that we had discovered land in this position. This appearance was, however, nothing more than the upper part of a cloud, marking by a well-defined but irregular line, the limit to which vapor can ascend in these latitudes. Below is vapor in every degree of condensation; above, the clear, cold space which vapor can never attain." So realistic was this illusion that some of the new

hands on board the ships could not be persuaded that the appearance was not land until they "had actually passed over the place of their baseless mountains.'

Another cause of deception is the capsizing of immense icebergs, and the exposure to view of a surface covered with earth and stones. Ross saw one of these phenomena. He suddenly noticed an island where three or four hours previously a prodigious iceberg had been visible, but which had disappeared. The island was about one hundred feet high and free from snow. So perfect an imitation of land did it present that the fact of its being the iceberg observed was only ascertained by landing upon it. The vast mass had rolled over and shown a new surface covered with ice-bound boulders, gravel and earth.



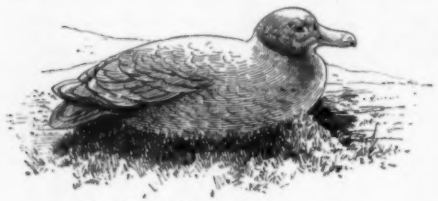
MAP OF THE SOUTH POLAR REGIONS.

To sailing vessels, such as those with which Ross made his explorations, the sweeping currents and wave-drift of the immense surging ocean that surrounds that south polar land are dangerous in the extreme. On one occasion the *Erebus* and *Terror* were becalmed and drifted toward a dense archipelago of huge icebergs, against which the mighty swell of the vast and deep ocean beat with appalling violence. "Every eye was fixed with the tremendous spectacle, and destruction seemed inevitable." So wrote Sir James of that terrible experience. Drifting to inevitable death was enough to fix men's eyes, as they watched the distance lessen that separated them from those gigantic bergs which remorselessly hurled back in shattered confusion the load-groaning waves. For eight hours this mental agony continued, and still the stagnant air moved not. The ships had drifted helplessly with the current to within some hundred yards —so few that the number could be expressed by a single numeral—of the spot where the ghastly Death-King of that frigid zone was awaiting them, when the benumbed air shook off its torpor and began to stir. Under the influence of the gentle breeze the ships were kept off the ice, and as the wind gradually increased, the commanders by nightfall had worked their way out of the dangerous position into the open sea.

On January 27th, the ships came in sight of a mountain 12,400 feet high, while to the east of it another mass rose to the height of 10,900 feet above

sea level. To the former was given the name of "Erebus," and to the latter that of "Terror." Beyond them and to right and left of them the tops of other mountains could be seen, and there was no doubt that an extensive mountain range existed on the newly discovered land, pointing to the fact that its area must be of vast dimensions. At last a mainland had been found!

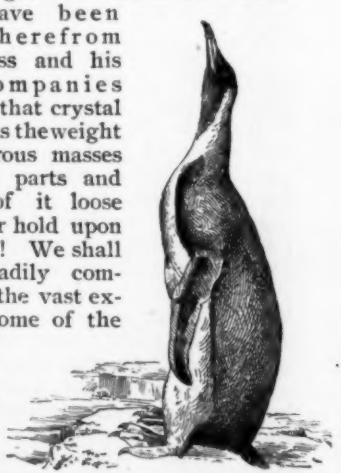
Mount Erebus was an active volcano and the expedition witnessed its intermittent eruptions and gazed upon



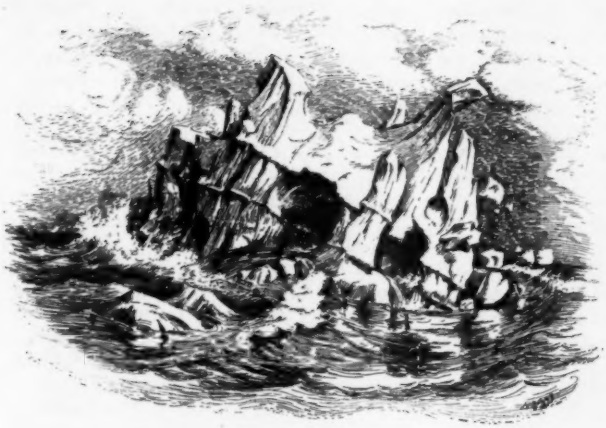
GREAT ALBATROSS ON ITS NEST.

the fire that blazed from that great furnace chimney of the earth. It was a rare sight, that juxtaposition of flame and ice, that contrast between fire and snow and furious contest between the extremes of heat and cold. "A volume of dense smoke was projected at each successive jet with great force, in a vertical column, to a height of between 1,500 to 2,000 feet above the mouth of the crater; when, condensing first at its upper part, it descended in mist or snow and gradually dispersed, to be succeeded by another splendid exhibition of the same kind in about half an hour afterwards. * * * The diameter of the columns of smoke was between two and three hundred feet as near as we could measure it. Whenever the smoke cleared away, a bright red flame that filled the mouth of the crater was clearly perceptible; and some of the officers believed they could see streams of lava pouring down its sides until lost beneath the snow which descended from a few hundred feet below the crater, and projected its perpendicular, icy cliff several miles into the ocean."

And now these bold seamen were buoyant with the hope that they would be able to effect a landing on this Antarctic shore, believing that the icy obstacles could be overcome by courage and perseverance. Alas for their aspirations! The mainland over which Mounts Erebus and Terror reared their heads was as safely guarded against intrusion as the donjon of a castle. A perpendicular seawall of ice from 150 feet to 200 feet in height, flat as a table at the top, and presenting neither crack nor fissure for foothold, opposed the explorers and defied them. Only birds could reach the summit of that hard, smooth cliff of glittering crystal. Hoping, ever hoping to find some gap in this marvelous ice barrier, Ross sailed eastward along it for 450 miles, but found no break in it; its seaward face was ever the same — wrinkleless and smooth. It was calculated that this wonderful coating of that polar shore was 1,000 feet thick, and as there was a depth of nearly 2,000 feet of water where the ships coasted along it, it was conjectured that the ice barrier was formed upon a ledge of rock, and that its outer edge projected beyond its base of support and did not rest upon the ground. What Titanic icebergs have been formed therefrom since Ross and his ships' companies gazed on that crystal sea wall, as the weight of ponderous masses has torn parts and parcels of it loose from their hold upon the rocks! We shall more readily comprehend the vast extent of some of the Antarctic bergs by being aware of the existence of this pro-



KING PENGUIN.



A TIPPING ICEBERG.

digious ice factory which turns out icebergs miles in length.

In prosecuting this search for a landing-place, the vessels reached latitude 78° S. But the approach of winter put a stop for the time to further examination of the coast. Young ice was beginning to form, and it was time to depart. No human being has ever wintered among the Antarctic ice. Aided by a strong breeze, Ross forced his way through and turned his prows towards Hobart Town. In the summer of 1841–42, he again steered to the Great Ice Barrier, and recommenced his examination of it, escaping many imminent dangers. The result was the same, though on this occasion he attained a latitude of 78° 11′ S., the highest ever reached before or since. A third visit was paid to that desolate land in December, 1842, but no addition to previous discoveries was made, and on March 11th, 1843, the expedition recrossed the Antarctic Circle for the last time and returned to England, arriving there in September of the same year. With all his perseverance and strenuous efforts made under circumstances of great and constant danger, Ross was unable to determine the position of the South Magnetic Pole—one of the main objects of the expedition. The great continental ice-cap proved an insuperable barrier.

Since the date of Ross' expedition, little additional information with regard to the Antarctic zone has been gained. In 1874, however, the *Challenger*, during her voyage round the world on a scientific expedition, cruised in the Southern seas and even entered the Antarctic Circle, making many interesting observations on the formation of South Polar icebergs, the marine fauna and the avi-fauna of that region, and on the summer climate.

Ice was first sighted on February 10th in a latitude corresponding to that of Christiana in Norway. It was a berg of the typical kind, a flat-topped mass covered with snow and bounded by perpendicular cliffs. It had probably come from the great iceberg factory, the barrier that baffled Ross. As the *Challenger* steamed farther and farther south, the icebergs increased in number. At first those in sight were counted, but when the total amounted to from forty to over a hundred the plan was abandoned. Imagine what the sight must be with scores of these great ice islands around, of different forms and coloring according to the length of weathering they have experienced, and their different formations and stratification. The scenic effect is wonderful. There are icebergs with caves and caverns, with crevasses and gullies; there are one-storied and two-storied bergs; others with horizontal platforms and sea-beaches, classified as bi-tabular icebergs. Some of the more aged exhibit pinnacles and columns in testimony of the long weathering process which they have undergone. In such ancient

specimens the similarity of the effect of water on iceberg and rock is striking. "The resemblance in the weathering of a berg," writes Mr. Moseley, "by the action of waves to that undergone by a rocky coast, under the same circumstances is complete. Caves, cliffs, pinnacle-like outliers, and a shore platform at the base of the cliffs, are formed in closely similar manner in each case." As the surf beats on these iceberg shores, dashing in and out of the caverns and gullies which the waves have excavated, the roar is tremendous and increases the awe that man must feel as an intruder into regions not intended for him.

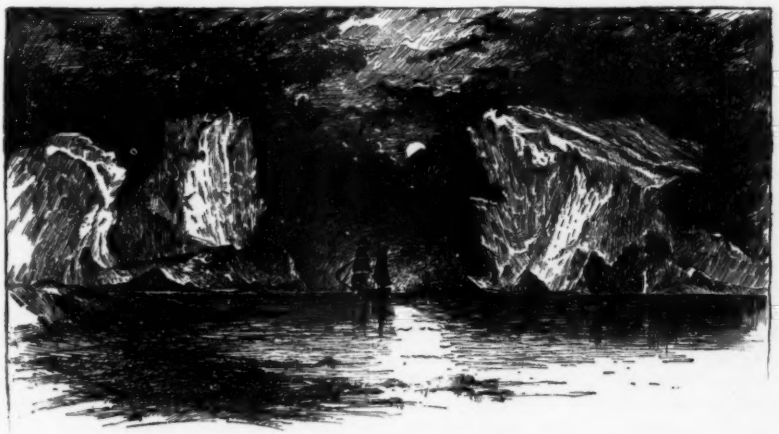
Then the coloring of these southern icebergs is magnificent in the extreme. Their general ground color under ordinary light is a pale blue tint, which is embellished with parallel streaks of the purest cobalt blue, and bright, polished wash-lines fringed with icicles, while the crevasses and hollows are of the deepest sky blue. No artist on board was "able to approach a representation of its intensity." As a set-off to the excessive richness and depth of this coloring, the sea at the foot of the bergs is of a dark indigo, the effect of contrast. But it is under the influence of light and shade, of cloud-shadow and sunlight, and in the glow of the rising and the setting sun, that the gorgeousness and true glories of these Titanic floating crystals are to be seen. Under the scowl of a passing cloud the bergs, as the shadow, eclipsing the sunlight, creeps from one to another, put on in turn a mantle of the deepest black, while their companions glitter brilliantly around them. As the shadow moves away the darkened ice breaks out again into brightness and beauty. In the rich, red sunsets, views of which the crew of the *Challenger* frequently enjoyed, icebergs lying directly between the observer and the illuminated sky appeared as black masses with hard outlines; but those situated to right and left of the sinking sun reflected back his splendor in colors of red and golden yellow, of crimson and pink, and clothed themselves in the brightest hues. With reference to the deceptive appearances of icebergs, Mr. Moseley remarks: "Bergs in the far distance, in ordinary daylight, when lighted up often have a pinkish tinge, and then look remarkably like land. The deception is very complete. No doubt Commodore Wilkes was deceived by it."

On February 16th, the *Challenger* crossed the Antarctic Circle, but as the vessel was not built for polar voyages, the commanders, Captain Nares and Captain Thompson, not having received instructions to proceed farther south, turned back after having passed about six miles beyond it. Before the ship reached a latitude beyond the limit of the icebergs, she encountered great difficulty, in spite of her steam power, and more than once was in a critical position owing to snow storms and heavy gales. One of the most remarkable sights witnessed was a snowbow which was seen arched high up in the sky during a light fall of snow, at the time of a brilliant sunset. "It did not show regularly arranged prismatic colors, but only a uniform bright pinkish yellow hazy light. It was brighter at its lower extremities like a rainbow."

With regard to the marine fauna, Mr. Moseley informs us that not a single seal was seen during the trip. In the neighborhood of the Antarctic Circle, whales of the "Finback" species were very abundant, as also was a smaller cetacean which he considered to be a kind of grampus (Orca), but which he could not identify with any described species.

The avi-fauna were not numerous as to species. As the ship neared the pack-ice, the petrel, *Thalassaeca glacialoides*, became common, and as soon as the ice was reached, the beautiful snow-white petrel, *Pagodroma nivea*, was found. The sooty albatross, *Diomedea fuliginosa*, the giant petrel, *Ossifraga gigantea*, and the Cape pigeon were also seen, but left the

vessel when it entered the ice-pack. Penguins were very common, but so shy that they could not be caught. Birds were seldom seen on the icebergs, though a flock of Cape pigeons was occasionally noticed roosting on the top of one. These birds parted company with the voyagers in about the latitude of Kerguelen Island. The last iceberg seen by the crew of the *Challenger* on her return from this trip was on March 4th, in about the same latitude as Heard Island, namely, through deep and narrow fiords into the sea, where their extremities keep breaking off in masses of various sizes and shapes. In the South, the range of iceberg-producing coast is immense, and the iceberg cliff, hundreds of miles in extent, supplies them in corresponding size and quantities. During the present Antarctic summer, the drift of icebergs northward has been unusually great, having advanced in enormous numbers from 250 to 400 miles beyond their customary limit,



NIGHT IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

53° 10′ S., which is also that of the eastern entrance of the Straits of Magellan.

From the nature of their distinct environments considerable differences naturally exist between the Arctic and Antarctic regions, both in meteorological and phenomenal points of view. The former is comparatively land-locked, and the shores of Greenland are practically the very limited source of all the bergs that find their way into the Atlantic. The icebergs of the north are of puny size compared with the great crystal plateaux that range the Southern Seas. This is accounted for by the fact that the bergs of the Arctic zone are fragments of glaciers which thrust themselves approaching almost within sight of the Cape of Good Hope, and proving a serious impediment to navigation near the coast of New Zealand. Possibly the Great Ice Barrier has been so wrecked and ruined in places that the crews of the Dundee whaling fleet may have been able to effect an entrance through some breach into the untrodden land of the South Pole. In that case we shall know more of the great land mass discovered by Ross, and access to the South Pole may prove easier than that to the North Pole has proved to be.

Practically little more is known of the Antarctic zone than what was reported of it by Ross. Its temperature is much below that of the Arctic

regions, owing to the greater quantity of ice, and to the fact that the currents flowing into the South Polar Seas are smaller and less moderating than those flowing into the Arctic. Nobody has approached nearer to the South Pole than Ross, and he did not get within 800 miles of it. All that we know of it amounts to this: The icy barriers that guard its domains far eclipse anything of the kind in the North Frigid Zone; and lofty mountains, transcending in height anything of the kind discovered by northern explorers, exist on the Antarctic mainland, which is covered with snow all the year round. Add to this the facts that no human being has his abode nearer to it than the fifty-sixth degree of latitude (corresponding nearly with the latitude of Edinburgh and Copenhagen); that no vegetable growth except lichens appears beyond the fifty-eighth degree; that no land quadruped exists beyond the sixty-sixth degree of latitude, and we have a synopsis of what is known of the South Polar regions.

GAMBLERS' GULCH.

BY JUDGE T. E. JONES.

THE old saying that "A rolling stone gathers no moss," was exemplified in my own case as a miner. For nearly four years I had traveled from place to place in the rich mines on the western slope of the Sierras, wandering in search of the "better diggings" which always vanished at my approach. In 1854, however, I resolved to settle down at the next mining camp I came to, and it followed that in the fall of that year, after a summer in the ague beds of the Sacramento Valley, I reached Weaverville, prepared, both in spirit and purse to carry my resolution into effect.

The Weaverville of to-day, with its cleanly-kept streets, its rows of substantial brick buildings shaded by spreading locusts and other trees, and its tasteful residences and gardens, does not look much like the Weaverville we entered—two tramping miners with blankets on our backs—thirty-eight years ago. One long, broad street, lined on either side with houses of logs, shakes, canvas, and of rough, unplaned lumber, greeted our vision. Men were here by thousands, pouring in and out of the various places of business, and gambling. Of the latter dens, the "Independence," the "Diana" and the "Golden Gate" were most prominent. The first and last named were two-story buildings, as were two of the hotels, which gave them a prominence over the other houses among which they stood.

My partner was a young Easterner, Charley Stallard, with whom I had become associated in the Southern mines in one of the odd ways partnerships were formed in those days. In the confidence of partners we had told each other our hopes and expectations, and from these I learned that he worshiped a girl back in the old home, but the difference in their stations in life had kept him silent. His trip to California was undertaken in the hope that matters might in some way become equalized. He studiously abjured the evils to which his companion miners succumbed, and great was my surprise when I found him seated one night at the monte table, gambling. Our home was on Poverty Flat, a mile from the town, to which we generally came two evenings in the week for mail and express matter, and market supplies. I was inclined to

laugh at this new "fad" at first, but at last he became so engrossed in his occupation that time and again I had to wait for him, or go home alone. He got into the way of leaving the marketing and other business to me, when we reached town, while he went in search of the game, alas! too easily found.

One spring evening we separated as usual, Stallard briefly indicating where he could be found when I was ready to go home. I got through with my errands, strolled around for a while, and then went to the designated place. Much to my surprise Charley was taking no part in any of the games being carried on and I jumped to a conclusion at once.

"Broke?" said I.

"No. Have n't bet a cent to-night —don't feel lucky."

"Ready to go?"

"Not quite; I waited here because I knew you'd come. Let's see what's going on at the Independence."

We crossed the street, and upon entering the building saw at once that something unusual was transpiring. At one of the central tables a large crowd had gathered.

"What's up? Some fellow getting away with the bank?" I asked of an acquaintance who stood near.

"New game. Woman dealing; a darn pretty one at that," was the reply.

This was enough to excite our curiosity. We worked our way up to the table. A good looking fellow, dressed with the scrupulous neatness of the gambling fraternity of those days, sat in the chair next to that usually occupied by the dealer of the game. At the center of the table handling the cards was a woman, but she wore her broad-brimmed hat in such a way as to prevent us from getting a good look at her features.

They were playing a French game —lansquenet—not much in vogue. I never played at the game and hence lack that understanding of it which comes only by actual experience. My recollection of it is that the dealer risked no money at all—he simply furnished the table, light and cards. One or more players would supply the money to start a bank, others would bet against it. If the bank won, the dealer would take out a percentage and the game went on again. If the bank lost, of course the dealer got no percentage, but he lost nothing, which, taken altogether was very pleasant and profitable—for the dealer.

The crowd seemed to be drawn together more from curiosity than any other motive, and it was some time before anyone responded to the appeal of the dealer to "make a bank." Finally, a red-shirted miner passed in a couple of dollars; the money was taken in one moment and in another won. From the comments I then heard, I concluded that the bank-makers had been out of luck, and the betting element preferred to stake their money against the bank, rather than to make one. Presently another put in a dollar, and that was swept away. Hardly had the dealer paid the money over when Charley gave me a nudge and said, "I guess this is my game." Drawing his buckskin purse from his pocket he picked out a ten dollar coin, and throwing it over to the dealer said, "I'll make a bank."

"Ten dollars in bank, gentlemen, who'll take it?" cried the dealer, dropping the coin into his drawer and counting out its equivalent in silver coins. "Three dollars, thank you, seven left; two more, three, one, one. Bank taken; play."

The woman reached for some cards, of which ten or a dozen packs had been shuffled together, and picking up a bunch that might contain any number from forty to sixty, commenced to deal. The mode of dealing was to lift off three cards, one at a time. and lay them face downward; the fourth card was turned face upward, and decided the game.

"An eight spot. Odd wins and even loses," shouted the gambler, as he transferred one dollar to his drawer.

"Nineteen dollars in bank, gentlemen. Five; ah, five more; and five more. Who'll take the other four? Ah, thank you, game is made, play."

Again the woman handled the cards and again an even-numbered card turned up as the fourth one.

"Thirty-five dollars in bank," shouted the gambler as he transferred three dollars to his drawer. "Who'll take it? Five, six, twenty-four left; that's the four and leaves only twenty. Pitch in boys; you can't win if you don't bet. Ah, ten more; good for you, pard, you're game. Who wants the last ten?"

"AT THE CENTER OF THE TABLE, HANDLING THE CARDS, WAS A WOMAN."

The crowd was not so eager to bet against the bank, now that the bank was having its innings, but the remaining ten were taken in small bets, and again the deal proceeded.

"Seven-spot for the bank," cried the gambler, excitedly, as the woman, after laying off three cards, turned up the seven-spot of hearts. "Sixty-five dollars in bank, gentleman, the percentage wins for the first time to-night. Sixty-five dollars in bank; who wants it?" he continued, as he dropped five dollars more into his drawer.

"Had n't you better draw out part, Charley?" I suggested.

"No, let it all go," he responded hoarsely. "I'm in luck to-night."

It was not what he said, so much as the excited tone in which the words were uttered that attracted the notice of those around us. Even the dealer quit appealing to the crowd to "take it, take it," and the woman waked up to steal a glance at him.

"Great Heaven!" said Stallard, grasping my arm nervously as he spoke.

"What's the matter, man?" said I. "If this is the way you take it, draw down your money and let's go home."

Looking in the direction in which Charley's eyes were cast I saw the woman raise her head and glance at him; her countenance changed in an instant and she dropped her eyes to the table as before.

"Give me the money," said Charley, reaching out his hand. "I've enough."

"Press your luck, man; always press good luck. Don't draw down when you're winning."

"Give me the money," returned Stallard fiercely. The gambler gathered up the pile of silver, changed

some of it to gold and handed it across the table. Charley took it and dropping it listlessly into his pocket, turned to go, still clinging convulsively to my arm.

"What the deuce ails you, man?" said I, when we were clear out of the throng.

"I can't tell you now, Tom; I will when we get home. That girl!"

"Well, what do you know of her?"

"Know of her"—Charley had got thus far in his reply when there came the sound of a light, hurried step, and as we turned, the woman grasped him by the shoulder.

"Charley, you recognized me?"

"Recognized you! Adele!"

"Then, Charley, for God's sake—for the sake of the times when we were children together, never breathe a hint of where you saw me, lest it should reach my mother's ear. Promise me that."

"I promise you, Adele. But when a woman lowers herself as you have done—"

She interrupted him with flashing eyes. "I have married a gambler and make a show of myself among brutal men to aid him in his calling. That is the extent to which I have lowered myself. If you think I have fallen deeper, you mistake."

I did not hear his reply, as I had already moved a few steps onward. They talked earnestly for a few moments, and when Charley started toward me, he paused, turned and said, "Sunday afternoon, Adele?"

"No; Sunday morning. The afternoon," she added bitterly "is a gambler's harvest time." Then she turned and went back to the saloon.

Charley and I soon gathered up our purchases and started for home. I was in hopes he would tell me something of the girl, but he did not, and for some reason I was loth to question him. When we reached the cabin Stallard pulled the silver and gold out of his pocket, and throwing it on the table said, "I'm not even on this gambling racket, but I've made my last deal."

Sunday morning Charley went to town, leaving me in camp. It was late in the afternoon when he came back, and I saw at once that what had occurred at the interview between him and the gambler's wife, had left him in a very thoughtful mood. But he still maintained a provoking silence regarding the affair, and it was not until we had eaten supper, seated ourselves on either side of the fireplace to enjoy our pipes that he commenced to talk. Even then it was more as if communing with his own thoughts than talking to another.

"We were little lovers, once. We went to school together and used to go home hand in hand. When the wild strawberries were ripe I knew where the best patches were, and Adele and I gathered them together. Her people were well to do—mine very poor. I realized this as I grew to manhood. I felt that I could gain the first place in her affections, but I knew that it would be selfish and ungenerous in me to do it, or to bind her by any promise she might afterwards have reason to regret. I left our humdrum place to better myself, and put myself in a position to be worthy of her. When I got to New York, Stevenson was just forming his California Regiment. I was only a boy in years, but I lied about my age, was accepted and came here.

"Fortune was always against me. Others in the mines around me were washing out gold by ounces and pounds—I, working just as hard could only find dollars. She grew up to be a beautiful woman. Her hand was sought by many, but she cared for none—why, she does not say, and I leave the answer for you to guess. Her father urged her to marry one of his own money-making kind, and hounded her until she consented. As the time for the marriage drew near, Adele became more and more disgusted with her intended husband, and begged to be released. But the selfish fool would not consent, and the father was

worse, if anything, telling her that if she did not do as he wished, he would forever renounce her. The day she was to be married she ran away from home. By some damnable mischance she met Castro, the thing she is married to. He was specious and pleasing and they went to New York, were married and came here. Only after the marriage did he come out in his true colors. Too lazy to work and too cowardly to steal, he was not ashamed to take his wife's jewelry and sell it for a gambling stake. You see the kind of life he is leading, and making her lead here. Poor Adele!"

II.

Spring passed by, and the first month of summer was upon us. But it brought no change in our prospects on Poverty Flat. Charley had kept his word nobly about gambling; not a cent had he ventured since the night of his first interview with Adele. In fact he did not go to town at all, the marketing and chores being left for me.

One pleasant June morning found me ill and unable to attend to my share of the work. Charley was tenderness itself during the few days of my invalidism and carried on my work and his own with untiring energy. Among other things he had to go to town for our mail and the mining supplies. I noticed that he did not spend any unnecessary time on these trips and that upon recounting the current gossip he never mentioned Adele or her husband.

One evening he returned from town in a very short time and I fancied somehow that he had important news to convey. I was not mistaken, for he had scarcely laid down his bundle when he said abruptly, "The lansquenet game is broke."

"Broke?" I said with a laugh. "We'll next hear of some keno-dealer getting broke. I guess the game has only quit for better times."

"It's true all the same. The boys got tired of making banks for him and he hauled out his own sack and made banks himself. They've been beating him right straight along and on Tuesday cleaned him out. He opened his game again last night, but did n't get enough to pay table rent; and you know the fellows that keep the house don't do a credit business."

"He'll be after you for a stake yet."

"He'll not get it all the same. I've quit gambling myself and won't lend money for any one else to gamble with. You can depend upon that."

Standing on the back porch of the Court House in Weaverville and looking to the northeast, one can see a small mountain, from the summit of which a little swale begins its descent toward the town; others unite with it, and by the time it reaches the comparatively level ground at the base of the hill, it has become a ravine of proportions sufficient to merit a name. Gamblers' Gulch is short, and dry except when the rains are falling. It earned its title at an early date, and although I venture to say there has not been a pick struck into its bed or banks for the last thirty years, the name clings to it still.

Tradition is silent as to the time Gamblers' Gulch was discovered and worked, but as to the manner of the discovery there is nothing lacking except the name of a certain gambler. It seems that one Osborne and his partner, knights of the green cloth, went to bed one night with the unhappy thought in their minds that they were "dead broke." Some of the red-shirted gentry had made a "cow" which was played against their bank with such good luck and judgment that the bank was swept away. Next day they pawned their jewelry, borrowed from their friends who had anything to lend, and even "soaked" their gambling outfit to get up another bank. The miners divided their "cow," except the original amount, and again the bank was

tackled with the same result as before.

Osborne and his friend found themselves at their wit's end. The thought came to them to go out prospecting among the miners. An accommodating merchant readily gave them credit for a pick, pan and shovel, and by some hook or crook they took their way up Ten Cent Gulch, to which Gamblers' Gulch is a tributary. Here they found at work some of the men who owned stock in the "cow" a few nights before and who, pointing to the little ravine I have mentioned, advised them to try a pan of dirt from it. Osborne had mined some, and the first panful of earth taken from the bedrock and washed by him showed that they had, indeed, a good claim. They hired a miner who owned a rocker to work the claim with them, and for a number of days they realized a hundred dollars a day each.

Your genuine "sport" of the olden time would rather win ten dollars at cards by his skill, luck or knavery, than to earn ten times that sum by labor, and so when Osborne and his chum got enough dust for their purpose they quit work to re-establish the bank. To guard against possible contingencies, and as an evidence of ownership they left the pick and shovel in the claim. But they never had to come back. Fortune favored them, and their new bank prospered. It was not halcyon days with all the sports, however, and before very long more of the gentry found themselves in an impecunious condition. Osborne directed them to the place where the pick and shovel had been left, gave them the pan and sent them out to retrieve their broken fortunes. They in turn were followed by others until not a week passed by but saw some broken-down gambler digging away in Gamblers' Gulch. The miners respected the claim, and none ever thought of taking it away from any one of its many occupants.

Gamblers are not scientific miners. All they want is a "stake," and when that is secured, pick and shovel are left for the next one that has occasion to use them. None of these men thought of fitting up the claim in mining style and working it out. Osborne and his chum worked only the shallow bed of the ravine; those who followed him did the same until the pay gave out, which soon occurred. The next comers delved into the little flats and low banks on either side, gradually widening out until on one side the bank was ten or twelve feet deep above the bedrock. To remove this bank with pick and shovel was too slow and laborious a process, and soon the face of the bank was dotted with "coyote holes," gouged in by the workers on one crevice or another, and followed in a dozen feet or more till the limit of the pay streak was passed. Old miners who saw the work shook their heads and prophesied that some day there would be a terrible accident there, but thus far the gamblers had borne charmed lives.

In a couple of weeks I was all right again, and one night I announced to Charley that I was going to town and would probably take my place in the claim next day. Charley, contrary to my expectations, decided to accompany me.

The same scenes presented themselves as before, except that the lansquenet table was replaced by a roulette game. Meeting an old Missouri friend, I found he was present the night Castro lost all his money; in fact had borne away a part of it, himself. He chuckled at the idea of having sent the fancy-shirted gentleman to work.

"To work," I repeated, "what is he doing—hired out?"

"Not much. He and his wife go up to Gamblers' Gulch every day."

"Slim picking, I should think. The gulch has been pretty well cleaned up."

"Oh, there's some good spots there yet, but they are hard to get at. Take a head of water though, and a fellow could get a pretty good season's run.

"You hear that Charley?" said I.

"Hear what?"

"Bradley tells me your lady friend has turned miner. She and Castro are working the Gamblers' Gulch."

"Better for her than being in a place like this. I'll go and see them to-morrow."

"Why not to-night?"

"I want to see them together, and I want you to be there. I've got no money for him to gamble with, but I have a few hundred to help them, or rather her, to get into the way of making an honest living."

"I've a double purpose in having you come with me, Tom," said Stallard the next morning when we were well on our way to the Gulch. "I have staked off a claim up above here. Was up here two days while you were sick. I hope you'll like it; if not, good-by to Poverty Flat."

Gamblers' Gulch is about a mile above the point where Ten Cent Gulch debouches into the receiving stream. At that time of the year, the snows had disappeared from the watershed of Ten Cent and its tributaries, and only the water from the springs flowed down the gulch at any point. We passed a few miners who were working with rockers, and very soon we came to the mouth of Gamblers' Gulch. We saw Adele seated by a water hole, panning out the last of a panful of earth. So absorbed was she in her work that she did not hear our approach until we were almost beside her, when she rose up in some alarm.

"Don't be frightened, Adele," said Charley, laughing. "We're not jumping your claim."

"I'm glad to see you, Charley," she said as she laid down the nearly emptied pan. "I've been in torment for the last three days."

"I heard of your trouble, Adele; but it was only last night that I learned you had turned miner."

"The trouble you refer to is nothing. If the change of the last few days should be the means of making Mr. Castro adopt a different mode of life, I could rejoice at what others would call trouble, and welcome it as a blessing in disguise. Its not that which worries me. It is Searles—he has followed me to California."

"Where's Castro? Does he know it? How did you find out he was here? What does he want?" Charley rattled off, excitedly.

"You take my breath away with your many questions. Hark!" We listened in silence for a moment and could hear the occasional faint sound of a pick striking the ground up the gulch. "Castro is digging out another pan of earth for me to wash. The two have met but failed to recognize each other. Why he has come to this State, God only knows. I had a letter from him a few days ago; he writes like a crazy man, and says he will have vengeance on me and those who have robbed him of me. He and George are sure to have trouble."

We now went up the gulch and the sound of the pick grew very near, though the worker was hidden in one of the numerous coyote shafts which pierced the bank. Mrs. Castro stopped in front of one of them and called him to come out.

"In a minute," was the answer. "Throw me the pan and I will fill it and bring it with me. How was the last?"

"Good." She emptied the dust into a corner of her handkerchief and then entered one of the little tunnels. In a moment she returned. "He will be out soon," she said, and added, "its very warm up here, let's sit in the shade of those manzanitas until he comes."

"Rather a dangerous place to drift in," said I, "but men will take all sorts of chances for the sake of the dross."

"Ah, ha! Here you are, are you? I knew I'd find you." The voice came from above us on the opposite side of the gulch, and looking up we

saw the figure of a man standing on the bank opposite. Hatless, with long, unkempt hair and beard, his clothing soiled as though the earth alone had been his bed for months, the man stood on the edge of the perpendicular bank and gesticulated wildly.

"My God," exclaimed Adele, in a low voice, "it's Searles."

"I've found you — found you!" yelled the maniac. "Did you think you could escape me by putting a little continent between us? Ho, ho! Not if it had been the world—I'd have followed you anywhere. And now for my reward." Quick as a flash he drew a pistol from his bosom and fired at our group. The ball struck the earth between Adele and myself, throwing the earth into our faces.

"Run behind the manzanitas, Adele," cried Charley, as we sprang to our feet. "They will deflect a bullet. Tom, we must get the best of that fellow, or he'll kill us all. Rock him."

He grabbed two or three of the gravel stones lying loose upon the surface as he spoke, and I immediately followed his example. Charley's aim was truer than mine—one of the rocks struck Searles on the shoulder; the pistol was discharged again, but without harm, and fell to the ground.

"What's this?" cried Castro, emerging from the drift and pushing the full pan of earth before him, "What's all this shooting about?"

He stooped as he spoke to lift up the pan of earth, when a sudden cloud of dust arose and the front of the drifted ground on which Searles had been standing fell with a dull sound, covering Castro from sight and flinging Searles upon the bedrock below.

Charley and I pulled Searles out from under the loose earth and laid him in the shade, and then Charley ran to town for assistance, while I remained with Adele. A score of ready hands were soon on the ground, with picks and shovels, digging earnestly away at the point we indicated as the last place where Castro was seen. An old sluice-box was knocked to pieces, from which an improvised litter was formed on which Searles was carried to town, and we led Adele up the hill by the narrow path which crossed the Catholic cemetery and conducted her to her lodging house.

In the afternoon the body of the dead gambler was brought in, and the following morning his mangled remains were laid away.

Searles escaped with a broken leg and a few bruises, and, strange to say, either his narrow escape from death or the awful tragedy he precipitated, restored his unbalanced mind. I called to see him, and as he lay in his cot, I saw there was no expression of recognition in his countenance. I told him I was present during the tragedy, and he at once expressed a desire to talk with me, which he did calmly and sensibly.

"I was a fool to let the matter take hold of me the way it did, but I could not help it. When I left her father's house the day I expected to claim Adele as my bride, I was indignant but sorrowful, and when I learned she had fled from me with him—a married man—"

"A married man," I repeated.

"That's what he was."

"But Adele did not know it. She went with him on the cars to New York, was married there, and took the steamer the next day for California."

"The more shame for him, then. But I got wild over the idea of being abandoned for a thing like that and swore to kill them both, if I followed them to the end of the world. That one idea was in my mind all the time, and I have been following the two ever since. If he and Adele were married, he only added another crime to those he had to answer for already. But I am glad now that no one's blood is on my hands, and will thank you to tell her so."

I promised to do so and left him.

In a few days Adele left for one of

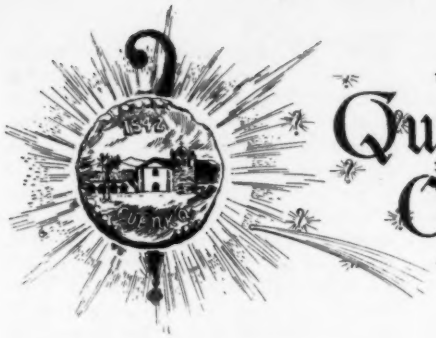
the southern counties where some of her former schoolmates were living. Charley would gladly have furnished her with the means to return to her Eastern home, but she was pronounced in her determination never to enter her father's door again. By the time she was gone I had recovered strength to go into the mines again, and the first use I made of it was to move from Poverty Flat for good and all.

Our new claim was a successful venture and we were not long in recuperating. Charley kept his word, for the gaming table saw him no more, but he never spoke of returning East, and the thought came into my mind that he intended, at the proper time, to ask Adele the question he should have asked years before. And I guessed rightly, for one night in June, sitting, not by the fireplace as before, but with our pipes alight reclining under the glittering stars, he told me that he would soon ask Adele to come and share his home. This brought afresh before our eyes the tragedy of the year before, and we recalled each incident minutely. Then I told him what Searles had told me, in regard to Castro being a married man.

"It may be so," said Charley. "If it is, Adele was innocent, for she showed me what she believed to be her marriage certificate. Not that I doubted her word, but she had forgotten the name of the clergyman. Poor Adele!" Then in a moment Charley grasped me by the hand saying warmly, "You and I, old Pard, have been together since the time we met on the river, and each formed his first partnership in Trinity. We'll stay together yet, both in cabin and claim."

And so it proved. The little cabin on the claim was exchanged for a home better adapted to that over which a woman was to preside, and here we stayed until the unrelenting hand of Death was again stretched forth and the husband and father taken away.

Of the thousands who then roamed through the forests, climbed the hills, delved in the cañons, drifted in the flats or turned the river from its bed in the mad search for gold in the mountain-bound county, how many remain? A few still linger near the scene of their early mining experiences, but year by year the meager number grows less. Of the miners then upon the Ten Cent, I am fain to believe that none other than myself is left to tell the story of the tragedy at Gamblers' Gulch.



Questions Of the Day

MR. BLOUNT'S MISSION.

[AN OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR.]

THE wisdom of making haste slowly in the matter of the proposed annexation of Hawaii becomes more apparent with each week's news of the real situation of affairs in the Islands. Already the tide of public opinion, which at first was overwhelmingly in favor of annexation at once and upon any terms, seems to be turning; and if the altered tone of the public press is any indication of the true condition of affairs, the plan first suggested by the CALIFORNIAN in its April issue, or some modification of it, will most likely be adopted for the settlement of this affair.

The selection of Mr. Blount by the President to act as his Commissioner to Hawaii was a most happy one, as he has proved beyond a doubt that he means to get at the bottom facts, regardless of the advice and clamor of interested parties. It is impossible at this writing to say just what action the Commissioner will take in the settlement of affairs, as he has succeeded in maintaining a degree of self-control in the expression of any opinion that is as admirable as it is rare. In the tense condition of the political atmosphere, Mr. Blount's extraordinary reticence may cause an explosion; but it is to be hoped that the calm councils of the cooler heads may prevail yet a little longer, and the little community be spared any exhibition of violence. There seems to be a universal disposition on the part of other nations to allow the United States to settle this affair without interference or molestation, and whatever action this Government may decide to take, it cannot be said in the future that it was done through coercion, or for lack of time for due deliberation.

Freed from the complicating details of political intrigue and party rancor, with which we have nothing to do, the Hawaiian situation, as Mr. Blount found it, and as he will doubtless report to the President, may be briefly summarized as follows:

On the 16th day of January, 1893, profound national peace reigned, there being no external or domestic subjects of controversy or discord. Treaties of amity and commerce were in force between Hawaii and all the great powers of the earth and many of the smaller nations. The kingdom was a member of the Universal Postal Union, having its accredited representatives in the Congress at Geneva. The little country was represented at the principal capitals and seaports of the world by diplomatic and consular agents, while corresponding representatives of various countries hoisted their flags in Honolulu. The best of relations appeared to exist between the kingdom and its nearest great neighbor, the United States. The courts of the country were administering the laws without molestation or menace. The school system was in perfect running order, and the various schools throughout the kingdom, and especially in Honolulu, were in session, and were admitted by all to be doing good work generally, under able teachers. Travelers and tourists passed at will without let or hindrance. At the banks, business houses and newspaper offices, the usual course of business was going on without interruption. A band concert was given at the Hawaiian Hotel at eight o'clock in the evening, and the grounds of the Hotel and adjacent streets

were thronged with men, women and children enjoying the music on this beautiful moonlight night. No hint of danger to the life or property of either subject or alien had been heard. At about five o'clock in the afternoon of this day, a strong force of marines with a howitzer and two Gatling guns landed from the U. S. S. *Boston*, then in port, and marching up King street halted between the Government Building and the Palace. The movement was so unexpected and uncalled for, that a curious crowd, composed of all classes from the street gamin to the professional man, attracted from his office by the unusual procedure, quickly collected to learn what it was all about. No one seemed to know. After a delay of an hour or two the troops located in a hall on private property within half pistol shot of the Government Building, and remained there during the night. The crowd being unable to learn the cause of the move quietly dispersed, the most of them going to the band concert at the Hawaiian Hotel.

On the day following (January 17th) at about twenty minutes before three o'clock P. M., thirteen men proceeded from the office of W. O. Smith on Fort street, to the Government Building, and as they passed the front of the United States troops, Charles L. Carter, one of the thirteen, delivered to the commanding officer a letter from Hon. John L. Stevens, United States Minister, and immediately rejoined his party which then took position in front of the Government Building. Then Cooper, the leader, read without delay the proclamation deposing the Queen, and announcing the formation of a Provisional Government, the full text of which has already been published. At this time the usual business was being carried on in the building. The business of the day being pretty well over, there were only a few people in the building, and the clerks of the several offices were at their desks writing up the day's work, wholly unconscious of what was going on till called out by the office messengers. In the course of a few moments, armed men, to the number of about twenty-seven, were seen running in from the side and back entrances and quickly occupied the corridors of the building. The clerks and loungers in the premises were dumfounded at the whole affair. The news spread quickly by telephone over the city. The Government at this very moment had a guard at the barracks not 300 yards distant from the scene, of eighty-seven men, thoroughly equipped, disciplined, officered and drilled, and also a very efficient police force of about one hundred men, with a full supply of arms and ammunition at the police station for their use. The first impulse of the Government was to order the officer in command of the Barracks to occupy the Government Building and arrest the thirteen proclaimers, together with all who were carrying arms without authority. But as this meant a collision, and the U. S. troops would from all points of attack be under fire, the Minister of Foreign Affairs immediately communicated with Mr. Stevens, who informed him in writing that it was his intention to support the filibusters with the U. S. troops, if any effort were made by the Hawaiian Government to assert its authority and to occupy the Government Building. During the time consumed in communicating with the U. S. Minister, over 200 of the old members of the native volunteer regiment, which was disbanded by the Reform Government in 1887, and who were well drilled and anxious for service, collected at the Barracks, and over one hundred natives and foreigners, friendly to the Government, assembled at the Station House to offer their services to the Marshal. There was a full supply of arms and ammunition at both places to arm and equip all present, and to spare. A Gatling gun with a full supply of ammunition, boiler-plate shield, etc., was in the entrance hall of the Station House, while four breech-loading field pieces and four Gatling guns were at the Barracks with a large supply of best ammunition of all kinds. At both places the friends of the Government were rapidly increasing in numbers, and so far as the immediate issue, was concerned, there would have been no difficulty in the Government reasserting its authority at once. The officers and men at the Barracks and the Marshal and police with their friends at the Station House were both ready and anxious to try the issue, which could in no sense have been doubtful. Hon. Paul Neuman and other friends of the Government, at this juncture, in view of

the attitude of Minister Stevens, advised the surrender to the U. S. troops. The Queen's proclamation and protest, already published, was the result of their advice, and the Government surrendered everything, trusting to the magnanimity and sense of justice of the American people for a correction of the outrage committed.

The filibusters immediately organized and proclaimed what they were pleased to term a Provisional Government, with an "executive council" of four men and an "advisory council" of fourteen. These together resolved themselves into a Star-chamber, arrogating legislative powers, holding secret sessions, enacting laws, paying out moneys from the Public Treasury at their own will, enlisting a standing army, driving the Queen from the palace, disbanding her guards, stopping altogether her allowance in the civil list, seizing the revenues of the Crown Lands, and in effect, declaring themselves by proclamation and enactment to be possessed of the peculiar animal fecundity of that lower order of reptiles—of which the tad-pole is a type—which without perceptible inconvenience reproduces a tail or other member which may have been accidentally misplaced. In like manner the Provisional Government in secret session, without the slightest reference to the public wishes, fills any vacancy in its number occasioned by whatever cause.

One of the first acts of the new regime was to compel all officials to take the oath of allegiance to it as a Government, more especially the native Hawaiians, and remorselessly dismiss all of whom there was the least doubt—treating an expression of patriotism on the part of an Hawaiian born as a crime, and inaugurating a business boycott against any member of the community not wholly in sympathy with it. The ranks of the "Regular Army" were filled with waifs and strays, ex-convicts, fugitives from justice in other lands, deserters from the merchant vessels in port, and vagrants who were under police surveillance when the filibusters came into power, scarcely any of whom can claim American citizenship. In less than two weeks after the èmeute, the lack of discipline and mutinous character of the heterogeneous crowd composing the "Regular Army," frightened the filibusters and Minister Stevens into proclaiming a protectorate over the country; and on the 1st day of February, accordingly, the American flag was raised over the Government Building. As the Hawaiians and their friends were unarmed and perfectly helpless, and were quietly awaiting the decision from Washington, the protection could only have been against their own ungovernable minions. Notwithstanding all these acts of aggression, so out of harmony with the notions of universal freedom of these later days of the nineteenth century, the Hawaiian people following the advice of their Queen, and their white friends have patiently submitted, never doubting that substantial justice would be done them and their nation as soon as the true state of the case was known by the authorities at Washington.

In consequence of this feeling, the arrival of Hon. James H. Blount as a Commissioner with "paramount authority" in all matters affecting relations with the Government of the Hawaiian Islands was hailed with delight by the native Hawaiians and their friends, and his immediate withdrawal of the Protectorate was accepted as an evidence of good faith foreshadowing an early re-establishment of the *Status Quo* of January 16th, 1893. The impenetrable mystery and reticence which the Commissioner maintains, however, is exceedingly disappointing and annoying to the people of whatever political party. Unintentional as it may be on his part, this attitude of inaction may precipitate a bloody conflict, which has simply been averted heretofore by the extraordinary feeling of confidence with which the native Hawaiians look to the United States for the reversal of the wrong done them. It is the firm conviction of the Hawaiians and their friends that simple justice demands the United States authorities should restore the conditions to exactly the point and status existing on the 16th of January, when American guns at the command of Minister Stevens made it possible for the filibusters to seize the reins of Government. Every day's delay strengthens the Provisional Government, which is now making every effort to secure the signature of native Hawaiians to Memorials in favor of annexation, and approving of the present form of Government. To this end they are using

every threat and menace they dare, as well as holding out impossible inducements, and making promises never intended to be fulfilled. In its mad efforts to procure these signatures, the Annexation Club, having its headquarters in the building occupied by the United States Consulate, has placed upon its rolls as citizens and voters every seaman and deserter from the shipping in port; sick men temporarily located at the hospitals; and every other waif and stray found on the streets of Honolulu, whose ignorance or cupidity will permit of their being properly "instructed." Further than this a Junior branch of the Annexation Club has been formed for the purpose of obtaining the signatures of every minor capable of writing his name, and it is gravely proposed to submit this precious document obtained by coercion of school children, to Mr. Blount and the people of the United States, as additional evidence of the strong public sentiment favoring annexation. The public press on the islands has been suddenly augmented by the addition of newly-born papers, all of which are in favor of union with the United States on any terms. The slogan of the party in power has been promulgated. It is "Annexation or Anarchy." In their desperate anxiety to enlist the sympathy of Mr. Blount, the editors of the annexation papers have committed the unpardonable offense of trying to influence his opinion, by appeals to his supposed racial prejudice against "nigger rule." With but few exceptions the correspondents of the American dailies sent into the field to gather news, have wilfully and persistently distorted facts in order to bring their reports into line with the editorial views at home. This fact is so apparent that it needs only a glance to detect it. Let any one of the great dailies change its views as to annexation, and forthwith by next mail the Hawaiian correspondent sends along an opinion to suit the altered condition of the Editorial sentiment. In this way the people of the United States relying on the Public Press for information have been misled in forming an estimate of the true condition of affairs in the Islands. When the news came that the United States flag had been raised over the Government Building at Hawaii and a Protectorate assumed by our Minister, a wave of public enthusiasm swept over the country which could not be stayed. Conservative papers which counseled delay were condemned as un-American, and statesmen having the moral courage to decry the unseemly haste with which the first steps toward annexation were taken, or whose clear sense of justice cause them to believe that there was a possibility of a "job," were denounced as enemies to progress, if nothing worse. The result of all this demand for sensational news was not unexpected. The public clamored for annexation news, and got it. But in order to write only one side of a story, it sometimes happens, as in the present instance, that accuracy of statement is not always adhered to.

Much has been written and said by the enemies of Hawaiian independence with regard to the insupportable extravagance of Hawaiian Royalty, and the $3,000,000 debt of the little country is put in evidence to prove the truth of these strictures. Care has always been taken, however, to conceal the true causes of the drain on the Hawaiian Treasury. A true statement of the case would run something like this: The sugar barons, in order to insure their enormous dividends, must have cheap labor, and the native not caring to prostitute himself to the slavery of plantation field-work at wages ranging from ten dollars to fifteen dollars per month, refused to pass under the labor-contract yoke for two or more years, and sought his subsistence in fishing, sea-faring, cultivating his taro patches, or other work more congenial to his tastes and less likely to abridge his freedom. But labor must be had, and Chinese and Japanese were brought into the country by the thousands. To help out the indigent planter, the treasury was tapped from 1864 to 1888, under the specious heading of "Encouragement to Immigration," to the tune of $1,254,797. This was not the worst feature of the "Encouragement" scheme. In 1881, the fever to secure cheap labor ran so high that all reasonable quarantine regulations were trampled in the dust, and some 6,000 Chinese were landed from tramp steamers in the port of Honolulu, bringing with them an epidemic of small-pox which resulted in the laying of over 300 Hawaiian corpses forever to rest in the sands of the Quarantine Station. To

stamp out this epidemic cost the Hawaiian Treasury a sum of $110,000, which should be added to the above item for "Encouragement." Another item which should not be overlooked, is the fact that a former Minister of the Interior, at present acting as one of the Commissioners sent to this country to negotiate the treaty of annexation, used, during his incumbency in office, the deposits of the Postal Savings Bank as a grab-bag, squandering in unproductive and useless public improvements nearly $1,000,000, which should have been kept on deposit in the Treasury. If these various sums which have been used for purposes in no way for the support of royalty, are added together, it will be found that the Hawaiian National Debt could have been avoided. The securing of cheap labor, together with the reciprocity treaty, made the accumulation of immense fortunes possible for the sugar planters who, with few exceptions, have invested their surplus in Europe or America. The operations of the McKinley Bill having cut down their dividends of from fifty to eighty per cent. to a fair commercial profit, the sugar barons are now reaching out for the tempting bait of the two-cents a pound bounty on sugar raised in the United States. *This is the keynote of the whole annexation scheme.* Were it not for the insatiable greed of this already too favored portion of the little country, who have for years arrogated to themselves every virtue and grasped everything worth having, and who are now trying to rob the Hawaiian of his country and flag, the United States would never have known of the present scheme to annex the Hawaiian Islands

One of the stock arguments of the annexationists is that a large amount of American capital has been invested in the Kingdom. The actual fact is that outside of whatever capital Claus Spreckels may have brought to the country, there is not one dollar of American capital invested there. Every cent of the large accumulations of such men as C. R. Bishop, H. P. Baldwin, the Wilcox brothers, W. H. Rice, the Castles, the Cookes, W. O. Smith, S. M. Damon and a host of others, has been dug out of Hawaiian soil and has been the result of cheap Asiatic labor and the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States. Yet in the face of the fact that the foregoing statement can be so easily proved, the sugar planters are continually trying to make people in the United States believe that American lives and American capital are endangered, because of the ignorance and the inability of the Hawaiian to carry on self-government. Mr. Blount has doubtless found out by this time that property, life and good order are not now and never have been in the least danger in the Hawaiian Islands, except at the hands of the filibusters who are holding office—not by the will of the people, but by the mistaken action of a too-zealous Minister of the United States.

That this action should be at once disavowed must seem to every patriotic citizen of the United States not only eminently right and proper, but absolutely imperative if we are to sustain our character of the Great Free Republic. In order to clear the way to future action, whatever it may be, there is only one course to pursue. The United States cannot afford to allow the fair, white page of a hundred years of honorable history to be smirched by the record of a single action which savors of injustice to a weak and inoffensive people.

The kind of patriotism which suffers "humiliation" on account of Mr. Blount's prompt withdrawal of the ill-advised and never necessary Protectorate over the Hawaiian Islands, is too narrow and circumscribed to deserve much notice. The hauling down of the United States Flag, under the circumstances, ought not to cause any really patriotic citizen of the United States any feeling of chagrin. On the contrary, it should be a matter of pride that ours is a country which can stand up before all the world and dare to do right. Nor ought the matter of reparation end here. Whatever may have been the state of affairs when the American troops were landed and a Protectorate assumed, it should be re-established exactly as it existed, before another step is taken in the settlement of the question of annexation. Then, freed from the restraint of the present government officials, and protected if necessary from intimidation, coercion or fraud from any other source, let the people decide what they want. If it is argued as against this plan that they are not capable of a sensible vote, then it certainly

follows that the country is not fit to become a State of the Union. If the moneyed men of the Islands claim to have the exclusive right of the elective franchise by reason of their wealth or superior intelligence, the answer is that the Constitution of the United States which proclaims that before the law all men are equal without regard to race, color, or previous condition of servitude, has been upheld by the verdict of four years of bloody war. We do not want to have this question to settle again.

The primary question of the nation's honor having been settled, that of annexation may be considered at leisure. It is not the purpose at the present time to discuss the merits of this proposition in these columns. All the matter pertaining to it is being carefully prepared and will in due time be laid before the United States Senate for examination. In the meanwhile it is safe to predict that neither President Cleveland nor his Commissioner, Mr. Blount, are going to annex Hawaii without the consent of the people, and that no other country will step in and gobble up the Islands while we are deliberating as to the best steps to take in the matter. ALLAN DARE.

AMERICAN CHIVALRY.

A foreigner who recently received much attention in this country, has, like many others, recoiled upon us in a manner not altogether pleasant to American sensitiveness. The subject of his lament was his appalling discovery of the total lack of chivalry, or even ordinary courtesy between Americans of the male sex. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the critic insinuated that the gentleman, as the term applies in Europe, was a rare bird in America. It would seem a waste of time to reply to such an attack; yet it may be worth while to say that it is the general impression among those who have wandered well over the globe that there is more courtesy and more true chivalry among men in America than in any other land under the sun.

If the American does not shine before the world in this respect, it is because his modesty prevents the publicity. The writer recalls an incident illustrating the courtesy of the American gentleman that has possibly never appeared in print.

The Monitor *Tecumseh*, under Captain Craven, was ordered to Mobile Bay during the war to aid Farragut, and on the way stopped at Fort Jefferson. At a dinner given to the Commander, the latter remarked within hearing of the writer that if the Monitor went down there would be a poor chance, as the means of exit were extremely limited. A few weeks later, the *Tecumseh* made the charge up the bay, struck a torpedo, rose heavily, and in a few moments went to the bottom. When she was going down there was naturally a rush for the narrow stairway. Craven and the pilot, who were in the turret, met at the bottom at a moment when there was time only for one man to escape before the ship made her final plunge. The two men faced each other for one terrible second, when Craven drew back with the words, "After you sir." This act of politeness cost him his life; the pilot sprang through the opening, while the officer went down before the rush of water that poured in. Can true chivalry reach a nobler plane than this?

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
* * * * *
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.
—*Lowell.*

ONE of the greatest laws outside of justice is that of economy. The true meaning of the word economy seems to be little understood, for it is appropriated by those who subject themselves to a species of starvation of mind, body and soul, their great mistake consisting in their failure to economize anything save that which seems to most immediately represent material gain. The fear of suffering and the greed for personal wealth and prosperity have proven incentives to a selfish competition in which everything else is forgotten. The physical, moral and intellectual forces are neglected, and before the toiling pilgrim is aware they have become so corroded that he is unable to recover the necessary equilibrium to successfully continue his career. He has failed to realize the importance of the equal development and the interdependence of every faculty. He has neglected those whose tendency is to broaden his comprehension and elucidate and strengthen his judgment. Having entered a narrow channel, his nature has become cramped and perverted, and his sphere has become narrowed. He forgets his obligations to his fellow creatures, and recedes so far from touch with them that he ceases to realize their individuality, excepting as they come in contact with him and serve his own selfish purposes. It is impossible for him to understand that he is not economizing by using others for the furtherance of his own ends, regardless of their welfare. He fails to perceive the great spirit of unity pervading all things, so that the misplacement of the minutest particle is infinite in its influence, and that an injury, however slight, to any human being, revenges itself on all humanity, particularly the perpetrator. The great law of justice is inexorable and carries within itself its own compensation, regulated by a natural economy. Only upon these scales can human events be balanced, and only through their balance may prosperity and happiness be attained. This is beginning to be realized to some extent, and the most advanced thinkers seem at present seeking just and economic laws to apply to every condition of life. The results of their efforts and investigations are given to the world through the different mediums employed by our most eminent writers, artists, musicians, statesmen, politicians and other laborers, to aid those who are unable to grasp the great principles of life, save through the interpretation of others.

George C. Lorimer, in a well-written volume entitled, *What I Know About Books*,[1] speaks of the danger and ineffectualness of promiscuous reading. He thoroughly understands the tendency of the lover of books when selecting his volumes, to purchase more than he can handle, and the fascination which many of them exercise by a mere suggestive appeal to his thoughts and ideas. This temptation should in a measure be resisted, as even these intellectual allurements distract from the power of concentration to a plan of work, and their very presence invites the attention and intrudes upon the hours of industry. The occupations of one's recreation hours should be planned with as much method, care and precision as those of labor, and chosen with regard to the strictest economy and profit. Lorimer dwells upon the importance and power of books, saying of them that they are "more potent than bullets in righting wrongs and slaying oppressions." He also calls the attention of his readers to the limited time and opportunity for the absorption of the great heritage of knowledge, and gives some valuable hints concerning the most economic use of books. He considers the first requisite that of knowing one's self and requirements as well as possible, then selecting reading matter to bear most directly upon them. The present methods of

[1] James H. Earle, Publisher, 178 Washington St., Boston.

education of children, usually employed, do not seem conducive to self knowledge. The ambitions and prerogatives of parents, and the rules of teachers are sometimes strongly at variance with the natural inclinations and possibilities of a child's mind, and in many cases when it reaches maturity much of what has been taught is of little benefit. There seems to be more of an effort at present among thinking people to study and understand the child mind, which though apparently so simple, is very enigmatical because its faculties are undeveloped, and it has not the remotest comprehension of itself.

Many books and schemes of education for children are being published and put into other tangible forms. Among them are Robinson's *Arithmetics*,[1] Primary, Rudimentary and Practical, in which the principles and applications of this study and reason developer are arranged in simple and compact form. Another book prepared for the use of school children is an edition of Scott's *Marmion*[2] which has been published among the "English Classics for Schools." Marmion is one of those tales which is interesting to young and old, for it possesses the charms of incident, adventure, history, philosophy and poetry.

Maria Ellery MacKaye has published a good translation of the *Convent Life of George Sand*,[3] which was taken from "L'Histoire de Ma Vie" written by George Sand, "mystic pupil of the English convent,—the dreamy adventurous country girl," and "the aggressive, uncompromising celebrity of 1831; the apostle of social and domestic liberty, arraigning the legalized tyranny of the husband, while illogically clinging to marriage." Aurore Dupin, afterwards Madame Dudevant, who wrote under the name of George Sand, has a very interesting history. She was a descendent of Frederic Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, and from her mother's side she was the descendent of a Parisian bird fancier. In the little volume containing the description of her life in the English Augustinian Convent in Paris during the time of Cromwell, she calls the attention of the reader to the peculiarities of the growth and development of a child's mind, and the importance of placing the education of children in the hands of persons competent to understand, sympathize with and instruct them. She says of those whose natures are at variance with these requirements, "No doubt some repulsive persons become so conscious of the effect they produce that they are thereby incapacitated from helping others, feeling that they make duty disagreeable merely by recommending it, and thus they come at last to care only for their own salvation, irrespective of others."

Two attractive and wholesome books for young people are *Facing the World*,[4] by Horatio Alger, Jr., and *Two Ways of Becoming a Hunter*,[5] by Harry Castleman. Both of these authors are well known and appreciated, having published many interesting books of travel and adventure. The experiences of the young heroes of these stories are full of color and interest, and benefit to the young readers, as they present many good examples for the proper course of action to pursue in unexpected emergencies.

Citizenship,[6] containing "some suggestions as to the obligations, the difficulties and the preparation of voters," by Chas. A. Brinley, gives some excellent practical suggestions for politicians. He believes that the political education should commence at an early age, primarily by surrounding one with noble and wholesome associations and influences. He says "History, not in detail, but in its broad aspects, exhibiting the development of civilized man from savagery, the influence of local conditions, of physical geography, climate, race and neighbors; explaining the forces of custom and religion; showing the evolution of social relations and government and the growth of political ideas—should be taught wherever and whenever it is possible, as a preliminary to special teaching as to the questions of obligations of the hour." He also says that in order to avoid errors and facilitate movements among voters, "The State or Municipality ought to furnish a clear and compact statement of the privileges of voters, of political divisions, and of the requirements of the law in regard to every act of which a man, as voter, is legally capable." It should be issued, he says, in a manual to be "republished or supplemented whenever it ceases to be accurate." His suggestions are undoubtedly good, and calculated to impress the reader with the importance of the obligations of our people to the country and the government.

Lyman Allen, M. D., has written an inter-

[1] American Book Co., N. Y., Cincinnati and Chicago.
[2] American Book Co., N. Y., Cincinnati and Chicago.
[3] Roberts Bros., Boston.
[4] Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.
[5] Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.
[6] Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

esting volume entitled *Political Problems*.[1] It is a series of practical "Essays on Questions of the Day." He speaks at some length on the corruption pervading politics and society, and the opposition to anything which will rob their votaries of the possibility of gaining personal ends through the corruption of public instruments. He calls attention to the morbid tone of the daily press, in which every sensational episode and every crime is faithfully recorded and dwelt upon, while great reform movements and deeds of heroism or sacrifice are not sought after unless of a sensational character. The author does not advocate tariff, seeming to consider it beneficial only to those engaged in "protected industries," and that it is of little benefit to the laboring classes, which is demonstrated, he says, by the want and adversity existing among them. He also speaks against the evils of large corporations and monopolies, and for national ownership of those inventions which are entirely public servitors.

Concerning the coinage question he says, "The nation should make and should issue all money, and should have all the profit accruing therefrom, and all the people—not silver mine owners more than bankers—should receive the benefit." He demonstrates the injustice of the lack of equal suffrage, political and civil rights for both sexes. He believes that the presence of women in the political field would elevate the standard of purity in the management of public and governmental affairs. The woman who learns to cast a vote or fill a public office conscientiously will, by reason of the common sense and good judgment that would enable her to occupy such positions, lose nothing of her womanly dignity, and will be better qualified by her experience to educate her children and conduct her household. While in some ideas Allen is inclined to be extreme, most of them are well balanced and broad. He says: "We should be slow to ridicule or denounce any one without due consideration for advocating some new method or plan for improving the physical, the material, the social or moral condition of mankind, simply because it strikes us as being absurd or unwise."

The Story of Government,[2] by Henry Austin, is a handsome volume which gives some interesting facts concerning the systems of government among animals, the code of government and honor among gypsies, brigands and thieves, the government of empires, oligarchies, monarchies feudal and constitutional, theocracy or priestly rule, secret orders, republics, and the effect of those governments in which women have participated. He endorses woman's suffrage, showing how she has successfully participated in governmental affairs among different people from time immemorial. The work is illustrated with over 250 engravings, and many double page plates by the best American and European artists. The book is highly recommended by such people as Douglas Frazer, Mary A. Livermore and Edward Everett Hale, and is pronounced authentic and reliable. The author gives us an opportunity to obtain a broad view of the development and condition of government generally, and we are enabled to look beyond the platitudes and bias of present conditions.

Byron, that melancholy, misanthropic, disappointed poet, whose aspirations and expectations of life were so soon blighted, would have been a peerless figure in the history of poesy had he not allowed these disappointments to so overshadow his mind that he was not equal to a great effort of concentration, in which he should bring forth the grandest capabilities of his mind and soul, regulating his own life according to a high code of honor, and throwing its light forth to aid in the agitation and accomplishment of reforms during his time. He realized that such changes were needed, but he also had a keen realization of the insensibility and cruel ingratitude of those benefited, which is the cause of much suffering and sometimes a veritable crucifixion of him who conscientiously carries out his ideas of improvement. He says in his poem to Prometheus:

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen Man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance, and repulse
Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
A mighty lesson we inherit;
Thou art a symbol and a sign
To Mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, Man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
A Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence;
To which his Spirit may oppose
Itself—and equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which ev'n in torture can descry
Its own concentred recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making Death a Victory.

G. L. B.

[1] Californian Publishing Company. San Francisco.
[2] A. M. Thayer & Co., Publishers, Boston and London.

THE PATH OF PRAYER.

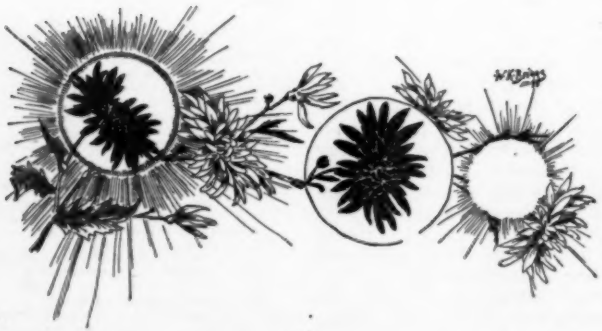
Among the gnarled pines of old Japan
  That shade a hill where patient crickets sing,
I chanced upon a terraced path which ran
  Upward beneath a mystic covering.

A hundred sacred gates the pathway keep,
  Each shaped of two straight beams and one across,
With rigid angles mounting up the steep,
  Their dull red hue bepatched with ancient moss.

At either side, thick in the grassless mold,
  Two fluttering lines of white still rise beyond—
Small written slips of paper that unfold
  As banners pendent from a mimic wand.

And while I wondered, suddenly a name
  Flashed to me, and I knew the Path of Prayer
Where Kwannon, Queen of Mercy, nightly came
  To read the sad petitions planted there.

I mused upon that gentle race anew,
  With love and pity aching in my breast,
And then—I knelt where evening shadows grew
  To place my small petition with the rest.



THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

MISSION OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.